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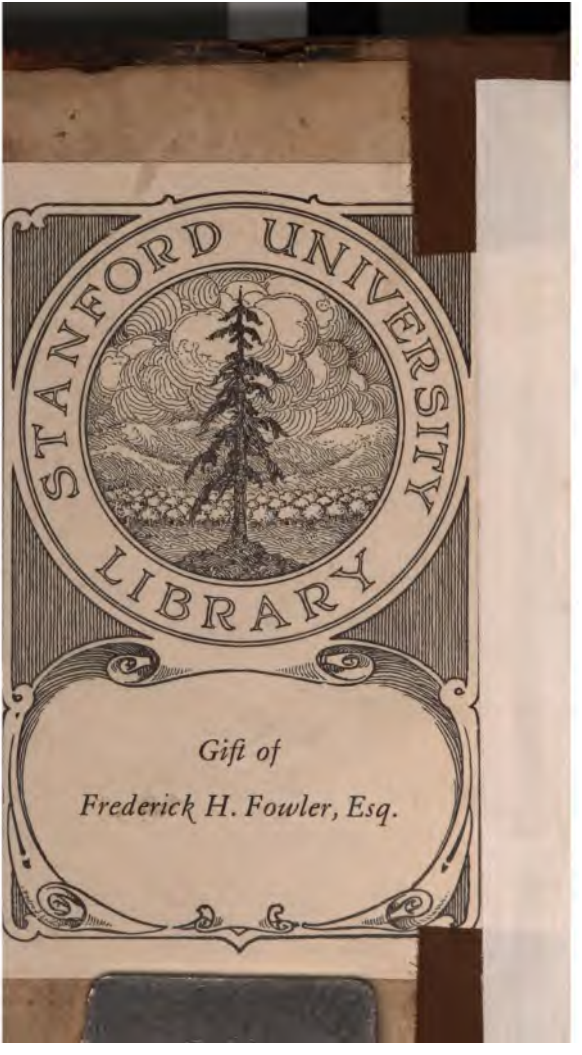
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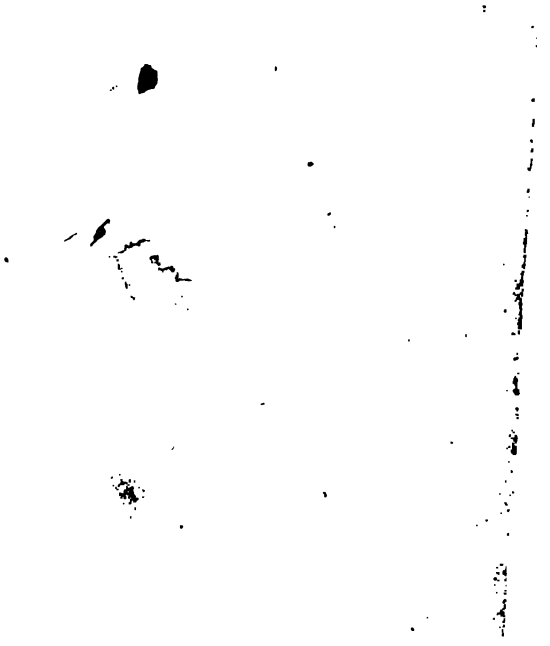

THE

CITIZEN OF THE WO

OR

LETTERS

FROM

A Chinese Philosopher,

Residing in London,

TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

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By Dr GOLDSMITH.

VOLUME I.

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THE

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

LETTER I.

*To Mr ****, Merchant in London.*

SIR, Amsterdam.

Yours of the 13th instant, covering two bills, one on Messrs R. and D. value £478, 10s. and the other on Mr ****, value £285, duly came to hand; the former of which met with honour, but the other has been trifled with, and, I am afraid, will be returned protested.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a native of Honan in China, and one who did me signal services when he was a mandarine, and I a factor at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though entirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher; I am sure he is an honest man: that, to you, will be his best recommendation, next to the consideration of his being the friend of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

*From Lien Chi Altangi to ****, Merchant in Amsterdam.*

Friend of my heart, Lond.

May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery. For all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tribute *a poor philosophic* wanderer can return. *Sure, Fortune is resolved to* make me unhappy, when *she gives others a power of* testifying their friendship by *actions, and leaves* me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy by which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office, bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required; even half your favours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money, therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage, when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant and a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity; I am perfectly contented with what is sufficient. Take, therefore, what is yours; it may give you some pleasure even though you have no occasion to use it; my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journies I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary, felt all the rigours of Siberian skies: I have had my repose an hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen, without shrinking, the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me. Against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, yet, to one who was never at sea before, all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves quick as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave; these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. *With us of China*, a man who has been from sight of *land is regarded* upon his return with admiration. I *have known* some provinces where there is not even a *name for the ocean*.—What a strange people, therefore

am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tripartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest!

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine into opulence, buildings, sciences, arts, and manufactures, on the spot. Judge then how great is my disappointment, on entering London, to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad! wherever I turn, I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold-leaf; very different are those of London; in the midst of their pavements, a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy laden machines, with wheels of unwieldy thickness, crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he can find time to escape being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting, hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity: their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars, in less than a circuit of half a mile; and yet you know, that animals of these colours are no where to be found, except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Persians, they make a splendid figure every where but at home. *The proverb of* Xixofu is, that a man's *riches may be seen in his eyes; if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer* nation under the sun. *I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions. Such letters as I shall write to Fipsib*

in Moscow, I beg you'll endeavour to forward with diligence; I shall send them open, in order that may take copies or translations, as you are equally sed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear fri think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely re yours; even while I write, I lament our separat Farewel.

LETTER III.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to the care of Fipsihi, Resi in Moscow; to be forwarded by the Russian Cara to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial A demy at Pekin, in China.

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth! that abse can impair my respect, or interposing trackless des blot your reverend figure from my memory. The ther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stron force; those ties that bind me to my native country you are still unbroken. By every remove I only d a greater length of chain.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so rem a region as this to which I have wandered, I sho gladly send it; but, instead of this, you must be c tented with a renewal of my former professions, and imperfect account of a people with whom I am as but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a who has been but three days in the country, can o be those obvious circumstances which force themse upon the imagination: I consider myself here as a n ly created being, introduced into a new world; ev object strikes with wonder and surprise.

The imagination, still unsated, seems the only ac principle of the mind. The most trifling occurre give pleasure, till the gloss of novelty is worn aw When I have ceased to wonder I may possibly g wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to *aid, and compare* those objects with each other, wh *were before* examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the stran *and they at me: it* seems they find somewhat abs *my figure*; and had I never been from home, it

sible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but, by long travelling, I am taught to laugh at Folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but Villany and Vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain, when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs, powdered with red earth, and the Calmuc beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheep-skin, appeared highly ridiculous: but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them, but in me; that I falsely condemned others of absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure, therefore, in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character; it is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire of being more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, teeth-stainers, and eye-brow-pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish *champion*, whose strength lay in his hair: *one would think that the* English were for placing all *wisdom there. To* appear wise, nothing more is re*quisite here than for* a man to borrow hair from the

heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own: the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown, and then, with a composition of meal and hog's lard, plasters the whole in such a manner, as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster. But to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin: thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face into smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success, more from the powder on the outside of his head, than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is, to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China. The Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us: when I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nangfew. How very broad their faces; how very short their noses; how very little their eyes; how very thin their lips; how very black their teeth! the snow on the top of Boa is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful. Dutch and *Chinese* beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but *English women* are entirely different: red cheeks, big

ge, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not or
seen here, but wished for; and then they have su
masculine feet as actually serve *some* for walking!

Yet, uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolve
to outdo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blu
powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a re
powder for their face, on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among
the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spit-
tle, little black patches on every part of it, except on
the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a
patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of
placing these spots, when I have finished a map of an
English face, patched up to the fashion, which shall
shortly be sent, to encrease your curious collection of
paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest, is what I
have just now been credibly informed of by one of this
country: "Most ladies here (says he) have two faces;
one face to sleep in, and another to show in company.
The first is generally reserved for the husband and fa-
mily at home, the other put on to please strangers
abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough,
but the out-door one looks something better; this is al-
ways made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and
toad-eater sit in council, and settle the complexion of
the day."

I cannot ascertain the truth of this remark; however,
it is actually certain, that they wear more clothes with-
in doors than without; and I have seen a lady, who
seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment,
appear half naked in the streets. Farewel.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

The English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer
than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival, I at-
tributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has
its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first,
and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flat-

tery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking. Danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity: but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death: he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure; and dies, when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source, not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power, as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though, perhaps, not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue, which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter, who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France; and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part, (cries the prisoner), the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative: we must preserve that at the expence of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected, that men, who are slaves themselves, would preserve our freedom, should they happen to conquer." "Ay, *slaves*, (cries the porter), they are all slaves, fit only to *carry burdens* every one of them. Before I would stoop

le slavery, may this be my poison, (and he held the goblet in his hand), may this be my poison—but I would sooner list to be a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties, as our religion, that would suffer by such a change; ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames, (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician: even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But as, in ours, the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration.

You must not, however, imagine, that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of the state: they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffeehouse; which oracle has himself gathered them, the night before, from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a formality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation. Though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, yet you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity, which give instant, though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. *You smile* at hearing me praise the *English for their politeness*; you who have heard very

different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, have seen such a different behaviour in their merc and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it English seem more polite than any of their neighb their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. countries are fond of obliging a stranger, but seem sirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. English confer their kindness with an appearan indifference, and give away benefits with an air they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an English a Frenchman in the suburbs of the city, we were taken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprep but they had each large coats, which defended from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, costed me thus: "Psha, man, what dost thou s at? Here, take this coat; I don't want it: I find way useful to me; I had as lief be without it." Frenchman began to shew his politeness in turn. ' dear friend, (cried he), why don't you oblige m making use of my coat? You see how well it de me from the rain. I should not choose to part w to others; but, to such a friend as you, I could part with my skin to do him a service."

From such minute circumstances as these, most rend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity wil lect instruction. The volume of Nature is the Bo Knowledge; and he becomes most wise, who make most judicious selection. Farewel.

LETTER V.

To the same.

I HAVE already informed you of the singular p of this nation for politics. An Englishman, not sa with finding, by his own prosperity, the cont powers of Europe properly balanced, desires a *know the precise* value of every weight in either *To gratify this* curiosity, a leaf of political instr

is served up every morning with tea. When our pol
tician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffeehous
in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and i
crease his collection: from thence he proceeds to th
ordinary; inquires what news; and, treasuring up ever
acquisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest
more, and carefully adds it to the rest. Thus, at nigh
he retires home, full of the important advices of th
day; when, lo! awaking next morning, he finds th
instructions of yesterday a collection of absurdity,
palpable falsehood. This one would think a mortifyi
repulse in the pursuit of wisdom; yet our politician,
way discouraged, hunts on, in order to collect fresh ma
terials, and in order to be again disappointed.

I have often admired the commercial spirit whic
prevails over Europe; have been surprised to see the
carry on a traffic with productions that an Asiat
stranger would deem entirely useless. It is a prover
in China, that an European suffers not even his spitt
to be lost: the maxim, however, is not sufficient
strong, since they sell even their lies to a great adva
tage. Every nation drives a considerable trade in th
commodity with their neighbours.

An English dealer in this way, for instance, has onl
to ascend to his workhouse, and manufacture a turbu
lent speech, averred to be spoken in the senate, or
report supposed to be dropped at court; a piece
scandal that strikes at a popular mandarine, or a secr
treaty between two neighbouring powers. When finish
ed, these goods are baled up and consigned to a facto
abroad, who sends in return, two battles, thre
sieges, and a shrewd letter, filled with dashes ——
blanks, and stars **** of great importance.

Thus you perceive that a single gazette is the join
manufacture of Europe; and he who would peruse
with a philosophical eye, might perceive, in every pa
ragraph, something characteristic of the nation to whic
it belongs. A map does not exhibit a more distinc
view of the boundaries and situation of every country
than its news does a picture of the genius and the ma
nals of its inhabitants. The superstition and erroneo
delicacy of *Italy*, and the formality of Spain,
cruelty of *Portugal*, the fears of Austria, the confide

of Prussia, the levity of France, the avarice of Holland, the pride of England, the absurdity of Ireland, and the national partiality of Scotland, are all conspicuous in every page.

But perhaps you may find more satisfaction in a real newspaper, than in my description of one: I therefore send a specimen, which may serve to exhibit the manner of their being written, and distinguish the characters of the various nations which are united in its composition.

NAPLES. We have lately dug up here a curious Etruscan monument, broke in two in the raising. The characters are scarce visible; but Nugosi, the learned antiquary, supposes it to have been erected in honour of Picus, a Latin king, as one of the lines may be plainly distinguished to begin with a P. It is hoped this discovery will produce something valuable, as the literati of our twelve academies are deeply engaged in the disquisition.

PISA. Since Father Fudgi, prior of St Gilbert's, has gone to reside at Rome, no miracles have been performed at the shrine of St Gilbert: the devout begin to grow uneasy, and some begin actually to fear, that St Gilbert has forsaken them with the reverend father.

LUCCA. The administrators of our serene republic have frequent conferences upon the part they shall take in the present commotions of Europe. Some are for sending a body of troops, consisting of one company of foot, and six horsemen, to make a diversion in favour of the Empress Queen; others are as strenuous assertors of the Prussian interest: what turn these debates may take, time only can discover. However, certain it is we shall be able to bring into the field, at the opening of the next campaign, seventy-five armed men, a commander in chief, and two drummers of great experience.

SPAIN. Yesterday the new king showed himself to his subjects; and, after having staid half an hour in the balcony, retired to the royal apartment. The night concluded, on this extraordinary occasion, with illuminations, and other demonstrations of joy.

The queen is more beautiful than the rising sun, and *reckoned one of* the first wits of Europe: she had

glorious opportunity of displaying the readiness of her invention, and her skill in repartee, lately at court. The duke of Lerma, coming up to her with a low bow and a smile, and presenting a nosegay set with diamonds, "Madam, (cries he), I am your most obedient humble servant." "Oh, Sir, (replies the queen, without any prompter, or the least hesitation), I'm very proud of the very great honour you do me." Upon which she made a low courtesy, and all the courtiers fell a-laughing at the readiness and the smartness of her reply.

LISBON. Yesterday we had an *auto da fe*, at which were burned three young women accused of heresy, one of them of exquisite beauty; two Jews, and an old woman convicted of being a witch. One of the friars who attended this last, reports, that he saw the devil fly out of her at the stake, in the shape of a flame of fire. The populace behaved on this occasion with great good humour, joy, and sincere devotion.

Our merciful sovereign has been, for some time past, recovered of his fright. Though so atrocious an attempt deserved to exterminate half the nation, yet he has been graciously pleased to spare the lives of his subjects, and not above five hundred have been broke upon the wheel, or otherwise executed, upon this horrid occasion.

VIENNA. We have received certain advices, that a party of twenty thousand Austrians having attacked a much superior body of Prussians, put them all to flight, and took the rest prisoners of war.

BERLIN. We have received certain advices, that a party of twenty thousand Prussians having attacked a much superior body of Austrians, put them to flight, and took a great number of prisoners, with their military chest, cannon, and baggage.

Though we have not succeeded this campaign to our wishes, yet, when we think of him who commands us, we rest in security: while we sleep, our king is watchful for our safety.

PARIS. We shall soon strike a signal blow. We have seventeen flat-bottomed boats at Havre. The people are in excellent spirits, and our ministers make no difficulty of raising the supplies.

We are all undone; the people are discontented
the last degree; the ministers are obliged to have r
course to the most rigorous methods to raise the expen
of the war.

Our distresses are great; but Madame Pompado
continues to supply our king, who is now growing o
with a fresh lady every night. His health, tha
Heaven, is still pretty well, nor is he in the least un
as was reported, for any kind of royal exercitati
He was so frightened at the affair of Damien, that
physicians were apprehensive lest his reason sho
suffer; but that wretch's tortures soon composed
kingly terrors of his breast.

ENGLAND. Wanted, an usher to an academy
N. B. He must be able to read, dress hair, and mu
have had the small-pox.

DUBLIN. We hear that there is a benevolent s
scription on foot amongst the nobility and gentry of t
kingdom, who are great patrons of merit, in order
assist Black-and-all-black in his contest with the P
dereen mare.

We hear from Germany, that Prince Ferdinand
gained a complete victory, and taken twelve k
drums, five standards, and four waggons of ammun
with a great many prisoners of war.

EDINBURGH. We are positive, when we say
Saunders M'Gregor, who was lately executed for
stealing, is not a Scotsman, but born in Carrick
Farewel.

LETTER VI.

Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial
at Pekin, to Lien Chi Altangi, the discontent
derer; by the way of Moscow.

WHETHER sporting on the flowery banks of
Irtis, or scaling the steepy mountains of Do
whether traversing the black deserts of Ko
ing lessons of politeness to the savage inh
Europe: in whatever country, whatever cl
whatever circumstances, all hail! May Ti

ul, take you under his protection, and inspire
h a superior portion of himself.
long, my friend, shall an enthusiasm for know-
ntinue to obstruct your happiness, and tear you
l the connexions that make life pleasing? How
l you continue to rove from climate to climate,
by thousands, and yet without a friend, feeling
inconveniences of a crowd, and all the anxiety
; alone?
w you will reply, that the refined pleasure of
; every day wiser is a sufficient recompence for
iconvenience. I know you will talk of the vul-
ifaction of soliciting happiness from sensual en-
only, and probably enlarge upon the exquisite
of sentimental bliss; yet, believe me, my friend,
deceived; all our pleasures, though seeming
remote from sense, derive their origin from
e of the senses. The most exquisite demonstra-
nathematics, or the most pleasing disquisition in
ysics, if it does not ultimately tend to increase
sual satisfaction, is delightful only to fools, or
who have, by long habit, contracted a false idea
ure; and he who seperates sensual and sentimen-
yments, seeking happiness from mind alone, is,
as wretched as the naked inhabitant of the fo-
o places all happiness in the first, regardless of
r. There are two extremes in this respect; the
who swallows down the draught of pleasure,
staying to reflect on his happiness; and the sage,
seth the cup, while he reflects on the incon-
s of drinking.
with an heart full of sorrow, my dear Altangi,
ust inform you, that what the world calls hap-
ust now be no longer yours. Our great Emperor's
ure at your leaving China, contrary to the rules
overnment, and the immemorial custom of the
has produced the most terrible effects. Your
ughter, and the rest of your family, have been
y his order, and appropriated to his use; all
your son are now the property of him who pos-
; him I have hidden from the officers employed
purpose; and even at the hazard of my life I
reated him. The youth seems obstinately bent

on finding you out, wherever you are: he is
to face every danger that opposes his pursuit
yet but fifteen, all his father's virtues and
sparkle in his eyes, and mark him as one des
mediocrity of fortune.

You see, my dearest friend, what impr
brought thee to: from opulence, a tender f
rounding friends, and your master's esteem,
duced thee to want, persecution, and, still
our mighty monarch's displeasure. Want o
is too frequently the want of virtue; nor i
earth a more powerful advocate for Vice tha
As I shall endeavour to guard thee from
guard thyself from the other; and still think
affection and esteem. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First
of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in

(The Editor thinks proper to acquaint the reader, that
part of the following letter seems to him to be little
rhapsody of sentences borrowed from Confucius,
philosopher.)

A WIFE, a daughter, carried into captivit
ate my offence; a son, scarce yet arrived at
resolving to encounter every danger in the pi
of one who has undone him; these, indeed, a
stances of distress; though my tears were mo
than the gem of Golconda, yet would they
such an occasion.

But I submit to the stroke of Heaven;
volume of Confucius in my hand, and, as I r
humble, and patient, and wise. We should f
says he, but not sink under its oppression: t
a wise man should resemble a mirror, whi
every object, without being sullied by any.
of fortune turns incessantly round; and w
within himself, I shall to-day be uppermost?
hold the immutable mean that lies between
and anguish; our attempts should be, not

nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at disasters, but endeavour to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

I fancy myself at present, O thou reverend disciple of Tao, more than a match for all that can happen; the chief business of my life has been to procure wisdom; and the chief object of that wisdom was to be happy. My attendance on your lectures, my conferences with the missionaries of Europe, and all my subsequent adventures upon quitting China, were calculated to increase the sphere of my happiness, not my curiosity. Let European travellers cross seas and deserts, merely to measure the height of a mountain, to describe the cataract of a river, or tell the commodities which every country may produce; merchants, or geographers, perhaps may find profit by such discoveries; what advantage can accrue to a philosopher from such accounts, who is desirous of understanding the human heart, who seeks to know the men of every country, who desires to discover those differences which result from climate, religion, education, prejudice, and partiality?

I should think my time very ill bestowed, were the only fruits of my adventures to consist in being able to tell, that a tradesman of London lives in an house three times as high as that of our great Emperor; that the ladies wear longer clothes than the men; that the priests are dressed in colours which we are taught to detest; and that their soldiers wear scarlet, which is, with us, the symbol of peace and innocence. How many travellers are there, who confine their relations to such minute and useless particulars! For one who enters into the genius of those nations with whom he has conversed, who discloses their morals, their opinions, the ideas which they entertain of religious worship, the intrigues of their ministers, and their skill in sciences, there are twenty who only mention some idle particulars, which can be of no real use to a true philosopher. All their remarks tend, neither to make themselves nor others more happy: they no way contribute to control their passions, to bear adversity, to inspire true virtue, or raise a detestation of vice.

Men may be very learned, and yet very misei
it is easy to be a deep geometrician, or a sublime
nomer, but very difficult to be good man. I e
therefore, the traveller who instructs the heart, b
pise him who only indulges the imagination.
who leaves home to mend himself and others is a
sopher: but he who goes from country to co
guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is only a
bond. From Zedunsht down to him of Tyanca,
nour all those great names who endeavour to uni
world by their travels; such men grew wiser as
better, the farther they departed from home, an
like rivers, whose streams are not only increas
refined, as they travel from their source.

For my own part, my greatest glory is, that t
ing has not more steeled my constitution against
vicissitudes of climate, and all the depressions of fa
than it has my mind against the accidents of fortu
the accesses of despair. Farewel.

LETTER VIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First
dent of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in Ch

How insupportable, oh thou possessor of hea
wisdom, would be this separation, this immens
distance from my friends, were I not able thus to
neate my heart upon paper and to send thee daily
of my mind!

I am every day better reconciled to the people
whom I reside, and begin to fancy, that in time,
find them more opulent, more charitable, and mo
pitable than I at first imagined. I begin to learn
what of their manners and customs, and to see
for several deviations which they make from us,
whom all other nations derive their politeness,
as their original.

In spite of taste, in spite of prejudice, I now b
think their women tolerable; I can now look o
guishing blue eye without disgust, and pardon
teeth even though whiter than ivory. I now

fancy there is no universal standard for beauty. The truth is, the manners of the ladies in this city are so very open, and so vastly engaging, that I am inclined to pass over the more glaring defects of their persons, since compensated for by the more solid yet latent beauties of the mind. What though they want black teeth, or are deprived of the allurements of feet no bigger than their thumbs, yet still they have souls my friend, such souls, so free, so pressing, so hospitable, and so engaging.—I have received more invitations in the streets of London from the sex in one night, than I have met with at Pekin in twelve revolutions of the moon.

Every evening as I return home from my usual solitary excursions, I am met by several of those well-disposed daughters of hospitality, at different times and in different streets, richly dressed, and with minds not less noble than their appearance. You know that nature has indulged me with a person by no means agreeable; yet they are too generous to object to my homely appearance; they feel no repugnance at my broad face and flat nose; they perceive me to be a stranger, and that alone is a sufficient recommendation. They even seem to think it their duty to do the honours of the country, by every act of complaisance in their power. One takes me under the arm, and in a manner forces me along; another catches me round the neck, and desires to partake in this office of hospitality; while a third, kinder still, invites me to refresh my spirits with wine. Wine is in England reserved only for the rich; yet here even wine is given away to the stranger!

A few nights ago, one of those generous creatures, dressed all in white, and flaunting like a meteor by my side, forcibly attended me home to my own apartment. She seemed charmed with the elegance of the furniture, and the convenience of my situation. And well indeed she might, for I have hired an apartment for not less than two shillings of their money every week. But her civility did not rest here; for, at parting, being desirous to know *the hour*, and perceiving my watch out of order, *she kindly took it* to be repaired by a relation of her own, *which* you may imagine will save some expence, *and she assures me that it will cost her nothing. I shall have it back in a few days, when mended*; and

am preparing a proper speech, expressive of my
tude on the occasion. "Celestial excellence, (I
to say), happy I am in having found out, after
painful adventures, a land of innocence, and a
of humanity: I may rove into other climes, an
verse with nations yet unknown; but where
meet with a soul of such purity as that which re
thy breast? Sure thou hast been nurtured by the
the Shin Shin, or sucked the breasts of the pr
Gin Hiung. The melody of thy voice could
Chong Fou of her whelps, or inveigle the Boh th
in the midst of the waters. Thy servant shall e
tain a sense of thy favours, and one day boast
virtue, sincerity, and truth, among the daugh
China." Adieu.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

I HAVE been deceived! She whom I fancied a
ter of paradise, has proved to be one of the in
disciples of Han! I have lost a trifle; I have
the consolation of having discovered a deceiver,
more, therefore, relax into my former indifferenc
regard to the English ladies; they once more be
appear disagreeable in my eyes. Thus is my whol
passed in forming conclusions, which the next m
experience may probably destroy; the present m
becomes a comment on the past, and I improve
in humility than wisdom.

Their laws and religion forbid the English t
more than one woman: I therefore concluded tha
stitutes were banished from society. I was dec
every man here keeps as many wives as he can mai
the laws are cemented with blood, praised, and
garded. The very Chinese, whose religion allow
two wives, take not half the liberties of the Engl
this particular. Their laws may be compared
books of the Sybils; they are held in great vene
but seldom read, or seldomer understood; even thos

pretend to be their guardians dispute about the meaning of many of them, and confess their ignorance of others. The law, therefore, which commands them to have but one wife, is strictly observed only by those for whom one is more than sufficient, or by such as have not money to buy two. As for the rest, they violate it publicly, and some glory in its violation. They seem to think, like the Persians, that they give evident marks of manhood, by increasing their seraglio. A mandarine, therefore, here generally keeps four wives, a gentleman three, and a stage-player two. As for the magistrates, the country-justices, and squires, they are employed first in debauching young virgins, and then punishing the transgression.

From such a picture you will be apt to conclude, that he who employs four ladies for his amusement, has four times as much constitution to spare as he who is contented with one; that a mandarine is much cleverer than a gentleman, and a gentleman than a player: and yet it is quite the reverse. A mandarine is frequently supported on spindle-shanks, appears emaciated by luxury, and is obliged to have recourse to variety, merely from the weakness, not the vigour of his constitution, the number of his wives being the most equivocal symptom of his virility.

Besides the country squire, there is also another set of men, whose whole employment consists in corrupting beauty: these the silly part of the fair sex call amiable; the more sensible part of them, however, give them the title of abominable. You will probably demand, What are the talents of a man thus caressed by the majority of the opposite sex? what talents or what beauty is he possessed of, superior to the rest of his fellows? To answer you directly, he has neither talents nor beauty: but then he is possessed of impudence and assiduity. With assiduity and impudence, men of all ages, and of all figures, may commence admirers. I have even been told of some who made professions of expiring for love, when all the world could perceive they were going to die of old age; and, what is more surprising still, such battered beaux are generally most infamously successful.

A fellow of this kind employs three hours every morning *in dressing his head, by* which is understood only his hair.

le is a professed admirer, not of any particular lady,
of the whole sex.
He is to suppose every lady has caught cold every
ght, which gives him an opportunity of calling to see
w she does the next morning.
He is, upon all occasions, to shew himself in very
reat pain for the ladies; if a lady drops even a pin, he
to fly in order to present it.
He never speaks to a lady without advancing his mouth
o her ear, by which means he frequently addresses
more senses than one.
Upon proper occasions he looks excessively tender.
This is performed by laying his hand upon his heart,
shutting his eyes, and shewing his teeth.
He is excessively fond of dancing a minuet with the
ladies, by which is only meant walking round the floo
eight or ten times with his hat on, affecting great gra
vity, and sometimes looking tenderly on his partner.
He never affronts any man himself, and never resen
an affront from another.
He has an infinite variety of small talk upon all occ
sions, and laughs when he has nothing more to say.
Such is the killing creature who prostrates himself
the sex till he has undone them; all whose submiss
are the effects of design; and who, to please the la
almost becomes himself a lady.

LETTER X.

To the same.

I HAVE hitherto given you no account of my j
from China to Europe, of my travels through co
where nature sports in primeval rudeness, wh
pours forth her wonders in solitude; countrie
whence the rigorous climate, the sweeping inu
the drifted desert, the howling forest, and mou
immeasurable height, banish the husbandman, a
extensive desolation; countries, where the brov
wanders for a precarious subsistence, with an
never felt pity, himself more hideous than th

You will easily conceive the fatigue of crossing vast tracts of land, either desolate, or still more dangerous by its inhabitants; the retreat of men who seem driven from society, in order to make war upon all the human race; nominally professing a subjection to Muscovy or China, but without any resemblance to the countries on which they depend.

After I had crossed the great wall, the first objects that presented were the remains of desolated cities, and all the magnificence of venerable ruin. There were to be seen temples of beautiful structure, statues wrought by the hand of a master, and, around, a country of luxuriant plenty, but not one single inhabitant to reap the bounties of Nature. These were prospects that might humble the pride of kings, and repress human vanity. I asked my guide the cause of such desolation. These countries, says he, were once the dominions of a Tartar prince, and these ruins the seat of arts, elegance, and ease. This prince waged an unsuccessful war with one of the emperors of China; he was conquered, his cities plundered, and all his subjects carried into captivity. Such are the effects of the ambition of kings. Ten dervises, says the Indian proverb, shall sleep in peace upon a single carpet, while two kings shall quarrel, though they have kingdoms to divide them. Sure, my friend, the cruelty and the pride of man make more deserts than Nature ever made! She is kind, but man is ungrateful.

Proceeding in my journey through this pensive scene of desolated beauty, in a few days I arrived among the Daures, a nation still dependent on China. Xaixigar is their principal city, which, compared with those of Europe, scarcely deserves the name. The governors and other officers, who are sent yearly from Pekin, abuse their authority, and often take the wives and daughters of the inhabitants to themselves. The Daures, accustomed to base submission, feel no resentment at those injuries, or stifle what they feel. Custom and necessity teach even barbarians the same art of dissimulation that ambition and intrigue inspire in the breasts of the polite. Upon beholding such unlicensed stretches of power, alas, *thought I*, how little does our wise and *good emperor know of these intolerable exactions!* these

provinces are too distant for complaint, and too
ficant to expect redress. The more distant the
ment, the honester should be the governor to w
is intrusted; for hope of impunity is a strong ind
to violation.

The religion of the Daures is more absurd th
that of the sectaries of Fohi. How would
surprised, O sage disciple and follower of Co
you, who believe one eternal intelligent Cause
should you be present at the barbarous cerem
this infatuated people! How would you depl
blindness and folly of mankind! His boasted reas
only to light him astray, and brutal instinct mo
larly points out the path to happiness. Could y
it? they adore a wicked divinity; they fear h
they worship him; they imagine him a malicio
ready to injure, and ready to be appeased. T
and women assemble at midnight in a hut, whic
for a temple; a priest stretches himself on the
and all the people pour forth the most horrid cries
drums and timbrels swell the infernal concert.
this dissonance, miscalled music, has continue
two hours, the priest rises from the ground, ass
air of inspiration, grows big with the inspiring
and pretends to a skill in futurity.

In every country, my friend, the bonzes, the
mins, and the priests, deceive the people; all re
tions begin with the laity; the priests point us
way to heaven with their fingers, but stand still the
nor seem to travel towards the country in view.

The customs of this people correspond to the
gion: they keep their dead for three days on th
bed where the person died; after which they bu
in a grave moderately deep, but with the head s
covered. Here, for several days, they present h
ferent sorts of meats; which when they perceive
not consume, they fill up the grave, and desist fr
siring him to eat for the future. How, how ca
kind be guilty of such strange absurdity, to en
dead body, already putrid, to partake of the ba
Where, I again repeat it, is human reason? n
some men, but whole nations, seem divested of i

nity through fear, and attempting to feed the dead. se are the most serious and religious occupations:— these men rational? Or are not the apes of Borneo e wise?

ertain I am, O thou instructor of my youth, that hout philosophers, without some few virtuous men, seem to be of a different nature from the rest of kind; without such as these, the worship of a wicked nity would surely be established over every part of earth. Fear guides more to their duty than grati- e: for one man who is virtuous for the love of virtue, the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the er of all, there are ten thousand who are good only their apprehensions of punishment. Could these be persuaded, as the Epicureans were, that Heaven no thunders in store for the villain, they would no er continue to acknowledge subordination, or thank Being who gave them existence. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

ow such a picture of Nature in primeval simplici- tell me, my much respected friend, are you in love h fatigue and solitude? Do you sigh for the severe gality of the wandering Tartar, or regret being born idst the luxury and dissimulation of the polite? Ra- er tell me, has not every kind of life vices peculiarly own? Is it not a truth, that refined countries have e vices, but those not so terrible; barbarous nations , and these of the most hideous complexion? Perfidy d fraud are the vices of civilized nations; credulity d violence, those of the inhabitants of the desert. es the luxury of the one produce half the evils of the humanity of the other? Certainly those philosophers o declaim against luxury have but little understood benefits. They seem insensible, that to luxury we e not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but n of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every

sense to be content with a bare sufficienc
plying only the wants of nature; but is t
satisfaction in indulging those appetites
cence and safety, than in restraining the
better pleased in enjoyment, than in the
tion of thinking that I can live without en
more various our artificial necessities, th
circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consis
necessities as they rise: Luxury, there
creases our wants, increases our capacity

Examine the history of any country r
opulence and wisdom, you will find they
have been wise, had they not been first lu
will find poets, philosophers, and even pa
ing in Luxury's train. The reason is obv
only are curious after knowledge, when
nected with sensual happiness. The sen
out the way, and reflection comments up
very. Inform a native of the desart of Ko
measure of the paralax of the moon, he
faction at all in the information; he wo
could take such pains, and lay out such t
der to solve so useless a difficulty: but co
his happiness, by showing that it improve
that, by such an investigation he may h
coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and
in raptures at so great an improvement.
only desire to know what we desire to
whatever we may talk against it, luxury
to curiosity, and gives us a desire of b
wise.

But not our knowledge only, but our vi
proved by luxury. Observe the brown s
bet, to whom the fruits of the spreading
supply food, and its branches an habita
character has few vices, I grant, but thos
the most hideous nature: rapine and cru
crimes in his eye; neither pity nor tend
ennoble every virtue, have any place in
hates his enemies, and kills those he sub
other hand, the polite Chinese, and civili
seem even to love their enemies. I have ju
instance where the English have succoure

whom their own countrymen have actually refused to relieve.

The greater the luxuries of every country, the more closely, politically speaking, is that country united. Luxury is the child of society alone; the luxurious man stands in need of a thousand different artists to furnish out his happiness. It is more likely, therefore, that he should be a good citizen, who is connected by motives of self-interest with so many, than the abstemious man, who is united to none.

In whatsoever light, therefore, we consider luxury, whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment, as finding a variety of occupations for others who might be totally idle, or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness, without encroaching on mutual property; in whatever light we regard it, we shall have reason to stand up in its defence; and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken, "That we should enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our own safety, and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds out a new pleasure is one of the most useful members of society."

LETTER XII.

To the same.

From the funeral solemnities of the Daures, who think themselves the politest people in the world, I must make a transition to the funeral solemnities of the English, who think themselves as polite as they. The numberless ceremonies which are used here when a person is sick, appear to me so many evident marks of fear and apprehension. Ask an Englishman, however, whether he is afraid of death, and he boldly answers in the negative; but observe his behaviour in circumstances of approaching sickness, and you will find his actions give his assertions the lie.

The Chinese are very sincere in this respect; they hate to die, and they confess their terrors: a great part of their life is spent in preparing things proper for their funeral: a *poor artizan shall* spend half his income in pre-

viding himself a tomb twenty years before he
and denies himself the necessaries of life, th
be provided for, when he shall want them no

But the people of distinction in England real
pity, for they die in circumstances of the mos
distress. It is an established rule, never to
know that he is dying: physicians are sent for
gy are called, and every thing passes in silent
round the sick-bed; the patient is in agon
round for pity, yet not a single creature will s
is dying. If he is possessed of fortune, his rel
treat him to make his will, as it may restore
quillity of his mind. He is desired to underg
of the church, for decency requires it. His fr
their leave, only because they don't care to s
pain. In short, an hundred stratagems ar
make him do what he might have been induce
form only by being told, Sir, you are past
and had as good think decently of dying.

Besides all this, the chamber is darkened,
house echoes to the cries of the wife, the lame
the children, the grief of the servants, and t
the fields. The bed is surrounded with p
doctors in black, and only flambeaux emi
gleam. Where is the man, how intrepid so
would not shrink at such a hideous solemnity
of affrighting their expiring friends, the Engli
all that can fill them with terror. Strange e
man prejudice, thus to torture merely from
tenderness!

You see, my friend, what contradictions t
the temper of those islanders: when prompte
tion, revenge, or disappointment, they meet
the utmost resolution: the very man who,
would have trembled at the aspect of a docto
with intrepidity to attack a bastion, or d
noose himself up in his garters.

The passion of the Europeans for magnif
ments, is equally strong with that of the Chine
a tradesman dies, his frightful face is painte
undertaker, and placed in a proper situatio
company: this is called lying in state.
greeable spectacle all the idlers in town fl

to loathe the wretch dead, whom they despised when living. In this manner you see some who would have refused a shilling to save the life of their dearest friend, bestow thousands on adorning their putrid corpse. I have been told of a fellow, who, grown rich by the price of blood, left it in his will, that he should lie in state, and thus unknowingly gibbetted himself into infamy, when he might have otherwise quietly retired into oblivion.

When the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph: they are generally reckoned best which flatter most; such relations, therefore, as have received most benefits from the defunct, discharge this friendly office, and generally flatter in proportion to their joy. When we read these monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said, that all men are equal in the dust, for they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbours, and the honestest men of their time. To go through a European cemetery, one would be apt to wonder how mankind could have so basely degenerated from such excellent ancestors. Every tomb pretends to claim your reverence and regret; some are praised for piety in those inscriptions, who never entered the temple until they were dead; some are praised for being excellent poets, who were never mentioned, except for their dulness, while living; others for sublime orators, who were never noted, except for their impudence; and others still for military achievements, who were never in any other skirmishes but with the watch. Some even make epitaphs for themselves, and bespeak the reader's good will. It were indeed to be wished, that every man would early learn in this manner to make his own; that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible; and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it.

I have not yet been in a place called Westminster Abbey, but soon intend to visit it. There, I am told, I shall see justice done to deceased merit. None, I am told, are permitted to be buried there, but such as have adorned, as well as improved mankind. There, no intruders, by the influence of friends or fortune, presume to mix their unhallowed ashes with philosophers, heroes, and

poets. Nothing but true merit has a place in that awful sanctuary. The guardianship of the tombs is committed to several reverend priests, who are never guilty, for a superior reward, of taking down the names of good men to make room for others of equivocal character, nor ever profane the sacred walls with pageants that posterity cannot know, or shall blush to own.

I always was of opinion, that sepulchral honours of this kind should be considered as a national concern, and not trusted to the care of the priests of any country, how respectable soever; but, from the conduct of the reverend personages, whose disinterested patriotism I shall shortly be able to discover, I am taught to retract my former sentiments. It is true, the Spartans and the Persians made a fine political use of sepulchral vanity; they permitted none to be thus interred who had not fallen in the vindication of their country. A monument thus became a real mark of distinction; it nerved the hero's arm with tenfold vigour; and he fought without fear, who only fought for a grave. Farewel.

LETTER XIII.

From the same.

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulchre for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long collonades, and dark ceilings. Think then what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls filled with the statues, the inscritpions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, said I to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all. They have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length

reliced to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. If any monument, said he, should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands. I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, "that I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can no wise injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage, to become strong in the aggregate, from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here, but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together, to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: that, said I to my guide, I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin; or lawgiver, who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection. It is not requisite, replied my companion, smiling, to have such qualifications, in order to have a very fine monument here: more humble abilities will suffice. "What, I suppose then, the gaining of two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?" "Gaining battles, or taking towns (replied the man in black) *may be of service*; but a gentleman may have

a very fine monument here, without ever seeing a battle or a siege." "This then is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?" "No, Sir, (replied my guide), the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself." "Pray tell me then, in a word, (said I, peevishly), what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?" "Remarkable, Sir! (said my companion), why, Sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable,——for a tomb in Westminster Abbey." "But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place: Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?" "I suppose (replied the man in black) the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them: the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company, now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There, (says the gentleman, pointing with his finger), that is the poets corner: there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton." "Drayton, (I replied), I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope: is he there?" "It is time enough (replied my guide) these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet." "Strange! (cried I), can any be found to have a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?" "Yes, (says my guide), they hate him for that reason. There is a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and *distribute* reputation by the sheet: they somewhat re-

semble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment than to cry out dunce and scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise their malice: they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame at last he gains solid anxiety.

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" (cried I)—"Yes, with every mother's son of them, (replied he), except he happen to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?"

"I own there are many, (replied the man in black), but alas! Sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus, poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass, in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly, I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country, to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which

tended to their own honour?" "As for your questions, (replied the gate-keeper), to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but as for that there threepence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise. But in this I was disappointed: there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid: but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment.

person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. "Look ye there, gentlemen (says he, pointing to an old oak chair), there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned: you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or in the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but, in the present case, there was no more reason for my surprise, than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity merely because one of their kings happened to sit upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, tall of himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Japan. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armour (said he) belonged to the great General Monk." "Very surprising that a man should wear armour!" "And pray (added he) what is this cap? this is General Monk's cap." "Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should be buried in armour! Pray, friend, what might this cap have been originally?" "That, Sir, (said he), I don't know

this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompence truly," (said I.) "Not so very small, (replied he), for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! still more money!" "Every gentleman gives something, Sir." "I'll give thee nothing, (returned I); the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus, leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER XIV.

From the same.

I WAS some days ago agreeably surprised by a message from a lady of distinction, who sent me word, that she most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance; and, with the utmost impatience, expected an interview. I will not deny, my dear Fum Hoam, but that my vanity was raised at such an invitation: I flattered myself that she had seen me in some public place, and had conceived an affection for my person, which thus induced her to deviate from the usual decorums of the sex. My imagination painted her in all the bloom of youth and beauty. I fancied her attended by the loves and graces; and I set out with the most pleasing expectations of seeing the conquest I had made.

When I was introduced into her apartments, my expectations were quickly at an end. I perceived a little shrivelled figure indolently reclined on a sofa, who nodded by way of approbation at my approach. This, as I was afterwards informed, was the lady herself, a woman equally distinguished for rank, politeness, taste, and *understanding*. As I was dressed after the fashion

of Europe, she had taken me for an Englishman, a
consequently saluted me in her ordinary manner;
when the footman informed her Grace that I was
gentleman from China, she instantly lifted herself fr
the couch, while her eyes sparkled with unusual vi
city. "Bless me! can this be the gentleman that
born so far from home? What an unusual share
somethingness in his whole appearance. Lord, how
am charmed with the outlandish cut of his face! h
bewitching the exotic breadth of his forehead! I wo
give the world to see him in his own country dr
Pray turn about, Sir, and let me see you behind. The
there's a travelled air for you! You that attend the
bring up a plate of beef cut in small pieces; I have
violent passion to see him eat. Pray, Sir, have
got your chop-sticks about you? It will be so pre
to see the meat carried to the mouth with a jerk. P
speak a little Chinese; I have learned some of
language myself. Lord! have you nothing pretty fr
China about you; something that one does not kn
what to do with? I have got twenty things fr
China that are of no use in the world. Look at th
jars; they are of the right pea-green: these are
furniture." "Dear Madam, (said I), those, tho
they may appear fine in your eyes, are but paltry
Chinese; but, as they are useful utensils, it is pro
they should have a place in every apartment."
"Useful, Sir! (replied the lady), sure you mista
they are of no use in the world." "What! are t
not filled with an infusion of tea, as in China?" (
plied I). "Quite empty and useless, upon my hon
Sir." "Then they are the most cumbrous and clu
furniture in the world, as nothing is truly elegant
what unites use with beauty." "I protest (says
lady) I shall begin to suspect thee of being an ac
barbarian. I suppose also you hold my two beaut
pagods in contempt." "What! (cried I), has F
spread his gross superstitions here also? Pagods of
kinds are my aversion." "A Chinese, a travel
and want taste! it surprises me. Pray, Sir, exam
the beauties of that Chinese temple which you se
the end of the garden: Is there any thing in C

ve beautiful?" "Where I stand, I see nothing, adam, at the end of the garden, that may not as well alled an Egyptian pyramid, as a Chinese temple; that little building in view is as like the one as ther." "What, Sir! is not that a Chinese temple? u must surely be mistaken: Mr Freeze, who de- ed it, calls it one, and nobody disputes his preten- n to taste." I now found it vain to contradict lady in any thing she thought fit to advance; so resolved rather to act the disciple than the instructor. took me through several rooms, all furnished, as told me, in the Chinese manner; sprawling dra- s, squating pagods, and clumsy mandarines, were k upon every shelf: in turning round, one must ve used caution not to demolish a part of the preca- s furniture.

In a house like this, thought I, one must live conti- lly upon the watch; the inhabitant must resemble night in an enchanted castle, who expects to meet dventure at every turning. "But, Madam, (said do no accidents ever happen to all this finery?" dian, Sir, (replied the lady), is born to misfortunes, 'tis but fit I should have a share. Three weeks , a careless servant snapped off the head of a fa- rite mandarine: I had scarce done grieving for that, n a monkey broke a beautiful jar; this I took the e to heart, as the injury was done me by a friend rever, I survived the calamity; when yesterday, h went half a dozen dragons upon the marble rth-stone; and yet I live; I survive it all. You t conceive what comfort I find under afflictions from

LETTER XV.

From the same.

THE better sort here pretend to the utmost c
for animals of every kind. To hear them
stranger would be apt to imagine they cou
hurt the gnat that stung them: they seem so t
so full of pity, that one would take them for
less friends of the whole creation; the protect
meanest insect or reptile that was privileged w
ence. And yet, would you believe it? I
the very men who have thus boasted of their t
at the same time devouring the flesh of six
animals toasted up in a fricassee. Strange c
of conduct! they pity and they eat the object
compassion. The lion roars with terror ove
tive; the tyger sends forth its hideous shriek
date its prey; no creature shows any fondne
short-lived prisoner, except a man and a cat.

Man was born to live with innocence and si
but he has deviated from nature; he was born
the bounties of Heaven, but he has monopoliz
he was born to govern the brute creation, b
become their tyrant. If an epicure now sho
pen to surfeit on his last night's feast, twenty
the next day are to undergo the most exquisite
in order to provoke his appetite to another gui
Hail, O ye simple, honest brahmins of the
inoffensive friends of all that were born to hap
well as you! You never sought a short-lived
from the miseries of other creatures; you neve
the tormenting arts of ingenious refinement; y
surfeited upon a guilty meal. How much m
fied and refined are all your sentations than our
distinguish every element with the utmost p
A stream, untasted before, is a new luxury; a
of air is a new banquet, too refined for weste
ginations to conceive.

Though the Europeans do not hold the tra
tion of souls, yet one of their doctors has, v
force of argument, and great plausibility of

ured to prove, that the bodies of animals are
bitations of demons and wicked spirits, which
ged to reside in these prisons, till the resurrec-
onounces their everlasting punishment; but are
ly condemned to suffer all the pains and hard-
flicted upon them by man, or by each other
If this be the case, it may frequently happen,
ile we whip pigs to death, or boil live lobsters,
putting some old acquaintance, some near rela-
excruciating tortures, and are serving him up
very same table where he was once the most
e companion.

abul (says the Zendavesta) was born on the
anks of the river Mawra: his possessions were
nd his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of
une: he hated the harmless brahmins, and de-
their holy religion: every day his table was
out with the flesh of an hundred different ani-
nd his cooks had an hundred different ways of
g it, to solicit even satiety.

otwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive
ge: he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance.
his, his soul was carried off, in order to take its
fore a select assembly of the souls of those ani-
hich his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who
ow appointed his judges.

e trembled before a tribunal, to every member
h he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant.
ght for pity, but found none disposed to grant it.
he not remember (cries the angry boar) to what
I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his

to cram him into the shape of a fowl, and then smoth
him in his own blood, as I was served?' The majori
of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, a
were going to condemn him without further delay, wh
the ox rose up to give his opinion. 'I am informe
(says this counsellor) that the prisoner at the bar h
left a wife with child behind him: by my knowled
in divination, I foresee that this child will be a so
decrepid, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and a
about him. What say you then, my companions, if w
condemn the father to animate the body of his own so
and by this means make him feel, in himself, those m
series which his intemperance must otherwise have e
tailed upon his posterity?' The whole court applaude
the ingenuity of his torture, then thanked him for h
advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit th
earth; and his soul, in the body of his own son, passe
a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiet
and disease."

LETTER XVI.

From the same.

I KNOW not whether I am more obliged to the Ch
nese missionaries for the instruction I have receive
from them, or prejudiced by the falsehoods they hav
made me believe. By them I was told, that the Pop
was universally allowed to be a man, and placed at th
head of the church: in England, however, they plainl
prove him to be a whore in man's clothes, and ofte
burn him in effigy, as an impostor. A thousand book
have been written on either side of the question; pries
are eternally disputing against each other; and thos
mouths that want argument are filled with abuse
Which party must I believe, or shall I give credit t
neither? When I survey the absurdities and falsehood
with which the books of the Europeans are filled,
thank Heaven for having been born in China, and tha
I have sagacity enough to detect an imposture.

The Europeans reproach us with false history an
fabulous chronology: how should they blush to se

own books, many of which are written by the
ors of their religion, filled with the most monstrous
s, and attested with the utmost solemnity! The
ds of a letter do not permit me to mention all the
rdities of this kind, which, in my reading, I have
with. I shall confine myself to the accounts which
of their lettered men give of the persons of some
he inhabitants on our globe: and, not satisfied with
most solemn asseverations, they sometimes pretend
ave been eye-witnesses of what they describe.
Christian doctor, in one of his principal perform-
s, says, "That it was not impossible for a whole
on to have but one eye in the middle of their
head *." He is not satisfied with leaving it in
bt; but, in another work †, assures us that the fact
certain, and that he himself was an eye-witness of
"When (says he) I took a journey into Ethiopia,
ompany with several other servants of Christ, in
r to preach the gospel there, I beheld, in the
hern provinces of that country, a nation, which had
one eye in the midst of their foreheads."
ou will no doubt be surprised, reverend Fum, with
author's effrontery: but alas! he is not alone in
story; he has only borrowed it from several others
wrote before him. Solinus creates another nation
yclops, the Arimaspians, who inhabit those coun-
that border on the Caspian Sea. This author goes
o tell us of a people of India, who have but one
and one eye, and yet are extremely active, run
great swiftness, and live by hunting. These people
scarce know how to pity or admire. But the men
m Pliny calls Cynamolci, who have got the heads
logs, really deserve our compassion: instead of
nge, they express their sentiments by barking.
us confirms what Pliny mentions; and Simon
ole, a French bishop, talks of them, as of particu-
and familiar acquaintances. "After passing the
ts of Egypt, (says he), we meet with the Kuno-
aloi, who inhabit those regions that border on
opia; they live by hunting; they cannot speak,
whistle; their chins resemble a serpent's head;

* Augustin de Civit. Dei, lib. xvi. p. 422.
† Id. ad fratres in Eremo, Serm. xxxvii.

their hands are armed with long sharp claws; their breast resembles that of a greyhound; and they excel in swiftness and agility." Would you think it, my friend, that this odd kind of people are, notwithstanding their figure, excessively delicate? not even an alderman's wife, or Chinese mandarine, can excel them in this particular. "These people (continues our faithful bishop) never refuse wine; love roast and boiled meat; they are particularly curious in having their meat well dressed, and spurn at it if in the least tainted. When the Ptolemies reigned in Egypt, (says he a little farther on), those men with dogs heads taught grammar and music."—For men who had no voices to teach music, and who could not speak, to teach grammar, is, I confess, a little extraordinary. Did ever the disciples of Fohi broach any thing more ridiculous?

Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely deformed, and with dogs heads: but what would you say, if you heard of men without any heads at all? Pomponius Mela, Solinus, and Aulus Gellius, describe them to our hand. "The Blemiæ have a nose, eyes, and mouth, on their breasts; or, as others will have it, placed on their shoulders."

One would think that these authors had an antipathy to the human form, and were resolved to make a new figure of their own. But let us do them justice: though they sometimes deprive us of a leg, an arm, an head, or some such trifling part of the body, they often as liberally bestow upon us something that we wanted before. Simon Mayole seems our particular friend in this respect; if he has denied heads to one part of mankind, he has given tails to another. He describes many of the English of his time, which is not more than an hundred years ago, as having tails. His own words are as follow. "In England there are some families which have tails, as a punishment for deriding an Augustine friar, sent by St Gregory, and who preached in Dorsetshire. They sewed the tails of different animals to his clothes; but soon they found those tails entailed on them and their posterity for ever." It is certain, the author had some ground for this description; many of the English wear tails to their wigs to this very day, as a mark, I suppose, of the antiquity of their families.

and perhaps as a symbol of those tails with which they were formerly distinguished by nature.

You see, my friend, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher. The writers of books in Europe seem to think themselves authorised to say what they please; and an ingenious philosopher among them * has openly asserted, that he would undertake to persuade the whole republic of letters to believe that the sun was neither the cause of light nor heat, if he could only get six philosophers on his side. Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

From the same.

Were an Asiatic politician to read the treaties of peace and friendship that had been annually making for more than a hundred years among the inhabitants of Europe, he would probably be surprised how it should ever happen that Christian princes could quarrel among each other. Their compacts for peace are drawn up with the utmost precision, and ratified with the greatest solemnity; to these each party promises a sincere and inviolable obedience, and all wears the appearance of open friendship and unreserved reconciliation.

Yet, notwithstanding those treaties, the people of Europe are almost continually at war. There is nothing more easy than to break a treaty ratified in all the usual forms, and neither party be the aggressor. One side, for instance, breaks a trifling article by mistake: the opposite party, upon this, makes a small but premeditated reprisal: this brings on a return of greater from the other; both sides complain of injuries and infractions; war is declared; they beat, are beaten; some two or three hundred thousand men are killed; they grow tired; leave off just where they began; and so sit coolly down to make new treaties.

The English *and French seem* to place themselves *foremost among the champion* states of Europe. Though

* Fontenelle.

parted by a narrow sea, yet are they entirely of opposite characters; and, from their vicinity, are taught to fear and admire each other. They are at present engaged in a very destructive war, have already spilled much blood, are excessively irritated: and all upon account of one side's desiring to wear greater quantities of *furs* than the other.

The pretext of the war is about some lands a thousand leagues off; a country, cold, desolate, and hideous; a country belonging to a people who were in possession for time immemorial. The savages of Canada claim a property in the country in dispute; they have all the pretensions which long possession can confer. Here they had reigned for ages without rivals in dominion, and knew no enemies but the prowling bear, or insidious tyger: their native forests produced all the necessaries of life, and they found ample luxury in the enjoyment. In this manner they might have continued to live to eternity, had not the English been informed that those countries produced furs in great abundance. From that moment the country became an object of desire; it was found that furs were things very much wanted in England: the ladies edged some of their clothes with furs, and muffs were worn both by gentlemen and ladies. In short, furs were found indispensably necessary for the happiness of the state; and the king was consequently petitioned to grant, not only the country of Canada, but all the savages belonging to it, to the subjects of England, in order to have the people supplied with proper quantities of this necessary commodity.

So very reasonable a request was immediately complied with, and large colonies were sent abroad to procure furs, and take possession. The French, who were equally in want of furs, (for they were fond of muffs and tippets as the English), made the very same request to their monarch, and met with the same gracious reception from their king, who generously granted what was not his to give. Wherever the French landed, they called the country their own; and the English took possession wherever they came, upon the same equitable pretensions. The harmless savages made no opposition; and could the intruders have agreed together, they might *peacably have* shared this desolate country between them.

have of late dispossessed them of the whole
in dispute. Think not, however, that success
side is the harbinger of peace; on the contrary,
rties must be heartily tired, to effect even a tem-
reconciliation. It should seem the business of
torious party to offer terms of peace; but there
ay in England, who, encouraged by success, are
protracting the war.
best English politicians, however, are sensible,
keep their present conquest would be rather a
than an advantage to them; rather a diminution
strength, than an increase of power. It is in
litic as in the human constitution: if the limbs
o large for the body, their size, instead of im-
, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The
should always bear an exact proportion to the
country; when they grow populous, they grow
al; and, by becoming powerful, they become
dent also. Thus, subordination is destroyed,
ountry swallowed up in the extent of its own do-
. The Turkish empire would be more formi-
were it less extensive—were it not for those
s which it can neither command, nor entirely
ay—which it is obliged to protect, but from
t has no power to exact obedience.
obvious as these truths are, there are many Eng-
who are for transplanting new colonies into this
nisition, for peopling the deserts of America with
se of their countrymen, and, as they express it,
e waste of an exuberant nation. But who are
happy creatures who are to be thus drained a-
Not the sickly, for they are unwelcome guests
as well as at home; nor the idle, for they would
well behind the Appalachian mountains, as in
ets of *London*. *This refuse* is composed of the

laborious and enterprising, of such men as can be serviceable to their country at home; of men who ought to be regarded as the sinews of the people, and cherished with every degree of political indulgence. And what are the commodities which this colony, when established, is to produce in return? Why, raw silk, hemp, and tobacco. England, therefore, must make an exchange of her best and bravest subjects for raw silk, hemp, and tobacco; her hardy veterans and honest tradesmen must be trucked for a box of snuff, or a silk petticoat: Strange absurdity! Sure the politics of the Daures are not more strange, who sell their religion, their wives, and their liberty, for a glass bead, or a paltry penknife. Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same.

THE English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts: the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year: the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool and unexpecting serenity: they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain: and *Viffrow* is not more a goddess on a wedding-night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry in order to have one happy month in their lives: they seem incapable of looking beyond that period: they unite, in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in *that*, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, contempt

the appearance of fulsome endearment,
y, great civility, and studied compliments,
in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or
ation, fill up their hours of private enter-

aught, whenever I see a new married couple
inary fond before faces, to consider them
to impose upon the company or themselves,
each other heartily, or consuming that
in the beginning of their course, which
em through their whole journey. Neither
pect those instances of kindness, which are
ith true freedom or happiness to bestow.
ounded in the heart, will show itself in a
remeditated sallies of fondness; but every
exhibition of the passion only argues little
or great insincerity.
the fondest husband, and Hansi the most
e, in all the kingdom of Korea. They
of conjugal bliss: the inhabitants of the
d saw and envied their felicity: wherever
Hansi was sure to follow; and, in all the
Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner.
hand in hand wherever they appeared,
mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing,
mouths were for ever joined; and, to speak
of anatomy, it was with them one perpe-
is.
was so great, that it was thought nothing
t their mutual peace; when an accident
hich, in some measure, diminished the hus-
ce of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined
ject to a thousand little disquietudes.
to go one day alone among the tombs that
stance from his house, he there perceived
in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all
fanning the wet clay that was raised over
ves, with a large fan which she held in her
g, who had early been taught wisdom in
ao, was unable to assign a cause for her
ment; and, coming up, civilly demanded
las! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in
it possible to survive the loss of my hus-

under the appearance of fulsome endearment, rmality, great civility, and studied compliments, ibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or rimination, fill up their hours of private enter- t.

I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple an ordinary fond before faces, to consider them opting to impose upon the company or themselves, hating each other heartily, or consuming that f love in the beginning of their course, which erve them through their whole journey. Neither ould expect those instances of kindness, which are tent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. when founded in the heart, will show itself in a nd unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every eliberate exhibition of the passion only argues little tanding or great insincerity.

ang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most ing wife, in all the kingdom of Korea. They pattern of coujugal bliss: the inhabitants of the around saw and envied their felicity: wherever g came, Hansi was sure to follow; and, in all the rs of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, g every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, ; their mouths were for ever joined; and, to speak language of anatomy, it was with them one perpe- astomosis.

r love was so great, that it was thought nothing interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident ned, which, in some measure, diminished the hus- assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

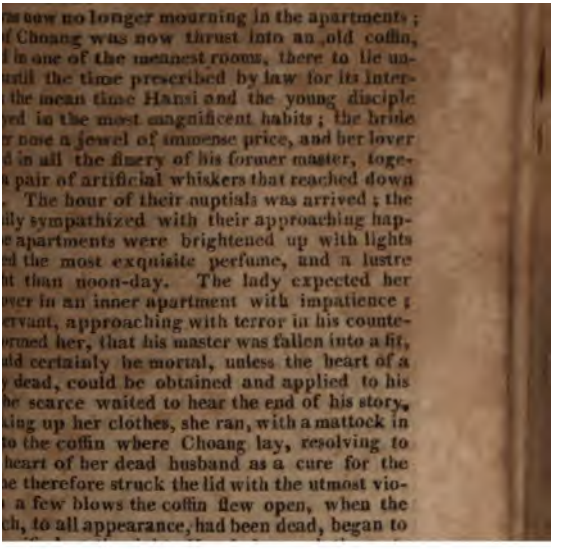
pening to go one day alone among the tombs that ome distance from his house, he there perceived dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all white), fanning the wet clay that was raised over the graves, with a large fan which she held in her Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in ool of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her employment; and, coming up, civilly demanded n. Alas! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in w is it possible to survive the loss of my hus-

band, who lies buried in this grave! He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands! With his dying breath he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions: the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared, she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of so barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy: however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her away.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation. Nothing could equal their apparent happiness: so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold, without *regretting* their own infelicity: when lo! their happiness *was at once* disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang *fell lifeless in* an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every *method was* used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi *was at first* inconsolable for his death. After some hour



ing in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the h
being unable to survive her shame and disappointm
Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to
any loud lamentations: he thought it best to bea
loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin w
he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse
room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial prepar
should be expended in vain, he the same night ma
the widow with the large fan.
As they both were apprised of the foibles of each
beforehand, they knew how to excuse them after
riage. They lived together for many years in great
quillity; and, not expecting rapture, made a shift to
contentment.—Farewel.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE gentleman dressed in black, who was my comp
through Westminster abbey, came yesterday to pa
a visit; and, after drinking tea, we both resolved to
a walk together, in order to enjoy the freshness o
country, which now begins to resume its verdure.
fore we got out of the suburbs, however, we were
ped in one of the streets by a crowd of people, gat
in a circle round a man and his wife, who seeme
loud and too angry to be understood. The people
highly pleased with the dispute, which, upon enquir
found to be between Dr Cacafogo, an apothecary
his wife. The doctor, it seems, coming unexpectedly
his wife's apartment found a gentleman there in ci
stances not in the least equivocal.
The doctor, who was a person of nice honour, res
to revenge the flagrant insult, immediately flew t
chimney-piece, and taking down a rusty blunderbuss,
the trigger upon the defiler of his bed: the delin
would certainly have been shot through the head
that the piece had not been charged for many y
The gallant made a shift to escape through the win
but the lady still remained, and, as she well kne

husband's temper, undertook to manage the quarrel without a second. He was furious, and she loud; their noise had gathered all the mob, who charitably assembled on the occasion, not to prevent, but to enjoy the quarrel.

Alas, said I to my companion, what will become of this unhappy creature, thus caught in adultery! Believe me, I pity her from my heart; her husband, I suppose, will shew her no mercy. Will they burn her as in India, or behead her as in Persia? will they load her with stripes as in Turkey, or keep her in perpetual imprisonment as with us in China? Pr'ythee, what is the wife's punishment in England for such offences? When a lady is thus caught tripping, replied my companion, they never punish her, but the husband.—You surely jest, interrupted I; I am a foreigner, and you would abuse my ignorance. I am really serious returned he. Dr Cacafogo has caught his wife in the act; but he has no witnesses, his small testimony goes for nothing: the consequence therefore, of his discovery will be, that she may be packed off to live among her relations, and the doctor must be obliged to allow her a separate maintenance. Amazing! cried I: is it not enough that she is permitted to live separate from the object she detests, but must he give her money to keep her in spirits too? That he must, says my guide, and be called a *cuckold* by all his neighbours into the bargain. The men will laugh at him, the ladies will pity him, and all that his warmest friends can say in his favour will be, that the poor good soul has never had any harm in him. I want patience, interrupted I: what! are there no private chastisements for the wife; no schools of penitence to shew her her folly; no rods for such delinquents? Psha, man, replied he, smiling, if every delinquent among us were to be treated in your manner, one half of the kingdom would flog the other.

I must confess, my dear Fum, that if I were an English husband, of all things I would take care not to be jealous, nor busily pry into those secrets my wife was pleased to keep from me. Should I detect her infidelity, what is the consequence? If I calmly pocket the abuse, I am laughed at by her and her gallant; if I talk my griefs aloud like a tragedy-hero, I am laughed at by the whole *world. The course* then I'd take would be,

miration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the crowd. The wise are but few, and they praise with a feeble voice; the vulgar are many, and roar in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies; have few meetings, no cabals: the dunces hunt in full cry, till they have run down a reputation, and then snarl and fight with each other about dividing the spoil. Here you may see the compilers and book-answerers of every month, when they have cut up some respectable name, most frequently reproaching each other with stupidity and dulness; resembling the wolves of the Russian forest, who prey upon venison or horse flesh when they can get it, but, in cases of necessity, lying in wait to devour each other. While they have new books to cut up, they make a hearty meal; but if this resource should unhappily fail, then it is that critics eat up critics, and compilers rob from compilations.

Confucius observes, that it is the duty of the learned to unite society more closely, and to persuade men to become citizens of the world; but the authors I refer to are not only for disuniting society, but kingdoms also. If the English are at war with France, the dunces of France think it their duty to be at war with those of England. Thus Freron, one of their first-rate scribblers, thinks proper to characterise all the English writers in the gross. "Their whole merit (says he) consists in exaggeration, and often in extravagance: correct their pieces as you please, there still remains a leaven which *corrupts* the whole. They sometimes discover genius, but not the smallest share of taste; England is not a soil for the plants of genius to thrive in." This is open enough, with not the least adulation in the picture. But hear what a Frenchman of acknowledged abilities says upon the same subject. "I am at a loss to determine in what we excel the English, or wherein they excel us: when I compare the merits of both in any one species of literary composition, so many reputable and pleasing writers present themselves from either country, that my judgment rests in suspense: I am pleased with the disquisition, without finding the object of my inquiry." But, lest you should think the French are faulty alone in this respect, hear how an *English* journalist delivers his sentiments of them: "We

e pleasing and judicious, more clear, more
and entertaining, than those of his own coun-

ese opposite pictures, you perceive that the
rs of either country praise, and the bad revile
; and yet, perhaps, you'll be surprised, that
writers should be the most apt to censure, as
the most to apprehend from recrimination:
erhaps imagine, that such as are possessed of
elves, should be most ready to declare their
ince what they say might pass for decision.
th happens to be, that the great are solici-
f raising their own reputations, while the op-
, alas! are solicitous of bringing every repu-
to a level with their own.
s acquit them of malice and envy; a critic is
d by the same motives that direct his author,
endeavours to persuade us that he has writ-
book; the critic is equally solicitous to show
ld write a better, had he thought proper. A
eing possessed of all the vanity, but not the
scholar: incapable, from his native weak-
ling himself from the ground, he applies to
merit for support, makes the sportive sallies
s imagination his serious employment, pre-
e our feelings under his care, teaches where

dict the fulminations of this tribunal; call them all spiders, and assure the public that they ought to laugh without restraint. Another set are, in the mean time, quietly employed in writing notes to the book, intended to show the particular passages to be laughed at; when these are out, others still there are who write notes upon notes. Thus, a single new book employs, not only the paper-makers, the printers, the pressmen, the bookbinders, the hawkers, but twenty critics, and as many compilers. In short, the body of the learned may be compared to a Persian army, where there are many pioneers, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

The English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of connecting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by day-light, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires.

The rich, in general, were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

ho held the middle region seemed not so riotous
bove them, nor yet so tame as those below; to
their looks, many of them seemed strangers
ell as myself. They were chiefly employed,
is period of expectation, in eating oranges,
he story of the play, or making assignations.
who sat in the lowest rows, which are called
emed to consider themselves as judges of the
he poet and the performers; they were assem-
ly to be amused, and partly to show their taste;
to labour under the restraint which an affecta-
erior discernment generally produces. My com-
owever, informed me, that not one in an hun-
em knew even the first principles of criticism;
assumed the right of being censors, because
none to contradict their pretensions, and that
who now called himself a connoisseur became
intents and purposes.

who sat in the boxes appeared in the most un-
ation of all. The rest of the audience came
their own amusement; these rather to furnish
of the entertainment themselves. I could not
idering them as acting parts in dumb-show:
esy or nod that was not the result of art; not
a smile that was not designed for murder.
and ladies ogled each other through spec-
r my companion observed, that blindness was
ome fashionable: all affected indifference and
e their hearts, at the same time, burned for

Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the
heir gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness

as at the little discernment of the audie
her such marks of applause before she at
serve them. Preliminaries between he
dience being thus adjusted, the dialogue
between her and a most hopeful youth,
part of her confidant. They both appea
distress; for it seems the queen had lost a
teen years before, and had still kept its de
next her heart, while her kind companio
her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud. Comfor
she detests the very sound. She bids the
fort to the winds. Upon this, her husb
who, seeing the queen so much afflict
hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partn
distress. After thus grieving through th
curtain dropped for the first act.

Truly, said I to my companion, these k
are very much disturbed at no very gr
certain I am, were people of humbler s
this manner, they would be thought dive
sense. I had scarce finished this observ
curtain rose, and the king came on in a
His wife had, it seems, refused his pro
and spurned his royal embrace; and he
not to survive her fierce disdain. Af
fretted, and the queen had fretted thro
act, the curtain was let down once mor

Now, says my companion, you perce
be a man of spirit: he feels at every por
phlegmatic sons of clay would have give
own way, and let her come to herself b
the king is for immediate tenderness
Death and tenderness are the leading p
modern buskin'd hero: this moment the
the next stab, mixing daggers and kiss
riod.

I was going to second his remark, wh
was engrossed by a new object: a man c
a straw upon his nose, and the audienc
their hands in all the raptures of appl
purpose, cried I, does this unmeaning
appearance; is he a part of the plot

hat he was the villain of the play, and intend-
strange things before all was over. He was
another, who seemed as much disposed for
he; their intrigues continued through this
ion. If that be a villain, said I, he must
upid one, to tell his secrets without being
soliloquies, of late, are never admitted in

e of clapping interrupted me once more: a
years old was learning to dance on the stage,
ladies and mandarines infinite satisfaction.
, said I, to see the pretty creature so early
very bad a trade; dancing being, I presume,
tible here as it is in China. Quite the reverse,
my companion; dancing is a very reputable
employment here; men have a greater chance
agement from the merit of their heels than
. One who jumps up, and flourishes his toes
before he comes to the ground, may have
red a-year; he who flourishes them four times
undred; but he who arrives at five is inesti-
may demand what salary he thinks proper.
ale dancers too are valued for this sort of
d crossing; and it is a cant word among

rage, and, at length, overcome with sorrow, falls in
a fit, upon which the curtain drops, and the act is co
cluded.

Observe the art of the poet, cries my compa
when the queen can say no more, she falls into a fi
While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported
the hands of Abigail, what horrors do we not fanc
we feel it in every nerve: take my word for it, that
are the true aposiopesis of modern tragedy.

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scen
shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carp
spreading, guards bustling from one door to anothe
gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. Be
whether the king was killed, or the queen was drow
ed, or the son was poisoned, I have absolutely forg
ten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observi
that the persons of the drama appeared in as much
tress in the first act as in the last. How is it possi
said I, to sympathize with them through five long a
Pity is but a short-liv'd passion: I hate to hear an
mouthing trifles; neither startings, strainings, nor
tudes affect me, unless there be cause: after I have
once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarm
heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the
cipal distress. There should be one great passion
at by the actor as well as the poet: all the rest
be subordinate, and only contribute to make t
greater; if the actor therefore exclaims upon ev
casion in tones of despair, he attempts to mov
soon; he anticipates the blow; he ceases to
though he gains our applause.

I scarce perceived that the audience were u
departed; wherefore, mixing with the crowd,
panion and I got into the street; where essayin
dred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanq
like birds on their flight through the branch
rest, after various turnings, we both at length
in safety. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

From the same.

tter which came by the way of Smyrna, and
ou sent me unopened, was from my son. As I
mitted you to take copies of all those I send to
you might have made no ceremony in opening
irected to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my
hould participate in my feelings. "It would
asure to see a good man pleased at my success;
l give almost equal pleasure to see him sympa-
my disappointment."
y account I receive from the east seems to come
with some new affliction. My wife and daughter
ken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with
lity; my son is made a slave among barbarians,
was the only blow that could have reached my
yes, I will indulge the transports of Nature for
in order to shew I can overcome them in the
True magnanimity consists, not in NEVER fall-
t in RISING every time we fall."
u our mighty emperor had published his dis-
e at my departure, and seized upon all that was
ny son was privately secreted from his resent-
Under the protection and guardianship of Fum
the best and wisest of all the inhabitants of
he was for some time instructed in the learning
missionaries, and the wisdom of the east: but
; of my adventures, and incited by filial piety,
resolved to follow my fortunes, and share my
.
passed the confines of China in disguise; hired
as a camel-driver to a caravan that was crossing
erts of Thibet, and was within one day's journey
river Laur, which divides that country from
when a body of wandering Tartars, falling un-
edly upon the caravan, plundered it, and made
who escaped their first fury slaves. By those he
d into the extensive and desolate regions that
on the shores of the Aral lake.

Here he lived by hunting, and was obliged every day, a certain proportion of the spo his savage masters; his learning, his virtue his beauty, were qualifications that no wa recommend him: they knew no merit, but t viding large quantities of milk and raw flesh sensible of no happiness, but that of riotin dressed meal.

Some merchants from Mesched, however trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was the number, and led into the kingdom of Pe he is now detained. He is there obliged to looks of a voluptuous and cruel master; a pleasure, yet incapable of refinement, whom service in war has taught pride, but not bra

That treasure which I still kept within my child, my all that was left to me, is no Good heavens! why was this? Why have troduced into this mortal apartment, to be of my own misfortunes, and the misfortune low-creatures? Wherever I turn—what of doubt, error, and disappointment, app was I brought into being? for what purp from whence have I come? whither stra what regions am I hastening? Reason can It lends a ray to show the horrors of my not a light to guide me to escape them. revelations of the earth, how little do yo quiry!

How am I surprised at the inconsistency Their two principles of good and evil affrig Indian, who bathes his visage in urine, piety, strikes me with astonishment. Th who believes in three gods, is highly absurd who pretend that deity is pleased with th blood, are not less displeasing. I am equa that rational beings can come from the e the earth, in order to kiss a stone, or sca How contrary to reason are those! and ye to teach me to be happy.

* This whole apostrophic seems most literally Ambulaaohamed, the Arabian poet.

ly all men are blind and ignorant of truth. Man-
anders, unknowing his way, from morning till
ning. Where shall we turn after happiness? or,
est to desist from the pursuit? Like reptiles in
r of some stupendous palace, we peep from our
look about us, wonder at all we see, but are ig-
of the great Architect's design. O for a revela-
himself; for a plan of his universal system! O
reasons of our creation; or why we were created
hus unhappy! If we are to experience no other
but what this life affords, then are we miserable
! If we are born only to look about us, repine,
, then has Heaven been guilty of injustice. If
terminates my existence, I despise the blessings
vidence, and the wisdom of the Giver. If this
my all, let the following epitaph be written on
ob of Altangi: "By my father's crimes I re-
this; by my own crimes I bequeath it to poste-

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

while I sometimes lament the cause of humanity,
depravity of human nature, there now and then
gleams of greatness that serve to relieve the eye
ed with the hideous prospect, and resemble those
ed spots that are sometimes found in the midst
siatic wilderness. I see many superior excel-
among the English, which it is not in the power
heir follies to hide: I see virtues, which in other
s are known only to a few, practised here by
ank of people.

w not whether it proceeds from their superior
e, that the English are more charitable than the
mankind; whether, by being possessed of all the
ences of life themselves, they have more leisure
eive the uneasy situation of the distressed; what-
the motive, they are not only the most charitable
other nation, but most judicious in distinguishing
perest *objects of* compassion.

In other countries, the giver is generally infl
by the immediate impulse of pity; his genero
exerted, as much to relieve his own uneasy sens
as to comfort the object in distress. In England,
factions are of a more general nature: some n
fortune and universal benevolence propose the
objects; the wants and the merits of the petition
canvassed by the people; neither passion nor pi
a place in the cool discussion; and charity is the
exerted, when it has received the approbation of

A late instance of this finely-directed benev
forces itself so strongly on my imagination, that
manner reconciles me to pleasure, and once more
me the universal friend of man.

The English and French have not only politic
sons to induce them to mutual hatred, but oft
more prevailing motive of private interest to wi
breach: a war between other countries is car
collectively; army fights against army; and a
own private resentment is lost in that of the comm
but in England and France, the individuals o
country plunder each other at sea without redre
consequently feel that animosity against each
which passengers do at a robber. They have fo
time carried on an expensive war, and several c
have been taken on both sides. Those made pr
by the French have been used with cruelty, and g
with unnecessary caution. Those taken by the E
being much more numerous, were confined in th
nary manner; and, not being released by their c
men, began to feel all the inconveniences whic
from want of covering and long confinement.

Their countrymen were informed of their dep
situation; but they, more intent on annoying th
mies than relieving their friends, refused the leas
ance. The English now saw thousands of their
creatures starving in every prison, forsaken b
whose duty it was to protect them, labouring w
ease, and without clothes to keep off the severity
season. National benevolence prevailed over
animosity: their prisoners were indeed enem
they were prisoners in distress; they ceased to
ful when they no longer continued to be fo

etting, therefore, their national hatred, the men were brave enough to conquer were generous e- h to forgive; and they, whom all the world seem- have disclaimed, at last found pity and redress from they attempted to subdue. A subscription was ed, ample charities collected, proper necessaries ured, and the poor gay sons of a merry nation were more taught to resume their former gaiety.

hen I cast my eye over the list of those who con- ted on this occasion, I find the names almost entire- English; scarce one foreigner appears among the ber. It was for Englishmen alone to be capable of exalted virtue. I own, I cannot look over this cata- e of good men and philosophers, without thinking er of myself, because it makes me entertain a more urable opinion of mankind. I am particularly ck with one who writes these words upon the er that enclosed his benefaction; "The mite of Englishman, a citizen of the world, to French pri- rs of war, and naked." I only wish that he may as much pleasure from his virtues, as I have done in ecting upon them; that alone will amply reward . Such a one, my friend, is an honour to human na- ; he makes no private distinctions of party; all that stamped with the divine image of the Creator are ds to him; he is a native of the world; and the em- or of China may be proud that he has such a coun- man.

o rejoice at the destruction of our enemies, is a foi- grafted upon human nature, and we must be permit- to indulge it: the true way of atoning for such an

and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy t
just desires. He therefore assured them, that he intend
upon the next feast of the lanterns, to exhibit one of
most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen
China.

The people were in raptures at his condescension, a
on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the
lace, with the most eager expectations. Here they w
ed for some time, without seeing any of those prepa
tions which usually precede a pageant. The lant
with ten thousand tapers was not yet brought forth;
fire-works which usually covered the city walls w
not yet lighted; the people once more began to murm
at this delay; when, in the midst of their impatience,
palace-gates flew open, and the emperor himself
peared, not in splendour or magnificence, but in his
dinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed,
the strangers of the city, all in new clothes, and e
carrying in his hand money enough to supply his ne
sities for the year. The people were at first amaz
but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, w
taught them, that to make one man happy was m
truly great, than having ten thousand captives groan
at the wheels of his chariot. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

From the same.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in ot
sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art
healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to
manity, against which they are not possessed with a n
infallible antidote. The professors of other arts c
fess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with dou
and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely
known in medicine; the advertising professors here
light in cases of difficulty. Be the disorder never so d
perate or radical, you will find numbers in every str
who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promis
certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a
fellow, or hinderance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give the medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure, there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever! or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must; otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick: only sick, did I say? there are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses. They would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow?

Think not, my friend, that there is any thing chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitution? yet this is performed here every day. A simple electuary effects these wonders, even without *the bungling* ceremonies of having the patient *boiled up in a kettle*, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary
of education, but receive all their knowledge of m
by immediate inspiration from Heaven. Some a
inspired even in the womb; and, what is very re
able, understand their profession as well at three
old, as at threescore. Others have spent a great
their lives, unconscious of any latent excellence,
bankruptcy, or a residence in gaol, have called
miraculous powers into exertion: and others stil
are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone f
cess. The more ignorant the practitioner, the l
pable is he thought of deceiving. The people here
as they do in the east; where it is thought abs
requisite that a man should be an ideot, before h
tend to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he
perplexes the patient by previous examination; h
very few questions, and those only for form's sake
knows every disorder by intuition; he administ
pill or drop for every distemper, nor is more i
tive than the farrier while he drenches a horse.
patient lives, then has he one more to add to the
ving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of t
tient's disorder, "That it was not cured, the di
was incurable."

LETTER XXV.

From the same.

I WAS some days ago in company with a politician
very pathetically declaimed upon the miserable
tion of his country. He assured me, that the who
litical machine was moving in a wrong track, an
scarce even abilities like his own could ever set it
again. "What have we, said he, to do with the
on the continent? we are a commercial nation; w
only to cultivate commerce like our neighbou
Dutch; it is our business to increase trade by
new colonies; riches are the strength of a natio
for the rest, our ships, our ships alone, will pro

t in vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those
an who thought himself wise enough to direct even
nistry: I fancied, however, that I saw with more
ity, because I reasoned without prejudice: I there-
egged leave, instead of argument, to relate a short
y. He gave me a smile at once of condescension
ntempt; and I proceeded, as follows, to describe

RISE AND DECLENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF

rthward of China, and in one of the doublings of
eat wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed its
y, and a peculiar government of its own. As the
itants were on all sides surrounded by the wall,
feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars; and
each possessed of property, they were zealous in
fence.

e natural consequences of security and affluence in
country is a love of pleasure: when the wants of
e are supplied, we seek after the conveniences;
possessed of these, we desire the luxuries of life;
when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition
up the man, and leaves him still something to wish
The inhabitants of the country, from primitive
licity, soon began to aim at elegance, and from ele-
proceeded to refinement. It was now found ab-
ely requisite, for the good of the state, that the peo-
hould be divided. Formerly, the same hand that
employed in tilling the ground, or in dressing up the
ufactures, was also, in the time of need, a soldier:
the custom was now changed; for it was perceived
a man, bred up from childhood to the arts either of
e or war, became more eminent, by this means, in
espective profession. The inhabitants were there-
now distinguished into artizans and soldiers; and
e those improved the luxuries of life, these watch-
or the security of the people.

country possessed of freedom has always two sorts
emies to fear: foreign foes who attack its exist-
from without, and internal miscreants who betray
liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to
d against both. A country of artizans were most
to preserve internal liberty, and a nation of sol-

diers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence naturally arose a division of opinion between the artisans and the soldiers of the kingdom. The artisans ever complaining that freedom was threatened by an armed internal force, were for disbanding the soldiery, and insisted that their walls alone, were sufficient to repel the most formidable invasion: the warriors, on the contrary, represented the power of the neighbouring kings, the combinations formed against their state, and the weakness of the wall, which every earthquake might overturn. While this altercation continued, the kingdom might be justly said to enjoy its greatest share of vigour: every order in the state, by being watchful over each other, contributed to diffuse happiness equally, and balanced the state. The arts of peace flourished, nor were those of war neglected: the neighbouring powers, who had nothing to apprehend from the ambition of men whom they only saw solicitous, not for riches, but freedom, were contented to traffic with them: they sent their goods to be manufactured in Lao, and paid a large price for them upon their return.

By these means, this people at length became moderately rich, and their opulence naturally invited the invader; a Tartar prince led an immense army against them, and they as bravely stood up in their own defence; they were still inspired with a love of their country; they fought the barbarous enemy with fortitude, and gained a complete victory.

From this moment, which they regarded as the completion of their victory, historians date their downfall. They had risen in strength by a love of their country, and fell by indulging ambition.—The country possessed by the invading Tartars seemed to them a prize that would not only render them more formidable for the future, but which would increase their opulence for the present: it was unanimously resolved, therefore, both by soldiers and artisans, that those desolate regions should be peopled by colonies from Lao. When a *trading* nation begins to act the conqueror, it is then *perfectly undone*: it subsists, in some measure, by the *support of its neighbours*: while they continue to regard it without envy or apprehension, trade may flourish.

but when once it presumes to assert, as its right, what it only enjoyed as a favour, each country reclaims that part of commerce which it has power to take back, and turns it into some other channel, more honourable, though perhaps less convenient.

Every neighbour now began to regard, with jealous eyes, this ambitious commonwealth, and forbade their subjects any farther intercourse with them. The inhabitants of Lao, however, still pursued the same ambitious maxims: it was from their colonies alone they expected riches; and riches, said they, are strength, and strength is security. Numberless were the migrations of the desperate and enterprising of this country, to people the desolate dominions lately possessed by the Tartars: between these colonies and the mother-country a very advantageous traffic was at first carried on; the republic sent their colonies large quantities of the manufactures of the country, and they, in return, provided the republic with an equivalent in ivory and ginsang. By this means the inhabitants became immensely rich, and this produced an equal degree of voluptuousness; for men who have much money will always find some fantastical modes of enjoyment. How shall I mark the steps by which they declined! Every colony, in process of time, spreads over the whole country where it was first planted; as it grows more populous, it becomes more polite; and those manufactures, for which it was, in the beginning, obliged to others, it learns to dress up itself. Such was the case with the colonies of Lao: they, in less than a century, became a powerful and polite people; and the more polite they grew, the less advantageous was the commerce which still subsisted between them and others. By this means, the mother-country, being abridged in its commerce, grew poorer, but not less luxurious. Their former wealth had introduced luxury; and wherever luxury once fixes, no art can either lessen or remove it. Their commerce with their neighbours was totally destroyed, and that with their colonies was every day naturally and necessarily declining: they still, however, preserved the insolence of wealth, without a power to support it, and persevered in being luxurious, while contemptible from poverty. In short, the state resembled one of *those bodies* bloated with disease, whose

bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness. The
mer opulence only rendered them more impote
those individuals who are reduced from riches
verty are, of all men, the most unfortunate and he
They had imagined, because their colonies ten
make them rich upon the first acquisition, they
still continue to do so; they now found, howeve
on themselves alone they should have depended f
port; that colonies ever afford but temporary affl
and, when cultivated and polite, are no longer
From such a concurrence of circumstances, the
became contemptible. The emperor Honti i
them with a powerful army. Historians do n
whether their colonies were too remote to lend
ance, or else were desirous of shaking off their
dence. But certain it is, they scarce made any
ance; their walls were now found but a weak d
and they at length were obliged to acknowledge
tion to the empire of China.

Happy, very happy might they have been, ha
known when to bound their riches and their glor
they known, that extending empire is often dimi
power; that countries are ever strongest which
ternally powerful; that colonies, by draining av
brave and enterprising, leave the country in the h
the timid and the avaricious; that walls give litt
tection, unless manned with resolution; that to
commerce may injure a nation, as well as too litt
that there is a wide difference between a conquer
a flourishing empire. Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same.

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire
macy only with a few. The man in black, whom
often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could
acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His m
it is true, are tinctured with some strange inco
cies, and he may be justly termed an humourist

tion of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness; others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment, the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish-house (says he) the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious: I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible, that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five

hungry children. Being prepossessed against
hoods, his story had not the least influence
but it was quite otherwise with the man in
could see it visibly operate upon his counten
effectually interrupt his harangue. I could
ceive that his heart burned to relieve the five
children; but he seemed ashamed to discover
ness to me. While he thus hesitated betwee
sion and pride, I pretended to look another
he seized this opportunity of giving the poor
a piece of silver, bidding him, at the same tim
der that I should hear, go work for his bread
teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoo
future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceive
tinued, as we proceeded, to rail against begga
much animosity as before; he threw in some
on his own amazing prudence and economy,
profound skill in discovering impostors; he
the manner in which he would deal with begg
be a magistrate; hinted at enlarging some of
sons for their reception, and told two stories
that were robbed by beggar men. He was be
third to the same purpose, when a sailor with
leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our
blessing our limbs. I was for going on witho
any notice; but my friend, looking wishfully
poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would
with how much ease he could at any time dete
postor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of im
and, in an angry tone, began to examine the s
manding in what engagement he was thus disa
rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied,
as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on
private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg
in defence of those who did nothing at home.
reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a
he had not a single question more to ask; he
studied what method he should take to relieve
observed. He had, however, no easy part to
was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill

Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips, which the fellow carried on a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand; but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, Here, master, says he, take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value; he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire; he averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who, in the deepest distress, still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose; till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had *no money*, he put into her hands his shilling's *worth of matches*.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in
character of my companion, I must own it surprised
what could be his motives for thus concealing vir
which others take such pains to display. I was un
to repress my desire of knowing the history of a
who thus seemed to act under continual restraint,
whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite
reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitat
he thought proper to gratify my curiosity.

"If you are fond (says he) of hearing hair-bre
escapes, my history must certainly please; for I
been for twenty years upon the very verge of star
without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family,
possessed of a small living in the church. His educ
was above his fortune, and his generosity greater
his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatt
still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave t
they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this
all he wanted. The same ambition that actuat
monarch at the head of an army, influenced my fath
the head of his table: he told the story of the ivy-
and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest o
two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the com
laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan
was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasur
creased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he l
all the world, and he fancied all the world loved hi

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the
extent of it: he had no intentions of leaving his
dren money, for that was dross; he was resolved
should have learning; for learning, he used to obs
was better than silver or gold. For this purpose h
dertook to instruct us himself, and took as much pai
form our morals, as to improve our understanding.
were told, that universal benevolence was what
mented society; we were taught to consider all

nd as our own, to regard the *human face divine*
ction and esteem; he wound us up to be mere
of pity, and rendered us incapable of with-
the slightest impulse, made either by real or
distress; in a word, we were perfectly instruct-
art of *giving away* thousands, before we were
e more necessary qualifications of getting a far-

nnot avoid imagining, that, thus refined by his
it of all my suspicion, and divested of even all
cunning which Nature had given me, I resem-
n my first entrance into the busy and insidious
e of those gladiators who were exposed with-
ir in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father,
who had only seen the world on one side, seem-
mph in my superior discernment; though my
ck of wisdom consisted in being able to talk
elf upon subjects that once were useful, because
e then topics of the busy world; but that now
rly useless, because connected with the busy
longer.

first opportunity he had of finding his expecta-
ppointed, was at the very middling figure I
he university. He had flattered himself that
soon see me rising into the foremost rank in
eputation, but was mortified to find me utterly
and unknown. His disappointment might
partly ascribed to his having over-rated my
nd partly to my dislike of mathematical rea-
t a time when my imagination and memory, yet
d, were more eager after new objects, than de-
reasoning upon those I knew. This did not
please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that
ittle dull, but at the same time, allowed, that I
be very good-natured, and had no harm in

r I had resided at college seven years, my fa-
, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from
thout ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide,
stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage,
ged to embark in the wide world at twenty-
in order to settle in life, my friends advised,

(for they always advise when they begin to despise us) they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

"To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature as a lion in China; with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best is reckoned the best liver: yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone, and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured.

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised, that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. The even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself, and, from that very moment, my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know, is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, and whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience: his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service: I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking; she had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintances, and at her aunt among the number; she always *observed*, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the ob-

in my own favour; she continually talked, in
any, of friendship and the beauties of the mind,
e of Mr Shrimp my rival's high-heeled shoes
estation. These were circumstances which I
strongly in my favour; so, after resolving and
ing, I had courage enough to tell her my mind.
rd my proposals with serenity, seeming at the
e to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it
There was but one small objection to complete
piness; which was no more than—that she was
three-months before to Mr Shrimp with high
oes! By way of consolation, however, she ob-
hat, though I was disappointed in her, my ad-
o her aunt would probably kindle her into
y, as the old lady always allowed me to be
d-natured, and not to have the least share of
me.

still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them
resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond
of the human breast, to thee we fly in every ca-
to thee the wretched seek for succour: on thee
tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind
e the unfortunate always hope relief, and may
sure of disappointment! My first application
city scrivener, who had frequently offered to
money when he knew I did not want it. I in-
him, that now was the time to put his friendship
t; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hun-
r a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it
him. And pray, Sir, cried my friend, do you
this money? Indeed I never wanted it more,
I. I am sorry for that, cries the scrivener,
my heart, for they who want money when they
borrow, will always want money when they
me to pay.

m him I flew with indignation, to one of the
nds I had in the world, and made the same re-
Indeed, Mr Drybone, cries my friend, I always
it would come to this. You know, Sir, I would
e you but for your own good; but your con-
hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree,
e of your acquaintance always thought you a
fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred

pounds; do you want only two hundred, Sir, exactly? To confess a truth, returned I, I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend from whom I can borrow the rest. Why, then, replied my friend, if you would take my advice, and you know I would not presume to advise you but for your own good, I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from this other friend, and then one note will serve for all you know.

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet, instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind.—They spunged upon my money while it lasted, borrowed my coals, and never paid them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done, because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but, after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour, indulged no rants of spleen at my situation, never called down Heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon an half-penny-worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked sallad better than mutton. *I contented* myself with thinking, that all my life I *should either* eat white bread or brown, considered that *all that happened* was best, laughed when I was not in

pass, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

"How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong trust, and that the true way of being able to relieve others, was first to aim at independence myself. My immediate care, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare; for this alone, I deserved to be decreed an ovation.

"I now, therefore, pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pound, it will be a thousand pound no longer. I have been invited to a pawn-broker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering it, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived, by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is, *to give away nothing*, and thus have much *in our power to give.*"

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same.

LATELY, in company with my friend in black, conversation is now both my amusement and instr I could not avoid observing the great numbers bachelors and maiden ladies with which this cit to be over-run. Sure, marriage, said I, is not su ly encouraged, or we should never discover such bers of battered beaux and decayed coquettes, tempting to drive a trade they have been so lon for, and swarming upon the gaiety of the age. I an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, animal that lives upon the common stock, withou tributing his share; he is a beast of prey, and th should make use of as many stratagems, and a force, to drive the reluctant savage into the toils, Indians when they hunt the hyena or the rhin The mob should be permitted to halloo after him might play tricks upon him with impunity; ever bred company should laugh at him; and if, when of sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress mig in his face, or what would perhaps be a greater ment, should fairly grant him the favour.

As for old maids, continued I, they should treated with so much severity, because, I suppos would be so if they could. No lady in her senses choose to make a subordinate figure at christenin lyings-in, when she might be the principal herse curry favour with a sister-in-law, when she migh mand an husband; nor toil in preparing custards she might lie a-bed, and give directions how they to be made; nor stifle all her sensations in demu mality, when she might, with matrimonial freedom her acquaintance by the hand, and wink at a dou *tendre*. No lady could be so very silly as to live *if she could* help it. I consider an unmarried lad *clining into* the vale of years, as one of those c *countries* bordering on China, that lies waste *of proper* inhabitants. We are not to accuse

try, but the ignorance of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil.

"Indeed, Sir, (replied my companion), you are very little acquainted with the English ladies, to think they are old maids against their will. I dare venture to affirm, that you can hardly select one of them all, but has had frequent offers of marriage, which either pride or avarice has not made her reject. Instead of thinking it a disgrace, they take every occasion to boast of their former cruelty. A soldier does not exult more when he counts over the wounds he has received, than a female veteran when she relates the wounds she has formerly given: exhaustless when she begins a narrative of the former death-dealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knight in gold-lace, who died with a single frown, and never rose again till—he was married to his maid: Of the squire, who being cruelly denied, in a rage flew to the window, and lifting up the sash, threw himself in an agony—into his arm-chair: Of the parson, who, crossed in love, resolutely swallowed opium, which banished the stings of despised love, by—making him sleep. In short, she talks over her former losses with pleasure, and, like some tradesmen, finds consolation in the many bankruptcies she has suffered.

"For this reason, whenever I see a superannuated beauty still unmarried, I tacitly accuse her either of pride, avarice, coquetry, or affectation. There is Miss Jenny Tinderbox; I once remember her to have had some beauty, and a moderate fortune. Her elder sister happened to marry a man of quality, and this seemed a statute of virginity against poor Jane. Because there was one lucky hit in the family, she resolved not to disgrace it by introducing a tradesman: by thus rejecting her equals, and neglected or despised by her superiors, she now acts in the capacity of tutoress to her sister's children, and undergoes the drudgery of three servants, without receiving the wages of one.

"Miss Squeeze was a pawn-broker's daughter; her father had early taught her that money was a very good thing, and left her a moderate fortune at his death. She was perfectly sensible of the value of what she had, and she was resolved never to part with a farthing,

without an equality on the part of her suitor. She
refused several offers made her by people who wante
better themselves, as the saying is, and grew old and
natured, without ever considering that she should h
made an abatement in her pretensions, from her face
ing pale, and marked with the small-pox.

"Lady Betty Tempest, on the contrary, had bea
with fortune and family. But fond of conquest,
passed from triumph to triumph; she had read pl
and romances, and there had learned, that a plain m
of common sense, was no better than a fool; such
refused, and sighed only for the gay, giddy, incons
and thoughtless. After she had thus rejected hundr
who liked her, and sighed for hundreds who desp
her, she found herself insensibly deserted; at present
is company only for her aunts and cousins; and so
times makes one in a country-dance, with only one
the chairs for a partner, casts off round a joint-stool,
sets to a corner cup-board. In a word, she is trea
with civil contempt from every quarter, and placed, l
a piece of old-fashioned lumber, merely to fill up a c
ner.

"But Sophronia, the sagacious Sophronia, how s
I mention her? She was taught to love Greek,
hate the men from her infancy; she has rejected
gentlemen, because they were not pedants, and ped
because they were not fine gentlemen; her exquisite
sibility has taught her to discover every fault in ev
lover, and her inflexible justice had prevented her p
doning them. Thus she rejected several offers, till
wrinkles of age had overtaken her; and now, with
one good feature in her face, she talks incessantly of
beauties of the mind." Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

From the same.

WERE we to estimate the learning of the English by
number of books that are every day published a
them, perhaps no country, not even China itself,

this particular. I have reckoned not less
-three new books published in one day;
computation, makes eight thousand three
ninety-five in one year. Most of these are
to one single science, but embrace the whole
ory, politics, poetry, mathematics, meta-
the philosophy of nature, are all comprised
not larger than that in which our children
e letters. If, then, we suppose the learned
read but an eighth part of the works which
rom the press, (and sure none can pretend
pon less easy terms), at this rate, every scho-
a thousand books in one year. From such
, you may conjecture what an amazing fund
a man must be possessed of, who thus reads
oks every day, not one of which but con-
ood things that ever were said or written.
know not how it happens, but the English
ality, so learned as would seem from this
We meet but few who know all arts and
rfection; whether it is, that the generality
of such extensive knowledge, or that the
se books are not adequate instructors. In
nperor himself takes cognizance of all the
e kingdom who profess authorship. In
ry man may be an author that can write;
, by law, liberty not only of saying what
ut of being also as dull as they please.
I testified my surprise to the man in black,
could be found, in sufficient number, to
books I daily saw crowding from the
irst imagined, that their learned seminaries
is method of instructing the world; but to
bjection, my companion assured me, that
f colleges never wrote, and that some of
ually forgot their reading; but if you desire,
to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can
u this evening to a club, which assembles
y at seven, at the sign of the broom, near
talk *over the* business of the last, and *the*
of the week ensuing. I accepted his invi-
ked together, and entered the house some-
usual hour for the company assembling.

My friend took this opportunity of letting me into the characters of the principal members of the club, not even the host excepted, who, it seems, was once an author himself, but preferred by a bookseller to this situation, as a reward for his services.

The first person, said he, of our society, is Doctor Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but, as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular; he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company. I am told he writes indexes to perfection; he makes essays on the origin of evil, philosophical inquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer to any book, upon twenty-four hours warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long grey wig, and the blue handkerchief round his neck.

The next to him, in merit and esteem, is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature; he sometimes shines as a star of the first magnitude among the choice spirits of the age; he is reckoned equally excellent at a rebus, a riddle, a bawdy-song, and an hymn for the tabernacle. You will know him by his shabby finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt, and broken silk stockings.

After him, succeeds Mr Tibbs, a very useful hand: he writes receipts for the bite of a mad dog, and throws off an eastern tale to perfection: he understands the business of an author as well as any man, for no bookseller alive can cheat him; you may distinguish him by the peculiar clumsiness of his figure, and the coarseness of his coat. However, though it be coarse, (as he sometimes tells the company), he has paid for it.

Lawyer Squint is the politician of the society; he makes speeches for parliament, writes addresses to his fellow-subjects, and letters to noble commanders; he gives the history of every new play, and finds seasonable thoughts upon every occasion. My companion was proceeding in his description, when the host came running in, with terror on his countenance, to tell us, that the door was beset with bailiffs. If that be the case, then, says my companion, we had as good be going, for I am sure we shall not see one of the company this night. *Wherefore*, disappointed, we were both obliged to re-

me, he to enjoy the oddities which compose his
ter alone, and I to write, as usual, to my friend,
urrences of the day. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From the same.

y last advices from Moscow, I find the caravan
yet departed for China. I still continue to write,
ting that you may receive a large number of my
at once. In them you may find rather a minute
of English peculiarities, than a general picture of
manners or disposition. Happy it were for man-
if all travellers would thus, instead of characteri-
people in general terms, lead us into a detail of
minute circumstances which first influenced their
n. The genius of a country should be investigated
kind of experimental inquiry: by this means, we
have more precise and just notions of foreign na-
and detect travellers themselves, when they hap-
form wrong conclusions.

friend and I repeated our visit to the club of au-
where, upon our entrance, we found the members
embled, and engaged in a loud debate.
poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in
nd, was earnestly endeavouring to persuade the
ny to hear him read the first book of an heroic
which he had composed the day before. But a-
this, all the members very warmly objected. They
no reason why any member of the club should be
ed with a particular hearing, when many of them
ublished whole volumes, which had never been
into. They insisted that the law should be ob-
, where reading in company was expressly no-
It was in vain that the plaintiff pleaded the pe-
merits of his piece. He spoke to an assembly in-
e to all his remonstrances. The book of laws
pened and read by the secretary; where it was
ly enacted, 'That whatsoever poet, speech-
, critic, or historian, should presume to engage the
ny by reading his own works, he was to lay down
ce, previous to opening the manuscript, and should
rged one shilling an hour while he continued read-

ing; the said shilling to be equally distributed a
the company, as a recompence for their trouble."

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty
situating for some time whether he should deposit the
or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perce
two strangers in the room, his love of fame outwe
his prudence, and laying down the sum by law
blished, he insisted on his prerogative.

A profound silence ensuing, he began by expla
his design:—"Gentlemen, (says he), the present pi
not one of your common epic poems, which come
the press like paper-kites in summer; there are no
your Turnuses or Didoes in it; it is an heroical des
tion of nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to
your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the
enthusiasm with which I have written. The poem
gins with the description of an author's bed-cham
the picture was sketched in my own apartment, for
must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the h
Then putting himself into the attitude of an orator,
all the emphasis of voice and action, he proceeded

"Where the Red Lion flaring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay:
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view;
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew:
The seasons fram'd with listing found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

With this last line he seemed so much elated, tha
was unable to proceed: "There, gentlemen, (cries
there is description for you; Rabelais's bed-chamb
but a fool to it:

A cap by night——*a* stocking all the day.

There is sound, and sense, and truth, and nature, in the trifling compass of ten little syllables."

He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company, who, by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled laughter, testified every mark of contempt. He turned severally to each for their opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. One swore it was inimitable; another said it was damn'd fine; and another cried out, in rapture, *Carissimo*. At last, addressing himself to the president, and pray, Mr Squint, says he, let us have your opinion. Mine! answered the president, (taking the manuscript out of the author's hands), may this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to any thing I have seen; and I fancy, (continued he, doubling up the poem, and forcing it into the author's pocket), that you will get great honour when it comes out, so I shall beg leave to put it in. We will not intrude upon your good-nature, in desiring to hear more of it at present; *ex ungue Herculem*, we are satisfied, perfectly satisfied. The author made two or three attempts to pull it out a second time, and the president made as many to prevent him. Thus, though with reluctance, he was at last obliged to sit down, contented with the commendations for which he had paid.

When this tempest of poetry and praise was blown over, one of the company changed the subject, by wondering how any man could be so dull as to write poetry at present, since prose itself would hardly pay. Would you think it, gentlemen, continued he, I have actually written, last week; sixteen prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of sixpence a-piece? and, what is still more extraordinary, the bookseller has lost by the bargain. Such sermons would once have gained me a prebend's stall; but now, alas! we have neither piety, taste, nor humour among us. Positively, if this season does not turn out better than it has begun, unless the ministry commit some blunders to furnish us with a new topic of abuse, I shall resume my old business of working at the press, instead of finding it employment.

The whole club seemed to join in condemning the sermon, as one of the worst that had come for some time; a gentleman particularly observed, that the no-

bility were never known to subscribe worse than at present. "I know not how it happens, (said he), that I follow them up as close as possible, yet I can hardly get a single subscription in a week.—The houses of the great are as inaccessible as a frontier garrison at midnight. I never see a nobleman's door half opened, but some surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach. I was yesterday to wait with a subscription proposal upon my Lord Squash the Creolian. I had posted myself at his door the whole morning, and, just as he was getting into his coach, thrust my proposal snug into his hand, folded up in the form of a letter from myself. He just glanced at the superscription, and, not knowing the hand, consigned it to his valet-de-chambre: this respectable personage treated it as his master, and put it into the hands of the porter; the porter grasped my proposal frowning, and, measuring my figure from top to toe, put it back into my own hands unopened."

"To the devil I pitch all the nobility, (cries a little man, in a peculiar accent), I am sure they have of late used me most scurvily. You must know, gentlemen, some time ago, upon the arrival of a certain noble duke from his travels, I set myself down, and vamped up a fine flaunting poetical panegyric, which I had written in such a strain, that I fancied it would have even wheedled milk from a mouse. In this I represented the whole kingdom welcoming his Grace to his native soil, not forgetting the loss France and Italy would sustain in their arts by his departure. I expected to touch for a bank-bill at least; so, folding up my verses in gilt paper, I gave my last half-crown to a genteel servant to be the bearer. My letter was safely conveyed to his Grace; and the servant, after four hours absence, during which time I led the life of a fiend, returned with a letter four times as big as mine. Guess my extacy at the prospect of so fine a return. I eagerly took the packet into my hands, that trembled to receive it. I kept it some time unopened before me, brooding over the expected treasure it contained; when, opening it, as I hope to be saved, gentlemen, his Grace had sent me, in payment for my poem, no bank-bills, but

six copies of verse, each longer than mine, addressed to him upon the same occasion."

"A nobleman (cries a member, who had hitherto been silent) is created as much for the confusion of us authors, as the catchpole. I'll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true as that this pipe is made of clay. When I was delivered of my first book, I owed my tailor for a suit of clothes; but that was nothing new, you know, and may be any man's case as well as mine. Well, owing him for a suit of clothes, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent for his money, and insisted upon being paid immediately: though I was at that time rich in fame, for my book ran like wildfire, yet I was very short in money, and being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own choosing at home to one of my tailor's choosing abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know that a gentleman wanted to speak with me at the next tavern; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death, and desired to take his last farewel; I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant: the bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty, by never stirring out of the room.

"This was very well for a fortnight; when one morning I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing, that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it: he impatiently longed to see the author, and had some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of this message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was told, had quite the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers, how my heart triumphed at my own importance! I saw a long perspective of felicity before me: I applauded the taste of the times, which never saw genius forsaken; I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion, five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two more modest for myself. The next morning, therefore, in

order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship's address. I had the precaution to pull up the windows as I went along, to keep off the busy part of mankind; and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went fast enough. At length, however, the wished-for moment of its stopping arrived: this, for some time, I impatiently expected; and, letting down the door in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found—poison to my sight! I found myself not in an elegant street, but in a paltry lane; not at a nobleman's door, but the door of a spunging-house: I found the coachman had all this while been driving me to gaol, and saw the bailiff, with a devil's face, coming out to secure me."

To a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind, as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which to many appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions. This, therefore, must be my excuse for sending so far as China, accounts of manners and follies, which, though minute in their own nature, serve more truly to characterise this people, than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negotiations, and ambassadors. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From the same.

THE English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them. Nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance; the streams, no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the vallies; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charm-
g art: their designers have not yet attained a power
f uniting instruction and beauty. An European will
arcely conceive my meaning, when I say, that there
scarce a garden in China which does not contain some
ne moral, couched under the general design, where
e is taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force
f some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from
he disposition of the groves, streams, or grottos.—
Permit me to illustrate what I mean, by a description
f my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round
hose scenes of former happiness with pleasure, and I
nd satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though
nly in imagination.

You descended from the house between two groves
f trees, planted in such a manner, that they were im-
enetrable to the eye, while on each hand the way was
dorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, sta-
uary, and painting. This passage from the house
pened into an area, surrounded with rocks, flowers,
ees, and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the
pontaneous production of nature. As you proceeded
orward on this lawn, to your right and left hand there
ere two gates opposite each other, of very different
rchitecture and design, and before you lay a temple,
uilt rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

The right hand gate was planned with the utmost
implicity, or rather rudeness; ivy clasped round the
illars; the baleful cypress hung over it: time seemed
have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of
e stone. Two champions, with lifted clubs, appeared
the act of guarding its access; dragons and serpents
ere seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter the
pectator from approaching, and the perspective view
at lay behind seemed dark and gloomy to the last
gree; the stranger was tempted to enter only from
e motto, PERVIA VIRTUTI.

The opposite gate was formed in a very different
anner: the architecture was light, elegant, and in-
ting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; all
s finished in the most exact and masterly manner;
very stone of which it was built still preserved its
ly nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in

the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself contributed to invite him; for over the gate were written these words, FACILIS DESCENSUS.

By this time, I fancy you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to virtue; the opposite, the more agreeable passage to vice. It is but natural to suppose, that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements: I always, in these cases, left him to his choice, but generally found that he took to the left, which promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon his entering the gates of vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assume the air of a wilderness; the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, he appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head; gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first appeared so lovely. It was in vain to attempt returning: the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed by the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him, by a hidden door, a shorter way back, into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before the stranger; and though there seemed little in its appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet, encouraged by the motto, he generally proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful figures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of a mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him. As he went forward, however, all *began to open* and wear a more pleasing appearance: *beautiful cascades*, beds of flowers, trees loaded with *fruits or blossoms*, and unexpected brooks, improved *the scene: he now* found that he was ascending, and, *he proceeded*, all nature grew more beautiful;

dened as he went higher, even the air itself come more pure. Thus pleased and happy ected beauties, I at last led him to an ar- whence he could view the garden and the ry around, and where he might own, that irtue terminated in happiness.

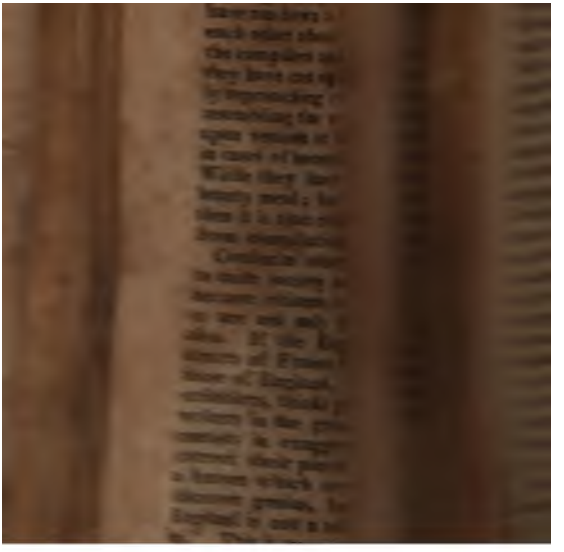
om this description you may imagine that of ground was necessary to exhibit such a ety in, yet be assured that I have seen se- in England take up ten times the space lid, without half the beauty. A very small ound is enough for an elegant taste; the is required, if magnificence is in view. pot, though ever so little, which a skilful t not thus improve, so as to convey a de- y, and impress the mind with truths the d necessary. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

From the same.

ursion with my friend into the country, a ith a blue ribband tied round his shoulder, ot drawn by six horses, passed swiftly by vith a numerous train of captains, lackeys, illed with women. When we were reco- e dust raised by his cavalcade, and could discourse without danger of suffocation, my companion, that all this state and ich he seemed to despise, would in China with the utmost reverence, because such ere always the reward of merit; the great- larine's retinue being a most certain mark tity of his abilities or virtue.

nan who has now passed us replied my as no claims, from his own merit, to dis- s possessed *neither of* abilities nor virtue; *r him that one of* his ancestors was pos- *qualities two* hundred years before him. *me, indeed, when* his family deserved *they are long* since degenerated; and



n dinner served up
a cook's shop; yet,
ndergo the imperti-
ner, merely to be
they are willing to
gh conscious they are
lordship's taste upon
ld observations with a
descant upon his claret

gentlemen you are now
nd of a custom among
irely dissimilar to this
he Russians, who trade
of mushrooms, which
els, ermines, sables, and
rich Tartars lay up in
and when a nobleman
e neighbours around are
prepared by boiling, by
ntoxicating quality, and
Tartars prize beyond all
d ladies are assembled,
ven the people of distinc-
goes freely round; they
row fuddled, and become
er sort, who love mush-
well as the rich, but can-
post themselves, on these
the rich, and watch the

Though we have not this custom amo
that, if it were introduced, we might ha
enter in England ready to drink from th
on these occasions, and to praise the
lordship's liquor. As we have different c
who knows but we might see a lord hol
a minister, a knight holding it to his
simple squire drinking it, double-disti
lons of knighthood? For my part, I
the future, hear a great man's flatterers
his praise, that I shall not fancy I beh
bowl; for I can see no reason why a ma
easily and happily at home, should bea
of decorum, and the impertinence of
unless intoxicated with a passion for al
lity; unless he thought that whatever
great was delicious, and had the tinctu
room in it. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same.

I AM disgusted, O Fum Hoam, even t
gusted. Is it possible to bear the presu
islanders, when they pretend to instruct
monies of China? They lay it down as
every person who comes from thence
himself in metaphor, swear by Alla, ra
and behave, and talk, and write, like a T
They make no distinction between our e
and the voluptuous barbarities of our
bours. Wherever I come, I raise eith
astonishment: some fancy me no Chinese
formed more like a man than a monst
wonder to find one, born five thousand m
land, endued with common sense.—Stra
that a man, who has received his educati
London, should have common sense! T
of England, and yet have common sense
He must be some Englishman in disguise;
has nothing of the true exotic barbarity

I yesterday received an invitation from a lady of distinction, who, it seems, had collected all her knowledge of eastern manners from fictions every day propagated here, under the titles of Eastern Tales, and Oriental Histories. She received me very politely, but seemed to wonder that I neglected to bring opium and a tobacco-box. When chairs were drawn for the rest of the company, I was assigned my place on a cushion on the floor. It was in vain that I protested the Chinese used chairs, as in Europe; she understood decorums too well, to entertain me with the ordinary civilities.

I had scarce been seated according to her directions, when the footman was ordered to pin a napkin under my chin. This I protested against, as being no way Chinese; however, the whole company, who, it seems, were a club of connoisseurs, gave it unanimously against me, and the napkin was pinned accordingly.

It was impossible to be angry with people who seemed to err only from an excess of politeness, and I sat contented, expecting their importunities were now at an end; but, as soon as ever dinner was served, the lady demanded, whether I was for a plate of bears claws or a slice of birds nests? As these were dishes with which I was utterly unacquainted, I was desirous of eating only what I knew, and therefore begged to be helped from a piece of beef that lay on the side-table. My request at once disconcerted the whole company. A Chinese eat beef! that could never be! there was no local propriety in Chinese beef, whatever there might be in Chinese pheasant. Sir, said my entertainer, I think I have some reasons to fancy myself a judge of these matters: in short, the Chinese never eat beef, so that I must be permitted to recommend their pilaw, and there was never better dressed at Pekin; the saffron and rice are well boiled, and the spices in perfection.

I had no sooner begun to eat what was laid before me, than I found the whole company as much astonished as before; it seems I made no use of my chop-sticks. A grave gentleman, whom I take to be an author, harangued very learnedly (as the company seemed to think) upon the use which was made of them in China: he entered into a long argument with himself about their

first introduction, without once appealing to me, who might be supposed best capable of silencing the inquiry. As the gentleman, therefore, took my silence for a mark of his own superior sagacity, he was resolved to pursue the triumph: he talked of our cities, mountains, and animals, as familiarly as if he had been born in Quansi, but as erroneously as if a native of the moon: he attempted to prove that I had nothing of the true Chinese cut in my visage; shewed that my cheek-bones should have been higher, and my forehead broader: in short, he almost reasoned me out of my country, and effectually persuaded the rest of the company to be of his opinion.

I was going to expose his mistakes, when it was insisted, that I had nothing of the true eastern manner in my delivery. This gentleman's conversation (says one of the ladies, who was a great reader) is like our own, mere chit-chat and common sense: there is nothing like sense in the true eastern style, where nothing more is required but sublimity. Oh for an history of Aboulfaouris, the grand voyager, of genii, magicians, rocks, bags of bullets, giants, and enchanters, where all is great, obscure, magnificent, and unintelligible! I have written many a sheet of eastern tales myself, interrupts the author, and I defy the severest critic to say, but that I have stuck close to the true manner. I have compared a lady's chin to the snow upon the mountains of Bomek; a soldier's sword to the clouds that obscure the face of heaven. If riches are mentioned, I compare them to the flocks that graze the verdant Teflis: if poverty, to the mists that veil the brow of Mount Baku. I have used *thee* and *thou* upon all occasions: I have described fallen stars and splitting mountains, not forgetting the little Houries, who make a very pretty figure in every description. But you shall hear how I generally begin: "Eben-ben-bolo, who was the son of Ban, was born on the foggy summits of Benderabassi: his beard was whiter than the feathers which veil the breast of the penguin; his eyes were like the eyes of doves, when washed by the dews of the morning; his hair, which hung like the willow weeping over the glassy stream, was so beautiful, that it seemed to reflect its own brightness; and his feet were like [illegible]

a wild deer, which fleeth to the tops of the
ins."—There, there is the true eastern taste for
very advance made towards sense is only a de-
from sound. Eastern tales should always be
, lofty, musical, and unmeaning.
ld not avoid smiling to hear a native of England
to instruct me in the true eastern idiom; and,
e had looked round some time for applause, I
ed to ask him, whether he had ever travelled
east? To which he replied in the negative.
ded, whether he understood Chinese or Arabic?
h also he answered as before. Then how, Sir,
can you pretend to determine upon the eastern
ho are entirely unacquainted with the eastern
? Take, Sir, the word of one who is profes-
Chinese, and who is actually acquainted with
bian writers, that what is palmed upon you
r an imitation of eastern writing, nowise re-
their manner, either in sentiment or diction.
ast, similies are seldom used, and metaphors al-
olly unknown; but in China particularly, the
erse of what you allude to takes place: a cool
tic method of writing prevails there. The
of that country, ever more assiduous to instruct
please, address rather the judgment than the
Unlike many authors of Europe, who have no
ation of the reader's time, they generally leave
be understood than they express.
es, Sir, you must not expect, from an inhabitant
, the same ignorance, the same unlettered sim-
that you find in a Turk, Persian, or native of
The Chinese are versed in the sciences as well
and are masters of several arts unknown to the
f Europe. Many of them are instructed, not
our own national learning, but are perfectly
uainted with the languages and learning of the
f my word, in such a case, is not to be taken,
your own travellers on this head, who affirm,
scholars of Pekin and Siam sustain theological
Latin. "The college of Maspreud, which is
gue from Siam, (says one of your travellers *),

* ou suite du Voyage de Siam, en forme de Lettres fami
n 1685 & 1686, par M. L. D. C. p. 174. edit. Amstelod. 1691

came in a body to salute our ambassado
gave me more sincere pleasure, than to be
ber of priests, venerable both from age a
followed by a number of youths of all natio
Japanese, Tonquinese, of Cochin China,
Siam, all willing to pay their respects in the
manner imaginable. A Cochin Chinese
cellent Latin oration upon this occasion:
ceeded, and even outdone, by a student
who was as well skilled in the western lea
scholar of Paris." Now, Sir, if youths
stirred from home are so perfectly skilled i
and learning, surely more must be expect
like me, who have travelled so many tho
who have conversed familiarly for severa
the English factors established at Canton,
sionaries sent us from every part of Europ
affected of every country nearly resemble
and a page of our Confucius and of your T
scarce any material difference. Paltry
strained allusions, and disgusting finery, a
tained by those who choose to wear them;
too frequently the badges of ignorance
whenever it would endeavour to please.

I was proceeding in my discourse, wh
round, I perceived the company no way
what I attempted with so much earnestnes
One lady was whispering her that sat next,
studying the merits of a fan, a third began t
the author himself fell fast asleep. I thou
fore high time to make a retreat, nor did t
seem to show any regret at my preparatio
ture: even the lady who had invited me, w
mortifying insensibility, saw me seize my
from my cushion; nor was I invited to rep
because it was found that I aimed at appe
a reasonable creature than an outlandish idi

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same.

The polite arts are, in this country, subject to as many revolutions as its laws or politics; not only the objects of fancy and dress, but even of delicacy and taste, are directed by the capricious influence of fashion. I am told there has been a time, when poetry was universally encouraged by the great, when men of the first rank not only patronized the poet, but produced the finest models for his imitation. It was then that the English sent forth those glowing rhapsodies, which we have so often read over together with rapture: poems, big with all the sublimity of Mentius, and supported by reasoning as strong as that of Zimpo.

The nobility are ever fond of wisdom, but they are also fond of having it without study: to read poetry required thought, and the English nobility were not fond of thinking: they soon, therefore, placed their affections upon music, because in this they might indulge an happy vacancy, and yet still have pretensions to delicacy and taste as before.—They soon brought their numerous dependents into an approbation of their pleasures; who in turn, led their thousand imitators to feel or feign a similitude of passion. Colonies of singers were now imported from abroad at a vast expence, and it was expected the English would soon be able to set examples to Europe. All these expectations, however, were soon dissipated; in spite of the zeal which fired the great, the ignorant vulgar refused to be taught to sing, refused to undergo the ceremonies which were to initiate them into the singing fraternity. Thus the colony from abroad dwindled by degrees; for they were, of themselves, unfortunately incapable of propagating the breed.

Music having thus lost its splendour, painting is now become the sole object of fashionable care; the title of connoisseur in that art is, at present, the safest passport into every fashionable society: a well-timed shrug, an admiring attitude, and one or two exotic tones of exclamation, are sufficient qualifications for men of low circumstances *to curry favour*; even some of the young

nobility are themselves early instructed in han
pencil, while their happy parents, big with exp
foresee the walls of every apartment covered
manufactures of their posterity.

But many of the English are not content wi
all their time to this art at home; some youn
distinction are found to travel through Europe
other intent than that of understanding and
pictures, studying seals, and describing statues
travel from this cabinet of curiosities to that g
pictures; waste the prime of life in wonder
pictures, ignorant in men; yet impossible to be
ed, because their follies take shelter under the
delicacy and taste.

It is true, painting should have due encour
as the painter can undoubtedly fit up our apar
a much more elegant manner than the upholste
I should think a man of fashion makes but an i
exchange, who lays out all that time in furni
house, which he should have employed in the
of his head; a person who shows no other sym
taste than his cabinet or gallery, might as well
me of the furniture of his kitchen.

I know no other motive but vanity that ind
great to testify such an inordinate passion for
After the piece is bought and gazed at eight or
successively, the purchaser's pleasure must s
over; all the satisfaction he can then have is t
to others. He may be considered as the guard
treasure, of which he makes no manner of use.
lery is furnished, not for himself, but the con
who is generally some humble flatterer, ready t
rapture he does not feel, and as necessary to th
ness of a picture-buyer, as gazers are to the mag
of an Asiatic procession.

I have enclosed a letter from a youth of di
on his travels, to his father in England; in whi
pears addicted to no vice, seems obedient to his g
of a good natured disposition, and fond of impro
but, at the same time, early taught to regard
and galleries as the only proper schools of impr
and to consider a skill in pictures as the propere
edge for a man of quality.

lord,—We have been two days at Antwerp: e I have sat down, as soon as possible, to give account of what we have seen since our arri- rous of letting no opportunity pass without o so good a father. Immediately upon alight- our Rotterdam machine, my governor, who is ately fond of paintings, and at the same time an judge, would let no time pass till we paid our to the church of the Virgin-mother, which con- sure beyond estimation. We took an infinity in knowing its exact dimensions, and differed ot in our calculation; so I leave that to some g information. I really believe my governor uld have lived and died there. There is scarce in the whole church that is not adorned by a , a Vander Meuylen, a Vandyke, or a Wover- That attitudes, carnation, and draperies! I am duced to pity the English, who have none of quisite pieces among them. As we were willing no opportunity of doing business, we immedi- er went to wait on Mr Hogendorp, whom you frequently recommended for his judicious col- His cameas are, indeed, beyond price; his in- ot so good. He shewed us one of an officiating which he thought to be antique; but my gover- is not to be deceived in these particulars, soon to be an arrant *cinque cento*. I could not, how- iciently admire the genius of Mr Hogendorp, been able to collect, from all parts of the world, a things which nobody knows the use of. Except dship and my governor, I do not know any bo- ire so much. He is, indeed, a surprising genius. morning early, as we were resolved to take day before us, we sent our compliments to Sprokoken, desiring to see his gallery; which e very politely complied with. His gallery fifty feet by twenty, and is well filled; but prised me most of all was, to see an holy family, your lordship's, which this ingenious gentleman e is the true original. I own this gave me in- ble uneasiness, and I fear it will to your lord- I had flattered myself that the only original was *ordship's possession*. I would advise you, how-

ever, to take yours down till its merit can be ascer
ed; my governor assures me, that he intends to w
long dissertation to prove its originality. One
study in this city for ages, and still find something
We went from this to view the cardinal's statues,
are really very fine; there were three spintria, e
ted in a very masterly manner, all arm in arm; th
which I heard you talk so much of, is at last disc
to be a Hercules spinning, and not a Cleopatra b
as your lordship had conjectured; there had been
tise written to prove it.

"My Lord Firmly is certainly a Goth, a Va
no taste in the world for painting. I wonder h
call him a man of taste. Passing through the s
Antwerp a few days ago, and observing the
of the inhabitants, he was so barbarous as to obs
he thought the best method the Flemings could
to sell their pictures, and buy clothes: Ah
We shall go to-morrow to Mr Carwarden's ca
the next day we shall see the curiosities co
Van Ran; and the day after we shall pay
Mount Calvary; and after that—but I find
finished; so, with the most sincere wishes for
ships happiness, and with hopes, after having
that centre of pleasure, to return home wort
and expence which has been generously lai
improvement, I remain, my lord, yours, &c

LETTER XXXV.

*From Hingpo, a Slave in Persia, to A
velling Philosopher of China, by way*

FORTUNE has made me the slave of anot
and inclination render me entirely subse
a tyrant commands my body, but you ar
heart. And yet let not thy inflexible
*me, when I confess that I find my soul s
circumstances. I feel my mind, not les
bend beneath the rigours of servitude;
I serve grows every day more formid*

hich should teach me to despise him, his hi-
ge fills even my dreams with horror.
days ago, a Christian slave, who wrought in
us, happening to enter an arbour where the
as entertaining the ladies of his Haram with
e unhappy captive was instantly stabbed to the
his intrusion. I have been preferred to his
hich, though less laborious than my former sta-
t more ungrateful, as it brings me nearer him,
esence excites sensations at once of disgust and
sion.
hat a state of misery are the modern Persians
nation once famous for setting the world an
of freedom, is now become a land of tyrants,
of slaves. The houseless Tartar of Kamskat-
enjoys his herbs and fish in unmolested freedom,
vied, if compared to the thousands who pine
peless servitude, and curse the day that gave
ing. Is this just dealing, Heaven! to render
retched to swell up the happiness of a few?
e powerful of this earth be happy without
and tears? must every luxury of the great be
m the calamities of the poor? It must, it must
that this jarring discordant life is but the pre-
me future harmony. The soul, attuned to vir-
shall go hence to fill up the universal choir
n presides in person; where there shall be no
frown, no shackles to bind, nor no whips to
where I shall once more meet my father with
nd give a loose to filial piety; where I shall
is neck, and hear the wisdom of his lips, and
for all the happiness to which he has intro-

etch, whom fortune has made my master, has
chased several slaves of both sexes; among the
r a Christian captive talked of with admira-
e eunuch who brought her, and who is accus-
urvey beauty with indifference, speaks of her
ion. Her pride, however, astonishes her at-
laves not less than her beauty; it is reported
fuses the warmest solicitations of her haughty
s even offered to make her one of his four
her changing her religion, and conforming

to his. It is probable she cannot refuse s
dinary offers, and her delay is perhaps in
liance her favours.

I have just now seen her; she inadvertent
ed the place, without a veil, where I sat v
seemed to regard the heavens alone with
tion; there her most ardent gaze was direc
of the sun! what unexpected softness! wi
grace! her beauty seemed the transparent co
tue. Celestial beings could not wear a l
perfection, while sorrow humanized her fo
ed my admiration with pity. I rose from
which I sat, and she retired, happy that n
us, for such an interview might have prove

I have regarded, till now, the opulence
of my tyrant without envy; I saw him wi
capable of enjoying the gifts of fortune, an
ly regarded him as one loaded, rather t
with its favours. But, at present, when I
much beauty is reserved only for him, t
charms shall be lavished on a wretch incap
ing the greatness of the blessing, I own I
tance to which I had hitherto been a stra

But let not my father impute these une
to so trifling a cause as love. No, never let
that your son, and the pupil of the wise
could stoop to so degrading a passion. I
pleased at seeing so much excellence so un
ted of.

The uneasiness which I feel is not for m
the beautiful Christian. When I reflect o
ty of him for whom she is designed, I pity,
her. When I think that she must only sha
who deserves to command a thousand, ex
feel an emotion which universal benevo
from me. As I am convinced that you ta
in those sallies of humanity, and are parti
ed with compassion, I could not avoid di
sensibility with which I felt this beautiful
tress. I have, for a while, forgot in her t
my own hopeless situation. Our tyrant gr
more severe; and love, which softens all
into tenderness, seems only to have increase
them.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same.

The whole Haram is filled with a tumultuous joy; the beautiful captive, has consented to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and become one of the wives of the credulous Persian. It is impossible to describe the transport that sits on every face on this occasion. Joy and feasting fill every apartment; the most miserable slave seems to forget his chains, and sympathizes with the happiness of Mostadad. The herb we tread with our feet is not made more for our use, than the slave around him for their imperious master: mere objects of obedience, they wait with silent assiduity, his smile, and rejoice in his exultation. Heavens! how much is requisite to make one man happy!

Twelve of the most beautiful slaves, and I among the rest, have got orders to prepare for carrying him in triumph to the bridal apartment. The blaze of perfumed torches are to intimate the day; the dancers and singers are hired at a vast expence. The nuptials are to be celebrated on the approaching feast of Barboura, where an hundred taels in gold are to be distributed among the barren wives, in order to pray for fertility on the approaching union.

What will not riches procure? An hundred domestics, who curse the tyrant in their souls, are commanded to wear a face of joy, and they are joyful. An hundred singers are ordered to attend, and they fill his ears with praise. Beauty, all-commanding beauty, sues for admittance, and scarcely receives an answer; even love itself seems to wait upon fortune, or, though the passion be only feigned, yet it wears every appearance of sincerity; and what greater pleasure can even true sincerity offer, or what would the rich have more?

Nothing can exceed the intended magnificence of the bridegroom, but the costly dresses of the bride: six eunuchs, in the most sumptuous habits, are to conduct him to the nuptial couch, and wait his orders: six ladies, in the *magnificence of Persia*, are directed to undress

the bride. Their business is to assist, to e
to divest her of every encumbering part of
but the last covering; which, by an artful
of ribbons, is purposely made difficult to
with which she is to part reluctantly, even
possessor of her beauty.

Mostadad, O my father, is no philosop
he seems perfectly contented with his ign
sessed of numberless slaves, camels, and w
sires no greater possession. He never ap
of Menthis; and yet all the slaves felt
happy.

Forgive the weakness of my nature, i
feel my heart rebellious to the dictates of
eager for happiness like his. Yet, why
wealth with his ignorance? to be, like hi
of sentimental pleasures, incapable of feeli
ness of making others happy, incapable of
beautiful Zelis philosophy!

What! shall I, in a transport of passion,
golden mean, the universal harmony, the
essence, for the possession of an hundred ca
slaves, thirty-five beautiful horses, and s
fine women? First blast me to the centre!
beneath the most degraded! Pare my nail
of heaven! ere I would stoop to such
What! part with philosophy, which teach
press my passions, instead of gratifying th
teaches me even to divest my soul of pas
teaches serenity in the midst of tortures;
by which even now I am so very serene,
much at ease, to be persuaded to part wit
other enjoyment! Never, never; even thoug
spoke in the accents of Zelis!

A female slave informs me, that the brid
rayed in a tissue of silver, and her hair n
the largest pearls of Ormus. But, why tea
particulars, in which we both are so little
The pain I feel in separation throws a glo
mind, which, in this scene of universal joy,
be attributed to some other cause. How v
those who are, like me, denied even the las
misery, their tears! Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the same.

I BEGIN to have doubts, whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy; whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body in which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds Nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

As I was, some days ago, pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow-slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: by this we shall be taught, (says he), that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom walk only in a circle; and, after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also we shall see, that enthusiastic confidence, or unsatisfying doubts, terminate all our inquiries.

In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies, only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant: traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

In this sequestered vale, blessed with all neous productions of Nature, the honeyed refreshing breeze; the gliding brook, and gol the simple inhabitants seemed happy in th each other; they desired no greater pleasu knew of none greater: ambition, pride, an vices unknown among them; and from this plicity of its possessors, the country was cal *ley of Ignorance.*

At length, however, an unhappy youth, ring than the rest, undertook to climb the side, and examine the summits, which w deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from with wonder at his intrepidity; some ap courage, others censured his folly; still, proceeded towards the place where the ea vens seemed to unite, and at length arrived a for height with extreme labour and assiduit

His first surprise was, to find the skies n pected, within his reach, but still as far o his amazement increased, when he saw a wi region lying on the opposite side of the mo it rose to astonishment, when he beheld a distance, more beautiful and alluring than had just left behind.

As he continued to gaze with wonder, a a look of infinite modesty, approaching, his guide and instructor. The distant co you so much admire (says the angelic bei *The Land of Certainty*: in that charming r ment contributes to refine every sensual ban habitants are blessed with every solid enj still more blessed in a perfect consciousness felicity; ignorance, in that country, is whol all, there, is satisfaction without alloy; fo sure first undergoes the examination of Rea me, I am called *The Genius of Demonstrat* stationed here, in order to conduct every a that land of happiness, through those interv you see overhung with fogs and darkness, with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various *of danger.* But follow me, and in time I *to that* distant desirable land of tranquillit

The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius; and both journeying on together, with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction; but as they proceeded forward, the skies became more cloudy, and the way more intricate; they often, inadvertently, approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way: the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now, therefore, advised his pupil to grope upon all hands and feet, as a method, though more slow, yet less liable to error.

In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who, with a precipitate pace, seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be *The Genius of Probability*. He wore two wide-extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence, that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity; and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

Servant of Hormizda, (cried he), approaching the mortal pilgrim, if thou art travelling to the *Land of Certainty*, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a genius who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? Follow me; we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure awaits our arrival.

The peremptory tone in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor; and, leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself for-

ward. Thus, each moment miraculously
repeated escapes only served to increase
merity. He led him, therefore, forward,
nite difficulties, till they arrived at the b
ocean, which appeared unnavigable, fro
mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquie
of the darkest hue, and gave a lively repr
the various agitations of the human mind.

The Genius of Probability now confessing
owned his being an improper guide to the
tainty; a country where no mortal had e
mitted to arrive; but at the same time, o
ply the traveller with another conductor
carry him to *The Land of Confidence*: a
the inhabitants lived with the utmost tran
tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in
Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he s
times on the ground, and called forth *The*
ror, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Ari
yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage
unable to bear the light of the day. His s
normous, his colour black and hideous; h
trayed a thousand varying passions; and he
pinions that were fitted for the most rapid
traveller, at first, was shocked at the s
finding him obedient to superior power, l
former tranquillity.

I have called you to duty, (cries the gen
mon), to bear on your back a son of mo
The Ocean of Doubts into *The Land of*
expect you'll perform your commission with
And as for you, (continued the genius, a
traveller), when once I have bound this
your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, no
most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it,
look round: keep the fillet fast; look not
below, and you may certainly expect to a
gion of pleasure.

Thus saying, and the traveller's eyes be
the demon, muttering curses, raised him
and instantly upborne by his strong pinions,
flight among the clouds. Neither the lou
nor the most angry tempest, could persuade

to unbind his eyes. The demon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean: a thousand voices, some with loud invective, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would, in all probability, have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival: the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long wished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half way over. The demon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore, throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent *Ocean of Ideas*, from whence he never after was seen to rise.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

When Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited an universal shout from the surrounding multitudes, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and, turning to a philosopher who stood near him, "Pray, Sir, (says he), pardon me: I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity."

You know that I am not less than him a despiser of the multitude; you know that I equally detest flattery to the great; yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a lustre to the latter part of the present English monarch's reign, that I cannot with-hold my contribution of praise; I cannot avoid acknowledging the crowd for once just in their unanimous approbation.

Yet think not, that *battles gained, dominion extended, enemies brought to submission*, are the virtues which

at present claim my admiration. Were the reigning monarch only famous for his victories, I should regard his character with indifference; the boast of heroism, in this enlightened age, is justly regarded as a qualification of a very subordinate rank, and mankind now begin to look with becoming horror on these foes to man. The virtue in this aged monarch, which I have at present in view, is one of a much more exalted nature, is one of the most difficult of attainment, is the least praised of all kingly virtues, and yet deserves the greatest praise; the virtue I mean is JUSTICE; a strict administration of justice, without severity, and without favour.

Of all virtues, this is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy, when unbiassed by passions or interest; the heart naturally persuades to forgiveness, and, pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility; what a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a well conducted judgment must he possess, who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the future interest of his people to his own immediate satisfaction?

If, still, to a man's own natural bias for tenderness we add the numerous solicitations made by a crim friends for mercy; if we survey a king, not only opposing his own feelings, but reluctantly refusing the regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose c may never hear, whose gratitude he may never re this, surely, is true greatness! Let us fancy oursel a moment in this just old man's place, surroun numbers all soliciting the same favour; a favour nature disposes us to grant, where the 'induce pity are laid before us in the strongest light, su at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves in *to act the character of good-natured men, tha right magistrates.*

What contributes to raise justice above kingly virtues, is, that it is seldom attended *share of applause*, and those who practise

by greater motives than empty fame. The
e generally well pleased with a remission of
ut, and all that wears the appearance of hu-
t is the wise alone who are capable of dis-
ant impartial justice is the truest mercy; they
o be difficult, very difficult, at once to compas-
nd yet condemn an object that pleads for ten-

been led into this common place train of thought
striking instance, in this country, of the impar-
justice, and of the king's inflexible resolution
ng punishment where it was justly due. A man
t quality, in a fit, either of passion, melancho-
dness, murdered his servant: it was expected,
ation in life would have lessened the ignominy
nishment; however, he was arraigned, con-
nd underwent the same degrading death with
st malefactor. It was well considered, that
ne is true nobility; and that he, whose actions
even beneath the vulgar, has no right to these
hs which should be the rewards only of merit: it
aps considered, that crimes were more heinous
e higher classes of people, as necessity exposes
ewer temptations.
l the east, even China not excepted, a person
ne quality guilty of such a crime, might, by
a share of his fortune to the judge, buy off his
There are several countries, even in Europe,
servant is entirely the property of his master:
kills his lord, he dies by the most excruciа-
res; but, if the circumstances are reversed, a
buys off the punishment of the offender. Hap-
untry where all are equal, and where those who
es have too much integrity to receive a bribe,
uch honour to pity, from a similitude of the
title or circumstances with their own.—Such
d; yet think not that it was always equally
this strict impartiality. There was a time,
, when *titles softened* the rigours of the law;
nified wretches were suffered to live, and con-
cars an equal disgrace to justice and [illegible]suit

y, *in a neighbouring country*, the great are
dalously pardoned for the most scandalo

offences. A person is still alive among them, w
more than once deserved the ignominious serv
justice. His being of the blood-royal, howeve
thought a sufficient atonement for his being a dis
humanity. This remarkable personage took ple
shooting at the passengers below from the top of
lace; and in this most princely amusement he usual
some time every day. He was at length arraig
the friends of a person whom in this manner he
led, was found guilty of the charge, and conde
die. His merciful monarch pardoned him in co
tion of his rank and quality. The unrepenting
soon after renewed his usual entertainment, and
same manner killed another man. He was a sec
condemned, and, strange to think, a second time
ved his Majesty's pardon! Would you believe it?
time the very same man was guilty of the very
fence; a third time, therefore, the laws of his
found him guilty—I wish, for the honour of hu
I could suppress the rest! A third time he was
ed! Will you not think such a story too extra
for belief? Will you not think me describing th
inhabitants of Congo? Alas! the story is but t
and the country where it was transacted regar
as the politest in Europe! Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

*From Lien Chi Altangi to * * *, Merchant in
dam.*

CEREMONIES are different in every country,
politeness is every where the same. Ceremonie
take up so much of our attention, are only artific
which ignorance assumes in order to imitate p
which is the result of good sense and good na
person possessed of these qualities, though he
seem a court, is truly agreeable, and, if witho
will continue a clown, though he had been a
a gentleman-usher.

How would a Chinese, bred up in all the
of an Eastern court, be regarded, should he

manners beyond the great wall? How would an
ishman, skilled in all the decorum of Western good-
ling, appear at an Eastern entertainment? Would he
e reckoned more fantastically savage than even his
ed footman?

eremony resembles that base coin which circulates
ugh a country by the royal mandate; it serves every
one of real money at home, but is entirely useless
rried abroad. A person who should attempt to cir-
e his native trash in another country, would be
ght either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well
who knows when to value and when to despise those
nal peculiarities, which are regarded by some with
uch observance. A traveller of taste at once per-
s that the wise are polite all the world over, but
fools are polite only at home.

have now before me two very fashionable letters
the same subject, both written by ladies of distinc-
one of whom leads the fashion of England, and
other sets the ceremonies of China; they are both
rded in their respective countries by all the beau-
le, as standards of taste, and models of true polite-
and both give us a true idea of what they imagine
nt in their admirers; which of them understands
politeness, or whether either, you shall be at liberty
termine. The English lady writes thus to her fe-
confidant:

As I live, my dear Charlotte, I believe the colonel
carry it at last; he is a most irresistible fellow,
flat. So well dressed, so neat, so sprightly, and
about one so agreeably, that I vow he has as many
s as the Marquis of Monkeyman's Italian greyhound.
st saw him at Ranelagh; he shines there; he is
ng without Ranelagh, and Ranelagh nothing with-
im. The next day he sent a card, and compliments,
ng to wait upon mamma and me to the music sub-
ion. He looked all the time with such irresist-
impudence, that positively he had something in his
save me as much pleasure as a pair-royal of natu-
my own hand. He waited on mamma and me the
morning, to know how we got home. You must
the insidious devil makes love to us both. Rap
e footman at the door; bounce went my heart,

I thought he would have rattled the house down. C
riot drove up to the window, with his footmen in
prettiest liveries: he has infinite taste, that's flat. M
ma had spent all the morning at her head; but, for
part, I was in an undress to receive him; quite e
mind that; no way disturbed at his approach; man
pretended to be as degagée as I, and yet I saw her bl
in spite of her. Positively he is a most killing de
We did nothing but laughed all the time he staid with
I never heard so many very good things before; al
he mistook mamma for my sister; at which she laugh
then he mistook my natural complexion for paint
which I laughed; and then he shewed us a picture
the lid of his snuff-box, at which we all laughed.
plays piquet so very ill, and is so very fond of cards,
loses with such a grace, that positively he has won
I have got a cool hundred, but have lost my heart.
need not tell you that he is only a colonel of the t
hands. I am, dear Charlotte, yours for ever.

HELENA.

The Chinese lady addresses her confidant, a poor r
tion of the family, upon the same occasion; in which
seems to understand decorums even better than the w
ern beauty. You, who have resided so long in Ch
will readily acknowledge the picture to be taken f
nature; and by being acquainted with the Chinese
toms, will better apprehend the lady's meaning.

From YAOUA *to* YAYA.

"Papa insists upon one, two, three, four hund
tails from the colonel, my lover, before he parts w
lock of my hair. Ho, how I wish the dear creature
be able to produce the money, and pay papa my fort
The colonel is reckoned the politest man in Shensi.
first visit he paid at our house, mercy, what stooping
cringing, and stopping, and fidgeting, and going b
and creeping forward, there was between him and pa
one would have thought he had got the seventeen h
of ceremonies all by heart. When he was come int
hall, he flourished his hands three times in a very gr
ful manner. Papa, who would not be outdone
rished his four times; upon this the colonel begai
and both thus continued flourishing for some mi

manner imaginable. I was posted in the
behind the screen, where I saw the whole
rough a slit. Of this the colonel was sen-
pa informed him; I would have given the
ve shewn him my little shoes, but had no op-
It was the first time I had ever the happi-
ng any man but papa; and I vow, my dear
ught my three souls would actually have fled
e. Ho, but he looked most charmingly;
ed the best shaped man in the whole pro-
e is very fat and very short; but even those
ntages are improved by his dress, which is
past description. His head was close shaven,
crown, and the hair of that was braided into
utiful tail, that, reaching down to his heels,
ited by a bunch of yellow roses. Upon his
g the room, I could easily perceive he had
perfumed with assafœtida. But then his
oks, my dear Yaya, were irresistible. He
es stedfastly fixed on the wall during the
mony, and I sincerely believe no accident
discomposed his gravity, or drawn his eyes
er a polite silence of two hours, he gallantly
ave the singing women introduced, purely for
ent. After one of them had for some time
ns with her voice, the colonel and she retired
inutes together. I thought they would never
back: I must own he is a most agreeable
Upon his return they again renewed the son-
e continued to gaze upon the wall as usual;
ss than half an hour more! Ho, but he re-
the room with another. He is indeed a most
reature.

came to take his leave, the whole ceremony
h; papa would see him to the door, but the
re he would rather see the earth turned up-
than permit him to stir a single step; and
t last obliged to comply. As soon as he got
r, papa went out to see him on horseback:
ntinued half an hour, bowing and cringing,
one would mount, or the other go in; but the
at last victorious. He had scarce got
es from the house, when papa running out

hallooed after him, A good journey. Upon which
colonel returned, and would see papa into his house,
fore ever he would depart. He was no sooner got h
than he sent me a very fine present of duck-eggs, p
ed of twenty different colours. His generosity, I c
has won me. I have ever since been trying over
eight letters of good fortune, and have great hopes.
I have to apprehend is, that after he has married
and that I am carried to his house, close shut up in
chair, when he comes to have the first sight of my f
he may shut me up a second time, and send me back to
pa. However, I shall appear as fine as possible: M
ma and I have been to buy the clothes for my wedd
I am to have a new *song whang* in my hair, the bea
which will reach down to my nose: the milliner f
whom we bought that and our ribbands cheated us
she had no conscience; and so, to quiet mine, I che
her. All this is fair you know. I remain, my
Yaya, your ever faithful YADE

LETTER L.

From the same.

YOU have always testified the highest esteem for
English poets, and thought them not inferior to
Greeks, Romans, or even the Chinese, in the art.
it is now thought, even by the English themselves,
the race of their poets is extinct. Every day prod
some pathetic exclamation upon the decadence of t
and grains. Pegasus, say they, has slipped the bi
from his mouth; and our modern bards attempt to
rect his flight, by catching him by the tail.

Yet, my friend, it is only among the ignorant that
discourses prevail: men of true discernment can
several poets still among the English, some of w
equal, if not surpass, their predecessors. The igno
term that alone poetry, which is couched in a cer
number of syllables in every line, where a vapid tho
is drawn out into a number of verses of equal len
and, perhaps, pointed with rhymes at the end.
flowing sentiment, striking imagery, concise expres
natural description, and modulated periods, are
sufficient entirely to fill up my idea of this art, an
ly to every passion.

If my idea of poetry, therefore, be just, the English are not, at present, so destitute of poetical merit as they seem to imagine. I can see several poets in disguise among them, men furnished with that strength of soul, sublimity of sentiment, and grandeur of expression, which constitute the character. Many of the writers of their modern odes, sonnets, tragedies, or rebusses, it is true, deserve not the name; though they have done nothing but clinked rhymes, and measured syllables, for years together. Their Johnsons and Smollets are truly poets; though, for aught I know, they never made a single verse in their whole lives.

In every incipient language, the poet and the prose writer are very distinct in their qualifications: the poet ever proceeds first, treading unbeaten paths, enriching his native funds, and employed in new adventures. The other follows with more cautious steps, and, though slow in his motions, treasures up every useful or pleasing discovery. But, when once all the extent and force of the language is known, the poet then seems to rest from his labour, and is at length overtaken by his assiduous pursuer. Both characters are then blended into one; the historian and orator catch all the poet's fire, and leave him no real mark of distinction, except the iteration of numbers regularly returning. Thus in the decline of ancient European learning, Seneca, though he wrote in prose, is as much a poet as Lucan; and Longinus, though but a critic, more sublime than Apollonius.

From this then it appears, that poetry is not discontinued, but altered, among the English at present; the outward form seems different from what it was; but poetry still continues internally the same. The only question remains, Whether the metric feet used by the good writers of the last age, or the prosaic numbers employed by the good writers of this, be preferable? And here the practice of the last age appears to me superior; they submitted to the restraint of numbers and of similar sounds; and this restraint, instead of diminishing, augmented the force of their sentiment and style. Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain, which *plays highest by diminishing* the aperture. Of the truth of this maxim, in every language, every fine writer perfectly sensible from his own experience; and yet

explain the reason would be perhaps as diffi
make a frigid genius profit by the discovery.

There is still another reason in favour of the
of the last age, to be drawn from the variety of
tion. The musical period in prose is confined t
few changes; the numbers in verse are capable
variation. I speak not now from the practic
dern verse writers, few of whom have an idea o
variety, but run on in the same monotonous flow
the whole poem; but rather from the exampl
former poets, who were tolerable masters of this
and also from a capacity in the language of
mitting various unanticipated music.

Several rules have been drawn up for var
poetic measure, and critics have elaborately
accents and syllables; but good sense and a
which rules can never teach, are what alone ca
a case determine. The rapturous flowings of je
interruptions of indignation, require accents p
tirely different, and a structure consonant to
tions they would express. Changing passions,
bers changing with those passions, make the wh
of western, as well as eastern poetry. In a w
great faults of the modern professed English p
that they seem to want numbers which should v
the passions, and are more employed in describi
imagination than striking at the heart. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

From the same.

Some time since I sent thee, O holy disciple o
cius! an account of the grand abbey or mausole
Kings and Heroes of this nation. I have since
trojuced to a temple not so ancient, but far su
beauty and magnificence. In this, which is
considerable of the empire, there are no pom
scriptions, no flattery paid the dead, but all i
and awfully simple. There are, however, a
hung round the walls, which have, at a vast
been taken from the enemy in the present wa
silk of which they are composed, when new,
valued at half a string of copper money in C
this wise people fitted out a fleet and an arm

eize them, though now grown old, and scarce capa-
of being patched up into an handkerchief. By this
quest, the English are said to have gained, and the
nch to have lost, much honour. Is the honour of
ropean nations placed only in tattered silk?
n this temple I was permitted to remain during the
ole service; and, were you not already acquainted
h the religion of the English, you might, from my
cription, be inclined to believe them as grossly idola-
us as the disciples of Lao. The idol which they seem
ddress strides, like a colossus, over the door of the
r temple, which here, as with the Jews, is esteemed
most sacred part of the buildings. Its oracles are
ivered in an hundred various tones, which seem to
ire the worshipper with enthusiasm and awe: an
woman, who appeared to be the priestess, was em-
yed in various attitudes, as she felt the inspiration.
en it began to speak, all the people remained fixed in
nt attention, nodding assent, looking approbation,
earing highly edified by those sounds, which to a
nger, might seem inarticulate and unmeaning.
When the idol had done speaking, and the priestess
locked up its lungs with a key, observing almost all
company leaving the temple, I concluded the ser-
was over, and taking my hat, was going to walk
ay with the crowd, when I was stopped by the man
black, who assured me the ceremony had scarcely yet
un. What! cried I, do I not see almost the whole
y of the worshippers leaving the church? Would
persuade me that such numbers, who profess reli-
and morality, would, in this shameless manner, quit
temple before the service was concluded? You
ly mistake: not even the Kalmouks would be guilty
uch an indecency, though all the object of their wor-
was but for a joint-stool! My friend seemed to blush
his countrymen, assuring me, that those whom I saw
ning away were only a parcel of musical blockheads,
se passion was merely for sounds, and whose heads
e as empty as a fiddle-case; those who remain be-
d, says he, are the true religious; they make use of
ic to warm their hearts, and to lift them to a pro-
pitch of rapture: examine their behaviour, and you
confess there are some among us who practise due
tion.

I now looked round me as he directed, bu
thing of that fervent devotion which he had
One of the worshippers appeared to be oglin
pany through a glass; another was fervent,
dresses to heaven, but to his mistress; a third w
a fourth took snuff; and the priest himself, i
tone, read over the *duties* of the day.

Bless my eyes, cried I, as I happened to loo
the door, what do I see? one of the worship
fast asleep, and actually sunk down on his cush
now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does
the influence of some mysterious vision? "A
(replied my companion), no such thing; he h
the misfortune of eating too hearty a dinner, i
impossible to keep his eyes open." Turning
part of the temple, I perceived a young lady
same circumstances and attitude. Strange! c
she too have over-eaten herself? O fie! (r
friend), you now grow censorious. She gro
from eating too much! that would be pr
she only sleeps now, from having sat up all
brag party." Turn me where I will then, sa
perceive no single symptom of devotion amon
shippers, except from that old woman in t
who sits groaning behind the long sticks of a
fan; she, indeed, seems greatly edified with
hears. "Ay, (replied my friend), I knew
find some to catch you; I know her; that
lady who lives in the cloisters."

In short, the remissness of behaviour in alm
worshippers, and some even of the guardians,
with surprise: I had been taught to believe that
ever promoted to offices in the temple, but me
able for their superior sanctity, learning, and
that there was no such thing heard of, as per
introduced into the church, merely to oblige
or provide for the younger branch of a
I expected, as their minds were continually
heavenly things, to see their eyes directed
and hoped, from their behaviour, to perceive
clinations corresponding with their duty.
since informed, that some are appointed to pr
temples they never visit; and, while they re
money, are contented with letting others d

LETTER XLII.

...um Hoam to Lien Chi Altangi, the discontented Wanderer, by the way of Moscow.

... ever continue to condemn thy perseverance, and ... that curiosity which destroys thy happiness? ...rt untasted banquet, what luxury yet unknown, ...arded thy painful adventures? Name a pleasure ... thy native country could not amply procure; ... wish that might not have been satisfied in Chi... ...by then such toil, and such danger, in pursuit of ...s within your reach at home?

...Europeans, you will say, excel us in sciences and ...; those sciences which bound the aspiring wish, ...se arts which tend to gratify even unrestrained ... They may, perhaps, outdo us in the arts of ...g ships, casting cannons, or measuring mountains; ... they superior in the greatest of all arts, the art ...rning kingdoms and ourselves?

...n I compare the history of China with that of ..., how do I exult in being a native of that king... ...which derives its original from the sun! Upon ...g the Chinese history, I there behold an ancient ...ed empire, established by laws which nature and ...seem to have dictated. The duty of children to ...arents, a duty which Nature implants in every ... forms the strength of that government which has ...d from time immemorial. Filial obedience is the ...d greatest requisite of a state: by this, we be... ...ood subjects to our emperors, capable of beha... ...th just subordination to our superiors, and grate... ...ments on Heaven: by this we become tender ...tage, in order to be capable of exacting obedi... ...ce from others in our turn: by this we become good ...ates: for early submission is the truest lesson to ...who would learn to rule; by this the whole state ...e said to resemble one family, of which the em... ...s the protector, father, and friend.

...is *happy region*, sequestered from the rest of ...d, I see a succession of princes, who, in general,

considered themselves as the fathers of their p
race of philosophers, who bravely combated
prejudice, and tyranny, at the expence of thei
happiness and immediate reputation. Whe
usurper, or a tyrant, intruded into the administr
have all the good and great been united aga
can European history produce an instance like t
twelve mandarines, who all resolved to apprize
our emperor Tisiang of the irregularity of his
He who first undertook the dangerous task w
two by the emperor's orders the second was o
be tormented, and then put to a cruel death;
undertook the task with intrepidity, and was
stabbed by the tyrant's hands: in this manner
suffered except one. But not to be turned fro
pose, the brave survivor, entering the palace
instruments of torture in his hand: "Here, (
addressing himself to the throne), here, O Ti
the marks your faithful subjects receive for th
ty; I am weary with serving a tyrant, and n
for my reward." The emperor, struck with hi
dity, instantly forgave the boldness of his cond
reformed his own. What European annals
of a tyrant thus reclaimed to lenity?

When five brethren had set upon the great
Gisong alone, with his sabre he slew four of t
was struggling with the fifth, when his guard
in, were going to cut the conspirator into a
pieces: "No, no, (cried the emperor, with a
placid countenance), of all his brothers he is
one remaining; at least let one of the family be
to live, that his aged parents may have someb
to feed and comfort them."

When Haitong, the last emperor of the house
saw himself besieged in his own city by the us
was resolved to issue from his palace with six
of his guards, and give the enemy battle, but
sook him. Being thus without hopes, and choosi
rather than to fall alive into the hands of a
retired to his garden, conducting his little daug
only child, in his hand. There, in a private arb
breathing his sword, he stabbed the young chil
rt; and then dispatching himself, left the

written with his blood on the border of his vest:
aken by my subjects, abandoned by my friends,
body as you will, but spare, O spare my peo-

empire, which has thus continued invariably the
or such a long succession of ages, which, though at
nquered by the Tartars, still preserves its ancient
nd learning, and may more properly be said to
the dominions of Tartary to its empire, than to
a foreign conqueror; an empire as large as Eu-
overned by one law, acknowledging subjection to
nce, and experiencing but one revolution of any
ance in the space of four thousand years: this is
ing so peculiarly great, that I am naturally led to
all other nations on the comparison. Here we see
gious persecutions, no enmity between mankind for
nce in opinion. The disciples of Lao Kium, the
ous sectaries of Fohi, and the philosophical chil-
Confucius, only strive to show, by their actions,
th of their doctrines.

, turn from this happy peaceful scene to Europe,
atre of intrigue, avarice, and ambition. How
evolutions does it not experience in the compass
f one age? and to what do these revolutions
ut the destruction of thousands? Every great event
ne with some new calamity. The seasons of se-
ure passed over in silence: the historians seem to
nly of the storm.

e we see the Romans extending their power over
ous nations, and in turn becoming a prey to those
they had conquered. We see those barbarians,
ecome Christians, engaged in continual wars with
owers of Mahomet; or, more dreadful still, de-
each other. We see councils, in the earlier
uthorizing every iniquity; crusades spreading de-
in the country left, as well as that to be con-
; excommunications, freeing subjects from al-
legiance, and persuading to sedition; blood flow-
the fields and on scaffolds; tortures used as argu-
to convince the recusant: to heighten the horror
piece, behold it shaded with wars, rebellions,
, plots, *politics*, and poison!

And what advantage has any country of Eur
tained from such calamities? Scarce any. Th
sensions, for more than a thousand years, have s
make each other unhappy, but have enriche
All the great nations still nearly preserve their
limits; none have been able to subdue the other
terminate the dispute.—France, in spite of the c
of Edward the Third, and Henry the Fifth;
standing the efforts of Charles the Fifth, and P
Second, still remains within its ancient limits.
Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the states of t
are nearly still the same. What effect then has t
of so many thousands, the destruction of so ma
produced? Nothing either great or considerabl
Christian princes have lost, indeed, much from
mies of Christendom, but they have gained noth
each other. Their princes, because they prefe
bition to justice, deserve the character of enemie
kind; and their priests, by neglecting mor
opinion, have mistaken the interests of society.

On whatever side we regard the history of
we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes, fo
misfortunes; of politics without design, and w
out consequence. In this long list of human in
great character, or a shining virtue, may someti
pen to arise, as we often meet a cottage or a
spot in the most hideous wilderness: but for a
an Alphonzo, a Frederick, or one Alexande
meet a thousand princes who have disgraced h

LETTER XLIII.

*From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First
of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in C*

We have just received accounts here, that Vo
poet and philosopher of Europe, is dead.
beyond the reach of the thousand enemies who,
ving, degraded his writings, and branded his
Scarce a page of his latter productions that
betray the agonies of an heart bleeding under t
of unmerited reproach. Happy, therefore,
escaping from calumny! happy in leaving a
was unworthy of him and his writings!

s, my friend, bestrow the hearses of the
panegyric; but such a loss as the world has
d affects me with stronger emotions. When
er dies, I consider myself as losing a patron,
r, and a friend: I consider the world as lo-
o might serve to console her amidst the de-
war and ambition. Nature every day pro-
ndance, men capable of filling all the requi-
f authority; but she is niggard in the birth
d mind, scarcely producing, in a century, a
s to bless and enlighten a degenerate age.
the production of kings, governors, manda-
, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten,
n three thousand years, the manner in which
the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she
n, when a bad world gave him so very bad a

my friend, this malevolence, which has ever
great even to the tomb? whence this more
ike disposition, of embittering the lives of
would make us more wise and more happy.
cast my eye over the fate of several philoso-
have, at different periods, enlightened man-
t confess it inspires me with the most de-
lections on humanity. When I read of the
lentius, the tortures of Tchin, the bowl of
nd the bath of Seneca; when I hear of the
a of Dante, the imprisonment of Galileo, the
suffered by Montaigne, the banishment of
the infamy of Bacon; and that even Locke
aped not without reproach; when I think on
ts, I hesitate whether most to blame the i-
the villany of my fellow-creatures.
ou look for the character of Voltaire among
ists and illiterate writers of the age, you will
im characterized as a monster, with a head
visdom, and an heart inclining to vice; the
his mind, and the baseness of his principles,
letestable contrast. But seek for his charac-
writers like himself, and you find him very
described. You perceive him in their ac-
ssessed of good-nature, humanity, greatness of
ide, and almost every virtue; in this descrip-

Him, those who might be supposed best acqua
his character are unanimous. The Royal
d'Argens†, Diderot‡, d'Alembert, and
conspire in drawing the picture, in describing
of man, and the patron of every rising genius
An inflexible perseverance in what he th
right, and a general detestation of flattery,
ground-work of this great man's character.
principles, many strong virtues and few faults
he was warm in his friendship, and severe in
all that mention him seem possessed of the s
ties, and speak of him with rapture or detes
person of his eminence can have few indiffe
his character; every reader must be an enem
mirer.

This poet began the course of glory so e
age of eighteen, and even then was author o
which deserves applause. Possessed of a s
mony, he preserved his independence in an a
lity, and supported the dignity of learning,
his cotemporary writers to live, like him, ab
vours of the great. He was banished his nati
for a satire upon the royal concubine. He h
ed the place of historian to the French king,
sed to keep it, when he found it was presen
order that he should be the first flatterer of th

The great Prussian received him as an orna
kingdom, and had sense enough to value his
and profit by his instructions. In this court he
till an intrigue, with which the world seeme
unacquainted, obliged him to quit the cou
own happiness, the happiness of that monar
rivet, or a part of the court, rendered his de
cessary.

Tired at length of courts, and all the fo
great, he retired to Switzerland, a country
where he enjoyed tranquillity and the sm
though without any taste for magnificence.
usually entertained at his table the learned m
Europe, who were attracted by a desire of s
son from whom they had received so much

* Let. Chin. † Philosophe sans souci.

tertainment was conducted with the utmost ele-
and the conversation was that of philosophers.
country that at once united liberty and science
s peculiar favourite. The being an Englishman
ain a character that claimed admiration and re-

veen Voltaire and the disciples of Confucius there
ny differences however, being of a different opi-
ions not in the least diminish my esteem. I am
pleased with my brother, because he happens to
r father for favours in a different manner from
Let his errors rest in peace; his excellencies de-
admiration. Let me, with the wise, admire his
n; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his
: the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to
who are themselves most foolish. Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Lien Chi Altangi, to Hingpo, a Slave in Persia.

mpossible to form a philosophic system of happi-
which is adapted to every condition in life, since
person who travels in this great pursuit takes a
te road. The different colours, which suit diffe-
mplexions, are not more various than the diffe-
leasures appropriated to particular minds. The
sects who have pretended to give lessons to in-
men in happiness, have described their own par-
sensations, without considering ours; have only
their disciples with constraint, without adding
e real felicity.

find pleasure in dancing, how ridiculous would it
e to prescribe such an amusement for the enter-
nt of a cripple? Should he, on the other hand,
his chief delight in painting, yet would he be ab-
recommending the same relish to one who had
e power of distinguishing colours. General di-
s are therefore commonly useless, and to be par-
would exhaust volumes, since each individual
quire a peculiar system of precepts to direct his

Every mind seems capable of entertaining
quantity of happiness, which no institutions can
no circumstances alter, and entirely indepenale
fune. Let any man compare his present fort
the past, and he will probably find himself,
whole, neither better nor worse than formerly
Gratified ambition, or irreparable calamity,
duce transient sensations of pleasure or distres
storms may discompose in proportion as they a
or the mind is pliant to their impression. But
though at first lifted up by the event, is every
rated upon with diminished influence, and at le
sides into the level of its usual tranquillity. Sh
unexpected turn of fortune take thee from fet
place thee on a throne, exultation would b
upon the change: but the temper, like the fac
soon resume its native serenity.

Every wish, therefore, which leads us to ex
piness somewhere else than where we are, ev
tution which teaches us that we should be bett
ing possessed of something new, which promis
us a step higher than we are, only lays a found
uneasiness, because it contracts debts which
repay; it calls that a good, which, when we h
it, will, in fact, add nothing to our happiness

To enjoy the present, without regret for the
solicitude for the future, has been the advice
poets than philosophers. And the precept se
rational than is generally imagined. It is the
ral precept respecting the pursuit of happiness
be applied with propriety to every conditio
The man of pleasure, the man of business, an
losopher, are equally interested in its disquisi
we do not find happiness in the present moment
shall we find it? Either in reflecting on the
prognosticating the future. But let us see how
capable of producing satisfation.

A remembrance of what is past, and an ant
of what is to come, seem to be two faculties
man differs most from other animals. Thou
enjoy them in a limited degree, yet their w
seems taken up in the present, regardless of th

e. Man, on the contrary, endeavours to derive his
iness, and experiences most of his miseries, from
two sources.
this superiority of reflection a prerogative of which
hould boast, and for which we shall thank Nature?
it a misfortune, of which we should complain and
umble? Either from the abuse, or from the nature
ings, it certainly makes our condition more miser-

ad we a privilege of calling up, by the power of
ory, only such passages as were pleasing, unmixed
such as were disagreeable, we might then excite,
easure, an ideal happiness, perhaps more poignant
actual sensation. But this is not the case; the past
ver represented without some disagreeable circum-
e, which tarnishes all its beauty; the remembrance
evil carries in itself nothing disagreeable; and to
mber a good, is always accompanied with regret.
we lose more than we gain by remembrance.
nd we shall find our expectation of the future to be
more distressful even than the former. To fear an
oaching evil, is certainly a most disagreeable sen-
n; and, in expecting an approaching good, we ex-
ence the inquietude of wanting actual possession.
hus, whichever way we look, the prospect is dis-
eable. Behind, we have left pleasures we shall
r more enjoy, and therefore regret; and, before,
ee pleasures which we languish to possess, and are
equently uneasy till we possess them. Was there
method of seizing the present, unembittered by such
ctions, then would our state be tolerably easy.
his, indeed, is the endeavour of all mankind, who,
tored by philosophy, pursue, as much as they can,
e of amusement and dissipation. Every rank in life,
every size of understanding, seems to follow this
e; or, not pursuing it, deviates from happiness.
man of pleasure pursues dissipation by profession:
man of business pursues it not less; as every volun-
labour he undergoes is only dissipation in disguise.
philosopher himself, even while he reasons upon the
ct, does it unknowingly, with a view of dissipating
thoughts of what he was, or what he must be.

The subject, therefore, comes to this—W
most perfect sort of dissipation; pleasure,
philosophy? which best serves to exclude
sensations, which *memory* or *anticipation* pr

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms only b
The highest rapture lasts only for a mome
the senses seem so combined, as to be soon tir
guor by the gratification of any one of them.
among the poets we hear of men changing ta
when satiated with another. In nature it i
rent: the glutton, when sated with the full
qualified to feel the real pleasure of dri
drunkard, in turn, finds few of those trans
lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, w
finds a diminution of every other appetite.
a full indulgence of any one sense, the man
finds a languor in all; is placed in a chasm b
and expected enjoyment; perceives an inte
must be filled up. The present can give no
because he has already robbed it of every
mind thus left, without immediate employ
rally recurs to the past or the future; the re
that he was happy, and knows that he cannot
he sees that he may yet be happy, and wish
was come. Thus every period of his contin
serable, except that very short one of imme
fication. Instead of a life of dissipation, no
frequent conversations with disagreeable se
(for enthusiasms are but few, and transient; h
like angry creditors, continually making
accounts for what he is unable to pay; and
his former pleasure, the more strong his regr
impotient his expectations. A life of pleas
lose, the most unpleasing life in the world.

Habit has rendered the man of business a
his desires; he finds less regret for past ple
less solicitude for those to come. The life h
though tainted in some measure with hope
afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less
tween short-lived rapture and lasting
pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, n
has to expect cannot consequently create
riety.

The philosopher who extends his regard to all mankind, must have still a smaller concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affect himself: the concerns of others make his whole study, and that is his pleasure; and this pleasure is continuing in its nature, because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of those anxious intervals which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher, by this means, leads a life of almost continued dissipation: and reflection, which makes the uneasiness and misery of others, serves as companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional, and incapable of increase: misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he, therefore, is the most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or future. This is impossible to the man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is, in some measure, attainable by the philosopher. Happy, were we all born philosophers, all with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind! Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

Though the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for, not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity: not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese, would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest, this people seem fond of *sights and monsters*. I am told of a person here who

gets a very comfortable livelihood by making
and then selling or showing them the people fo
no matter how insignificant they were in the h
by locking them up close, and showing for mo
soon become prodigies. His first essay in this
to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure behin
door at a puppet-show. Thus, keeping the s
at a proper distance, and having his head ado
a copper crown, he looked extremely *natural*,
like the life itself. He continued the exhibi
success, till an involuntary fit of sneezing broug
life before all the spectators, and consequently
him, for that time, as entirely useless as the p
inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he ne
contributions under the figure of an Indian k
by painting his face, and counterfeing the sava
he frighted several ladies and children with
success. In this manner, therefore, he might h
very comfortably, had he not been arrested fo
that was contracted when he was the figure
work. Thus, his face underwent an involunta
tion, and he found himself reduced to his primit
plexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from gaol, he
grown wiser, and, instead of making himself a
was resolved only to make wonders. He le
art of pasting up mummies; was never at a lo
artificial *lusus naturæ*; nay, it has been repo
he has sold seven petrified lobsters, of his ow
facture, to a noted collector of rarities; but

ople paid their money only to see silk, but were high-satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into bargain. It was scarce necessary to mention, that projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had him, as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged hempen materials.

By their fondness for sights, one would be apt to ima-, that, instead of desiring to see things as they should they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ot not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, ugh never so useful; but if it has but two, and is sequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned timable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the tion. A man, though in his person faultless as an ut genius, might starve; but, if stuck over with hi- us warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for r: and he may propagate the breed with impunity applause.

good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred habit-maker, though she handled her needle tolerably s could scarcely get employment; but, being obliged, an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the ows, what would, in another country, been her ruin, e her fortune here: she now was thought more fit her trade than before; business flowed in apace, all the people paid for seeing the mantua-maker wrought without hands.

gentleman shewing me his collection of pictures, ped at one with peculiar admiration: There, cries is an inestimable piece. I gazed at the picture for time, but could see none of those graces with which ersons enraptured; it appeared to me the most pal- piece of the whole collection. I therefore demand- there those beauties lay, of which I was yet insen- Sir, cries he, the merit does not consist in the , but in the manner in which it was done: the ter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pen- tween his toes: I bought it at a very great price; rticular *merit should* be ever rewarded.

these people are not more fond of wonders, than *in rewarding those* who show them. From the *ful dog of knowledge*, at present under the pa- *of the nobility*, down to the man with the box,

who professes to *show the most imitation of nat*
ever was seen, they all live in luxury. A sin
man shall collect subscriptions in her own coach
a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a str
his toe to his nose: one, in particular, has fou
eating fire was the most ready way to live; and
who jingles several bells fixed to his cap, is
man that I know of who has received emolum
the labours of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and
was complaining to me, some nights ago, of thi
ced generosity of the times. Here, says he, hav
part of my youth in attempting to instruct and
fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been
poverty, and reproach; while a fellow posses
of the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who
haps, learned to whistle double, is rewarded,
ed, and caressed! Pr'ythee, young man, says
are you ignorant, that, in so large a city as thi
better to be an amusing than an useful member
ty? Can you leap up, and touch your feet fo
before you come to the ground? *No, Sir.*
pimp for a man of quality? *No, Sir.* Can y
upon two horses at full speed? *No, Sir.* Can y
low a pen-knife? *I can do none of these tricks.*
then, cried I, there is no other prudent means o
once left, but to apprize the town, that you
intend to eat up your own nose by subscription.

I have frequently regretted, that none of ou
posture-masters, or showmen, have ever ven
England. I should be pleased to see that mon
lute in Asia which is now sent to Italy and F
order to bring their vagabonds hither. Severa
tricks would undoubtedly give the English high
tion. Men of fashion would be greatly pleas
the postures, as well as the condescension, of
cing-girls; and ladies would equally admire
jurtors of our fire-works. What an agreeable
ould it be to see a huge fellow with whisker
charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face, wit
her hair, or melting her pomatum? Perha
first surprise was over, she might then grow

anger; and the ladies might vie with each other
ding fire with intrepidity.
, of all the wonders of the east, the most useful,
should fancy the most pleasing, would be the
g-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as
dy. It is said, that the emperor Chusi used to
his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in
those glasses every morning: while the lady was
toilet, he would frequently look over her shoul-
nd it is recorded, that among the three hundred
composed his seraglio, not one was found whose
was not even more beautiful than her person.
ake no doubt but a glass in this country would
he very same effect. The English ladies, concu-
and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures
aithful a monitor. There, should we happen to
ver a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be
see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride,
chery, nor a love of gadding. We should find
any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more
in rectifying it, than plastering up the irrepa-
ecays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy,
e ladies would find more real pleasure in this in
n private, than in any other bauble imported from
though never so expensive or amusing.

LETTER XLVI.

From the same.

finishing my last letter I retired to rest, reflect-
on the wonders of the glass of Lao, wishing to
ssed of one here, and resolved, in such a case,
ge every lady with a sight of it for nothing.
fortune denied me waking, fancy supplied in a
the glass, I know not how, was put into my
ion, and I could perceive several ladies approach-
me voluntary, other driven forward against their
y a set of discontented genii, whom, by intuition,
were their husbands.
partment in which I was to show away w
several gaming-tables, as if just for

the candles were burned to the socket, and the h
five o'clock in the morning.—Placed at one end
room, which was of a prodigious length, I cou
easily distinguish every female figure as she mar
from the door: but, guess my surprise, when
scarce perceive one blooming or agreeable fac
the number. This, however, I attributed to t
hour, and kindly considered, that the face of
just risen from bed ought always to find a compa
advocate.

The first person, who came up in order to v
intellectual face, was a commoner's wife, who,
terwards found, being bred, during her virgini
pawn-broker's shop, now attempted to make up
feets of breeding and sentiment by the magnifi
her dress, and the expensiveness of her amu
" Mr Showman, (cried she, approaching), I am
has something to show in *that there* sort of ma
tern, by which folks can see themselves on the i
protest, as my Lord Beetle says, I am sure it
vastly pretty, for I have never seen any thin
before. But how: Are we to strip off our clot
be turned inside out? if so, as Lord Beetle say
solutely declare off; for I would not strip for t
before a man's face; and so I *tells* his Lordshi
every night of my life." I informed the lad
would dispense with the ceremony of stripping,
mediately presented my glass to her view.

As when a first-rate beauty, after having, w
culty, escaped the small-pox, revisits her
mirror, that mirror which had repeated the fl
every lover, and even added force to the com
expecting to see what had so often given her
she no longer beholds the cherried lip, the polis
head, and speaking blush, but an hateful phiz
into a thousand seams by the hand of deformit
resentment, and rage, fill her bosom by tu
blames the fates and the stars; but, most of all
happy glass feels her resentment. So it was
lady in question: she had never seen her own
fore, and was now shocked at its deformity.
look was sufficient to satisfy her curiosity; V
glass to her face, and she shut her eyes; t

upon her to gaze once more: she was
snatch it from my hands, and break it in
eces. I found it was time, therefore, to
incorrigible, and show away to the next

a unmarried lady, who continued in a state
ll thirty-six, and then admitted a lover
paired of an husband. No woman was
evel than she, perfectly free-hearted, and
y respect a man; she understood ridicule
, and was once known even to sally out in
t the watch.——"Here you, my dear,
andish face, (said she, addressing me), let
gle peep. Not that I care three damns
may cut in the glass of such an old-fashioned
I am allowed the beauties of the face by
lion, I know the world will be complai-
o toss me the beauties of the mind into the
held my glass before her, as she desired
confess was shocked with the reflection.
wever, gazed for some time with the ut-
ency; and at last, turning to me, with the
smile, said, she never could think she had
handsome.
dismission, a lady of distinction was reluc-
l along to the glass by her husband. In
forward, as he came first to the glass him-
l appeared tinctured with immoderate jea-
was going to reproach him for using her
verity; but, when the lady came to present
mediately retracted; for, alas, it was
had but too much reason for his suspicions.
was a lady who usually teazed all her ac-
desiring to be told of her faults, and then
any. Upon approaching the glass, I could
ive vanity, affectation, and some other ill-
, on her mind; wherefore, by my advice,
ely set about mending. But I could easily
not earnest in the work; for as she repaired
side, they generally broke out on another
hree or four attempts, she began to make
se of the glass in settling her hair.

The company now made room for a woman
ing, who approached with a slow pace, and
countenance, which, for her own sake, I c
had been cleaner. "Sir, (cried the lady, flou
hand, which held a pinch of snuff), I shall
tured by having presented to my view a mind w
I have so long studied to be acquainted: but
to give the sex a proper example, I must insi
the company be permitted to look over my s
I bowed assent; and, presenting the glass, s
lady a mind by no means so fair as she had ex
see. Ill-nature, ill-placed pride, and spleen,
legible to be mistaken. Nothing could be mor
than the mirth of her female companions who
ed over. They had hated her from the begin
now the apartment echoed with an univers
Nothing but a fortitude like her's could have
their raillery: she stood it, however, and,
burst was exhausted, with great tranquillity s
the company, that the whole was a *deceptio v*
that she was too well acquainted with her ow
believe any false representations from anoth
saying, she retired with a sullen satisfaction
not to mend her faults, but to make a critici
mental reflector.

I must own, by this time I began myself t
the fidelity of my mirror; for as the ladies ap
least to have the merit of rising early, since
up at five, I was amazed to find nothing of this
lity pictured upon their minds in the reflector:
solved, therefore, to communicate my suspic
lady, whose intellectual countenance appeared
than any of the rest, not having above seventy-
in all, besides slips and foibles. "I own, y
man, (said I), that there are some virtues upon
of yours; but there is still one which I do n
presented; I mean that of rising betimes in the
I fancy the glass fails in that particular." T
lady smiled at my simplicity; and, with a b
fessed, that she and the whole company had
night gowning.

By this time, all the ladies except one ha
them successively, and disliked the show

owman: I was resolved, however, that she who
d to neglect herself, and was neglected by the rest,
take a view; and going up to a corner of the
where she still continued sitting, I presented my
ull in her face. Here it was that I exulted in my
s: no blot, nor stain, appeared on any part of
ithful mirror. As when the large unwritten page
ts its snowy spotless bosom to the writer's hand,
scared the glass to my view.—Here, O ye daugh-
f English ancestors, cried I, turn hither, and be
n object worthy imitation: look upon the mirror
and acknowledge its justice, and this woman's pre-
nce! The ladies, obeying the summons, came up
roup, and, looking on, acknowledged there was
truth in the picture, as the person now represent-
d been deaf, dumb, and a fool from her cradle.
s much of my dream I distinctly remember; the
as filled with chimeras, enchanted castles, and
dragons, as usual. As you, my dear Fum Hoam,
articularly versed in the interpretation of those
ght warnings, what pleasure should I find in your
nation? but that our distance prevents. I make
ubt, however, but that, from my description,
ill very much venerate the good qualities of the
h ladies in general, since dreams, you know, go
the contraries. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Lien Chi Altangi, to Hingpo, a Slave in Persia.

t last letter betrays a mind seemingly fund of
n, yet tempested by a thousand various passions.
would fondly persuade me, that my former lessons
fluence your conduct, and yet your mind seems
s enslaved than your body. Knowledge, wisdom,
ue, arts, and elegance, what are they but the
trappings of the mind, if they do not serve to in-
the happiness of the possessor? A mind rightly
ted *in the school* of philosophy acquires at once
ility of the oak, and the flexibility of the osier.

letter appears to be little more than a rhapsody of s
Confucius. Vid. the Latin translation.

The company now made room for a woman
ing, who approached with a slow pace, and
countenance, which, for her own sake, I
had been cleaner. "Sir, (cried the lady, flou
hand, which held a pinch of snuff), I shall
tured by having presented to my view a mind w
I have so long studied to be acquainted: but
to give the sex a proper example, I must insi
the company be permitted to look over my
I bowed assent; and, presenting the glass, s
lady a mind by no means so fair as she had ex
see. Ill-nature, ill-placed pride, and spleen,
legible to be mistaken. Nothing could be mor
than the mirth of her female companions who
ed over. They had hated her from the begin
now the apartment echoed with an univer
Nothing but a fortitude like her's could have
their raillery: she stood it, however, and,
thirst was exhausted, with great tranquillity s
the company, that the whole was a *deceptio*
that she was too well acquainted with her ow
believe any false representations from anoth
sassing, she retired with a sullen satisfaction
not to mend her faults, but to make a critic
mental reflector.

I must own, by this time I began myself
the fidelity of my mirror; for as the ladies ap
least to have the merit of rising early, since
up at five, I was amazed to find nothing of this
lity pictured upon their minds in the reflector;
solved, therefore, to communicate my suspic
lady, whose intellectual countenance appeared
than any of the rest, but having above seventy-
in all, besides slips and foibles. "I own, y
man, (said I), that there are some virtues upon
of yours; but there is still one which I do n
presented; I mean that of rising betimes in the
I fancy the glass false in that particular." T
lady smiled at my simplicity; and, with a b
fessed, that she and the whole company had
night gaming.

By this time, all the ladies except one ha
selves successively, and dislised the show

ry no blot, nor stain, apparent on any part of
thful mirror. As when the large convex glass
h its many sparkling beams to the writer's hand,
ured the glass to my view.—Blest, O ye daugh-
English ancestors, cried I, turn hither, and be-
object worthy imitation: look upon the mirror
d acknowledge its justice, and this woman's pro-
ce! The ladies, obeying the command, came up
rop, and, looking on, acknowledged there was
uth in the picture, as the person now represent-
from deaf, dumb, and a fool from her cradle.
much of my dream I distinctly remember; the
s filled with chimeras, enchanted castles, and
ragons, as usual. As you, my dear Fum Hoam,
ticularly versed in the interpretation of these
d warnings, what pleasure should I find in your
dom? but that our distance prevents. I dread
t, however, but that, from my description,
very much venerate the good qualities of the
ladies in general, since dreams, you know, go
e contraries. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

To Chi Altangi, to Hingpo, a Slave in Persia *.

his letter betrays a mind sometimes fond of

The truest manner of lessening our agonies i
from their pressure; is to confess that we fee
The fortitude of European sages is but a
where lies the merit in being insensible to the
fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility?
sensible, that arises only from a happy constit
is a blessing previously granted by Heaven,
no art can procure, no institution improve.
If we dissemble our feelings, we only arti
deavour to persuade others that we enjoy
which we actually do not possess. Thus, wi
deavour to appear happy, we feel at once all
of internal misery, and all the self-reproa
sciousness of endeavouring to deceive.
I know but of two sects of philosophers in
who have endeavoured to inculcate, that
but an imaginary virtue; I mean the followe
fucius, and those who profess the doctrines
All other sects teach pride under misfortunes;
teach humility. Night, says our Chinese p
not more surely follows day, than groans and
out of pain: when misfortunes therefore opp
tyrants threaten, it is our interest, it is ou
fly, even to dissipation, for support, to se
from friendship, to seek redress from that bes
who loved us into being.
Philosophers, my son, have long declaim
the passions, as being the source of all our
they are the source of all our misfortunes,
they are the source of all our pleasures too;
endeavour of our lives, and all the insti
philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissem
sence of passion, but to repel those which le
by those which direct to virtue.
The soul may be compared to a field of bat
wo armies are ready every moment to encou
a single vice but has a more powerful oppo
not one virtue but may be overborne by a co
of vices. Reason guides the hands of either
or subdue one passion but by the assista
Thus, as a bark, on every side
, enjoys a state of rest, so does the
ced by a just equipoise of the pa
ility.

used such means as my little fortune would ac-
rocure your freedom. I have lately written to
mor of Argun to pay your ransom, though at the
of all the wealth I brought with me from China.
come poor, we shall at least have the pleasure
ing poverty together; for what is fatigue or
when weighed against friendship and freedom?

LETTER XLVIII.

*on Chi Altangi to ***, Merchant in Amsterdam.*

NING some days ago to call at a painter's, to
yself in examining some pictures. (I had no de-
uy), it surprised me to see a young prince in a
-room, dressed in a painter's apron, and as-
y learning the trade. We instantly remembered
seen each other; and, after the usual compli-
I stood by, while he continued to paint on. As
ing done by the rich is praised, as princes here,
as in China, are never without followers, three
persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen,
laced behind, to comfort and applaud him at
roke.

I tell, that it struck me with very [illegible]
ns, "to see a youth, who, by his [illegible] life,
a his power to be useful to tho[illegible] let-
mind run to waste upon canv[illegible]me
ucying himself improving in taste[illegible] his
th proper decorum?"

eing an error, and attempting to redress it, are
e and the same with me, I took occasion, upon
ship's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll,
l for the frame of a picture, to assure him, that
tine of China thought a minute acquaintance
th mechanical trifles below his dignity.

reply raised the indignation of some, and the
of others: I could hear the names of Vandal,
polite arts, delicacy, and fire, repeated
of ridicule or resentment. But, considering
in vain to argue agai[illegible]e who had so

The truest manner of lessening our agonies is to sh
from their pressure: is to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of European sages is but a dream,
where lies the merit in being insensible to the strok
fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility? If we
sensible, that arises only from a happy constitution;
is a blessing previously granted by Heaven, and w
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from friendship, to seek redress from that best of fri
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the passions, as being the source of all our misc
they are the source of all our misfortunes, I own,
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endeavour of our lives, and all the institution
philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissemble an
sence of passion, but to repel those which lead to
by those which direct to virtue.

The soul may be compared to a field of battle, w
two armies are ready every moment to encounter
a single vice but has a more powerful opponent
not one virtue but may be overborne by a combi
of vices. Reason guides the hands of either host;
can it subdue one passion but by the assistance o
other. Thus, as a bark, on every side beset
storms, enjoys a state of rest, so does the mind,
influenced by a just equipoise of the passions, e
tranquillity.

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of others: I could hear the names of Vandal,
te, polite arts, delicacy, and fire, repeated
of ridicule or resentment. But, considering
s in vain to argue against people who had so

much to say, without contradicting them,
leave to repeat a fairy tale. This request
their laughter: but, not easily abashed at t
of boys, I persisted, observing, that it wou
absurdity of placing our affections upon tri
strongest point of view; and adding, that it
the moral would compensate for its stupid
Heaven's sake, cried the great man, washing
in water, let us have no morality at present;
have a story, let it be without any moral. I
not to hear, and, while he handled the brush,
as follows:

In the kingdom of Bonbobbin, which, by th
annal, appears to have flourished twenty thou
ago, there reigned a prince, endowed with eve
plishment which generally distinguishes the son
His beauty was brighter than the sun. Th
which he was nearly related, would sometim
course, in order to look down and admire him
His mind was not less perfect than his body;
all things without having ever read: phi
poets, and historians, submitted their works
cision; and so penetrating was he, that he
the merit of a book, by looking on the cover.
epic poems, tragedies, and pastorals, with
facility; song, epigram, or rebus, was all on
though, it is observed, he could never finish a
In short, the fairy who presided at his birth
dowed him with almost every perfection, or,
just the same, his subjects were ready to ack
he possessed them all; and for his own part,
nothing to the contrary. A prince so acc
received a name suitable to his merit; and he
ed *Bonbenin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet*, which sig
lightener of the Sun.

As he was very powerful, and yet unmarrie
neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance
sent his daughter, dressed out in the most magnifi
ner, and with the most sumptuous retinue *in*
in order to allure the prince; so that, at one
were seen at his court not less than seven hun
princesses, of exquisite sentiment and beauty
sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary

tracted in such a variety, the generous Bouhemn, he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to e choice of one, would very willingly have married n all, for none understood gallantry better. He nt numberless hours of solicitude in endeavouring to termine whom he should choose; one lady was pos- sed of every perfection, but he disliked her eye-brows; nother was brighter than the morning-star, but he dis- pproved her song whang; a third did not lay white nough on her cheek; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disap- pointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhoa, queen of the scarlet dragons.

The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, needs no description; both the one and the other were as great as they could be. The beautiful princess was conducted amidst admiring mul- titudes to the royal couch, where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, she was placed in ex- pectance of the youthful bridegroom, who did not keep her long in expectation. He came more cheerful than the morning, and imprinting on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to withdraw.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning, that, among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice, which being an harmless pastime, none of his courtiers thought pro- per to dissuade him from: he therefore kept a great variety of these pretty little animals in the most beauti- ful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he innocently spent four hours each day in contemplating their in- nocent little pastimes.

But, to proceed.—The prince and princess were now in bed; one with all the love and expectation, the other with all the modesty and fear, which is natural to sup- pose, both willing, yet afraid to begin; when the prince, happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a white mouse with green eyes, playing about the floor, and performing an hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and

upon this occasion. He sought round and r
room, even the bed where the princess lay w
empt from the inquiry: he turned the prince
one side and t' other, stripped her quite nake
mouse was to be found; the princess herself
enough to assist, but still to no purpose.

Alas, cried the young prince in an agony, how
am I to be thus disappointed! never sure was
ful an animal seen: I would give half my kin
my princess to him that would find it. The
though not much pleased with the latter part
fer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as s
she let him know that he had an hundred mice
which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy a
sopher like him. Though none of them had g
yet he should learn to thank Heaven that
eyes. She told him (for she was a profound
that incurable evils must be borne, and th
lamentations were vain, and that man was bo
fortunes: she even entreated him to return to
she would endeavour to lull him, on her bosо
pose; but still the prince continued inconsol
regarded her with a stern air, for which his fa

LETTER XLIX.

From the same.

Kings, continued I, at that time, were different from what they are now: they then never engaged their word for any thing which they did not rigorously intend to perform. This was the case of Bonbenin, who continued all night to lament his misfortunes to the princess, who echoed groan for groan. When morning came, he published an edict, offering half his kingdom and his princess to the person who should catch and bring him the white mouse with green eyes.

The edict was scarce published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese: numberless mice were taken and destroyed; but still the much wished-for mouse was not among the number. The privy council were assembled more than once to give their advice; but all their deliberations came to nothing; even though there were two complete vermin-killers, and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire; but though these promised well, though in them he received an assurance, that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes, yet, with all their loyalty, they failed, when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

The prince, therefore, was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lie two nights in one place, till he had found what he sought for. Thus, quitting his palace, without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, high over hills, and down along vales, still restless, still inquiring wherever he came; but no white mouse was to be found.

As one day, fatigued with his journey, he was shading himself from the heat of the mid-day sun under the arching branches of a banana tree, meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him: by her stoop, and *the wrinkles of her visage*, she seemed at least five hun-

dred years old; and the spotted toad was not more freckled than was her skin. "Ah! Prince Bonbenin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet, (cried the creature), what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom? what is it you look for, and what induces you to travel into the kingdom of Enmets?" The prince, who was excessively complaisant, told her the whole story three times over, for she was hard of hearing. Well, (says the old fairy, for such she was), I promise to put you in possession of the white mouse with green eyes, and that immediately too, upon one condition." "One condition (cried the prince, in a rapture), name a thousand; I shall undergo them all with pleasure." "Nay, interrupted the old fairy, I ask but one, and that not very mortifying neither; it is only that you instantly consent to marry me."

It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand: he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride: he hesitated; he desired time to think upon the proposal. He would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. "Nay, nay, (cried the odious fairy), if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man. Here, you my attendants, (cried she, stamping with her foot), let my machine be driven up: Barbacella, Queen of Enmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment."—She had no sooner spoken, than her fiery chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected, that now or never was the time to be possessed of the white mouse; and, quite forgetting his lawful princess Nanhoa, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry fairy. She affected an hideous leer of approbation, and taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was, to the last degree, desirous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. To confess a truth, my prince, (cried she), I myself am that very *white mouse* you saw on your wedding-night in the *royal* apartment. I now, therefore, give you the choice

whether you would have me a mouse by day, and a woman by night, or a mouse by night, and a woman by day." Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine; but at last thought it most prudent to have recourse to a blue cat that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently aroused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice; in fact, this cat was no other than the faithful Nanhoa herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

By her instructions he was determined in his choice; and, returning to the old fairy, prudently observed, that as she must have been sensible he had married her *only for the sake of what she had*, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would, for several reasons, be most convenient, if she continued a woman by day, and appeared a mouse by night.

The old fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply: the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusements; the gentlemen talked smut, and the ladies laughed, and were angry. At last the happy night drew near; the blue cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacella entered the chamber, wearing a train fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed to the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no fairy can break her word; wherefore, assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse in the world, she skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty playfellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing: he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable: it only began, for Nanhoa, who had long waited for the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly without remorse, and, *eating it up in the* hundredth part of a moment, *broke the charm*, and then resumed her natural figure.

The prince now found, that he had all
under the power of enchantment; that his
the white mouse was entirely fictitious, a
genuine complexion of his soul; he now sa
earnestness after mice was an illiberal amus
much more becoming a rat-catcher than a p
his meannesses now stared him in the face;
the discreet princess's pardon an hundred ti
princess very readily forgave him; and both
to their palace in Bonbobbin, lived very h
gether, and reigned many years, with all th
which, by the story, they appear to have be
ed of; perfectly convinced, by their former
that *they who place their affections on trifles,*
shall vanish, will find those trifles at last becom
serious concern. Adieu.

LETTER L.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, Fir
of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in

Ask an Englishman, What nation in the w
most freedom? and he immediately answer
Ask him in what that freedom principally co
he is instantly silent. This happy pre-emi
not arise from the people's enjoying a larg
legislation than elsewhere; for, in this
several states in Europe excel them; nor d
from a greater exemption from taxes, for fe
pay more: it does not proceed from thei
strength by fewer laws, for no people are bu
so many; nor does it particularly consist in
property for property, is pretty
in every polite state of Europe.

How then are the English more fr e (for m
certainly are) than the people of any oth
or under any other form of government what
freedom consists in their enjoying all the a
democracy, with this superior prerogative
from monarchy, that "the severity of w
be relaxed, without endangering the const

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an *effective* power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law, either towards the support or welfare of the community.

But, in all those governments where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked, without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law, in such a case, are those who prescribe it; by which means it loses not only its influence, but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. Thus, in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to law of their making, little less than the unfixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one, subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form an idea; here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people, at the same time, obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society. Several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions; others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

Scarce an Englishman who does not, almost every day of his life, offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming-houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and an hundred *other instances*, are formed and frequented. *Those prohibitions* are useful; thought it be prudent to

their magistrates, and happy for their people, tha
they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mer
cenary attempt to enforce them.

The law, in this case, like an indulgent parent, sta
keeps the rod, though the child is seldom correcte
Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormit
were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society,
endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume he
terrors, and punish those faults she had so often over
looked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the
laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys,
superior to others in a more popular government:
every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards
a democratic form, every diminution of the legal
authority, is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's free
dom: but every attempt to render the government more
popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will
at last dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last
only for a time: it grows rigid with age; new laws
are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the sub
jects are oppressed, burthened with a multiplicity of
legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect
redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state
can vindicate them into former liberty. Thus the people
of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real
freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than
they had experienced in the old age of the common
wealth, in which their laws were become numerous and
painful, in which new laws were every day enacting,
and the old ones executed with rigour. They even re
fused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon
an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually
found emperors the only means of softening the rigours
of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of
the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the
bending tamarisk; but should the people, at any time,
with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom,
and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their
privileges, they would be very much mistaken; since
every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would
only be made use of as a bribe to corruption: it would

the few who shared it among them, but would in
apoverish the public.
ie Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible
, became masters of the people, yet still flattered
ith a shew of freedom, while themselves were
re, so is it possible for a body of men, while they
p for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of
themselves, and the public become actually de-
, while some of its individuals only governed.
on, my friend, there should, in this country, ever
the throne, a king, who, through good nature or
uld give up the smallest part of his prerogative
eople, if there should come a minister of merit
ulurity——-——But I have room for no more.

LETTER LI.

From the same.

as yesterday seated at breakfast over a pensive
tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old
nd companion, who introduced a stranger, dress-
y much like himself. The gentleman made se-
ologies for his visit; begged of me to impute his
n to the sincerity of his respect, and the warmth
uriosity.
am very suspicious of my company, when I find
ry civil without any apparent reason, I answer-
tranger's caresses at first with reserve; which
nd perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's
d character, asking Mr Fudge whether he had
ablished any thing new? I now conjectured that
t was no other than a bookseller; and his answer
ed my suspicions.
cuse me, Sir, (says he), it is not the season; books
eir time as well as cucumbers. I would no more
t a new work in summer, than I would sell pork
og-days. Nothing in my way goes off in sum-
cept very light goods indeed. A review, a ma-
or a session's-paper, may amuse a summer-reа-
t all *our stock* of value we reserve for a spring,
er trade."—"I must confess, Sir, (says I), a

curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter perusal." "Sir, (replied the bookseller), it is not my way to cry up my own goods; but without exaggeration, I will venture to shew with any of the trade: my books at least have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunkmakers every season. I have ten new title pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar, but that is not my way: I always let the vulgar direct me; wherever popular clamour arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I instandy give orders to set him down in print a villain. Thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected." "But, Sir," interrupted I, "You speak as if you yourself wrote the books you publish; may I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications, which are shortly to surprise the world?"

"As to that, Sir, (replied the talkative bookseller) I only draw out the plans myself; and though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favour to ask, you shall see a few of the Here, Sir, here they are, diamonds of the first water assure you. Imprimis, a translation of several medi precepts for the use of such physicians as do not understand Latin. Item, the young clergyman's art of ing patches regularly, with a dissertation on the di manner of smiling, without distorting the face. the whole art of love made perfectly easy, by a of 'Change Alley. Item, the proper manner of black lead pencils, and making crayons, by the Hon. the Earl of * * *. Item, the master-me neal, or the review of reviews—" "Sir, (cried rupting him), my curiosity with regard to th is satisfied; I should be glad to see some long script, an history, or an epic poem." "Yes, the man of industry, "now you speak of you shall see an excellent farce. Here it it where you will, it will be found replete dern humour. Strokes, Sir; it is filled

wit and satire in every line." "Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes, (replied I), for I must confess I can see no other?" "And pray Sir, (returned he), what do you call them? Do you see any thing good now-a-days that is not filled with strokes—and dashes?—Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour. I bought, last season, a piece that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha ha's, three good things, and a garter; and yet it played off, and bounced and cracked, and made more sport than a fire-work." "I fancy, then, Sir, you were a considerable gainer?" "It must be owned the piece did pay; but, upon the whole, I must much boast of last winter's success: I gained by two murders, but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate, but the Infernal Guide brought me up again. Ah, Sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master, filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view, no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader's good-humour; he wisely considered, that moral and humour at the same time were quite overdoing the business." "To what purpose was the book then published?" (cried I). "Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after. Of all kinds of writing, that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

"I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics: close was the word, always very right, and very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument; yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his fault was for criticism; and, as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month, as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure: no merit could escape him: but what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk." "But are there not some works, (interrupted I), that, from the very consequence of their composition, must be exempt from criticism?

particularly such as profess to disregard
"There is no work whatsoever but he can criticise, (
plied the bookseller); even though you wrote in Ch
nese, he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you shou
take it into your head to publish a book, let it be
volume of Chinese letters for instance, write how y
will, he shall shew the world you could have writ
better. Should you, with the most local exactne
stick to the manners and customs of the country fr
whence you come; should you confine yourself to
narrow limits of eastern knowledge, and be perfec
simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the stron
reason to exclaim. He may, with a sneer, send you b
to China for readers. He may observe, that, after
first or second letter, the iteration of the same simpl
is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the
lic, in such a case, will anticipate his censures, and
you, with all your unInstructive simplicity, to be
ed at discretion."

"Yes, (cried I); but in order to avoid his indig
and, what I should fear more, that of the p
would, in such a case, write with all the know
was master of. As I am not possessed of suc
ing, at least I would not suppress what litth
nor would I appear more stupid than what na
me."—"Here then, (cried the bookseller),
have you entirely in our power; unnatural,
quite out of character; erroneously sensible
the whole cry; Sir, we should then hunt yo
Head of my father! (said I), su
ways; the door must either be shu
ther be natural or unnatu
itise you,

some ceremony, took his leave, and withdrew.

LETTER LII.

From the same.

other countries, my dear Fum Hoam, the rich are
nished by their dress. In Persia, China, and most
f Europe, those who are possessed of much gold
ver put some of it upon their clothes; but, in
nd, those who carry much upon their clothes are
ked for having but little in their pockets. A
ty outside is regarded as a badge of poverty, and
who can sit at home, and glote over their thou-
in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in
clothes.

he diversity of thinking from the rest of the world
ch prevails here, I was first at a loss to account for;
am since informed, that it was introduced between
m and their neighbours the French: who, whenever
y came, in order to pay those islanders a visit, were
nerally very well dressed, and very poor; daubed with
e, but all the gilding on the outside. By this means,
ced clothes have been brought so much into contempt,
hat at present even their mandarines are ashamed of
ery.

I must own myself a convert to English simplicity. I
n no more for ostentation of wealth than of learning:
e person who, in company, should pretend to be wiser
an others, I am apt to regard as illiterate and ill-
red; the person, whose clothes are extremely fine, I
n too apt to consider as not being possessed of any
periority of fortune, but resembling those Indians
o are found to wear all the gold they have in the
orld in a bob at the nose.

I was lately introduced into a company of the be
ssed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon
tering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur
their different dresses. That personage, thought I, in
e gold, must be some emperor's son; that in green
er, a prince of the blood; he in embroidered
, a prime minister; all first rate noblemen, I sup-

pose, and well-looking noblemen too. I sat
time with that uneasiness which conscious in
produces in the ingenuous mind, all attention
discourse. However, I found their conversati
vulgar than I could have expected from perso
such distinction; if these, thought I to myself, be
they are the most stupid princes I have ever c
with; yet still I continued to venerate their dr
dress has a kind of mechanical influence on the

My friend in black, indeed, did not behave
same deference, but contradicted the finest of the
the most peremptory tones of contempt. Bu
scarce time to wonder at the imprudence of his
when I found occasion to be equally surprised
absurdity of theirs; for, upon the entry of a
aged man, dressed in a cap, dirty shirt, and bu
whole circle seemed diminished of their former
tance, and contended who should be first to p
obeisance to the stranger. They somewhat rese
circle of Kalmucs offering incense to a bear.

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming
diction, I whispered my friend out of the ro
found that the august company consisted of no ot
a dancing-master, two fiddlers, and a third-rate a
assembled in order to make a set at country-da
the middle-aged gentleman whom I saw ente
squire from the country, and desirous of learn
new manner of footing, and smoothing up the ru
of his rural minuet.

I was now no longer surprised at the authorit
my friend assumed among them, nay, was e
pleased (pardon my eastern education) that he
kicked every creature of them down stairs.——"
(said I), shall a set of such paltry fellows dres
selves up like sons of kings, and claim even the tr
respect of half an hour? There should be some
restrain so manifest a breach of privilege; they
go from house to house, as in China, with the
ments of their profession strung round their nec
this means we might be able to distinguish t
them in a style of becoming contempt." "
friend, (replied my companion), were your
tion to take place, as dancing-masters and fi

none are more fashionable, none so sure of admirers: they are of such a nature, that the merest blockhead, by a proper use of them, shall have the reputation of a wit; they lie level to the meanest capacities, and address those passions which all have, or would be ashamed to disown.

It has been observed, and I believe with some truth, that it is very difficult for a dunce to obtain the reputation of a wit: yet, by the assistance of the figure *Bawdry*, this may be easily effected, and a bawdy blockhead often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions. Every object in nature helps the joke forward, without scarce an effort of the imagination. If a lady stands, something very good may be said upon that: if she happens to fall, with the help of a little fashionable pruriency, there are forty sly things ready on the occasion. But a prurient jest has always been found to give pleasure to a few very old gentlemen, who being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of the allusion with double violence on the organs of risibility.

An author who writes in this manner is generally sure, therefore, of having the very old and impotent among his admirers; for these he may properly be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward; his works being often a proper succedaneum to cantharides, or an assafœtida pill. His pen should be considered in the same light as the squirt of an apothecary, both being directed at the same generous end.

But though this manner of writing be perfectly adapted to the taste of gentlemen and ladies of fashion here, yet still it deserves greater praise in being suited to the most vulgar apprehensions. The very ladies and gentlemen of Benin or Caffraria are in this respect tolerably polite, and might relish a prurient joke of this kind with critical propriety; probably too, with higher gust, as they wear neither breeches nor petticoats to intercept the application.

It is certain I never could have expected the ladies here, biassed as they are by education, capable at once of bravely throwing off their prejudices, and not only applauding books, in which this figure makes the only wit, but *even adopting* it to their own conversation. Yet so it is, *the pretty innocents* now carry those books

openly in their hands, which formerly were hid under the cushion; they now lisp their double meanings with so much grace, and talk over the raptures they bestow with such little reserve, that I am sometimes reminded of a custom among the entertainers in China, who think it a piece of necessary breeding to whet the appetite of their guests, by letting them smell dinner in the kitchen before it is served up to table.

The veneration we have for many things entirely proceeds from their being carefully concealed. Were the idolatrous Tartar permitted to lift the veil which keeps his idol from view, it might be a certain method to cure his future superstition. With what a noble spirit of freedom, therefore, must that writer be possessed who bravely paints things as they are, who lifts the veil of modesty, who displays the most hidden recesses of the temple, and shows the erring people, that the object of their vow is either perhaps a mouse or a monkey!

However, though this figure be at present so much in fashion, though the professors of it are so much caressed by the great, those perfect judges of literary excellence, yet it is confessed to be only the revival of what was once fashionable here before. There was a time when, by this very manner of writing, the gentle Tom Durfey, as I read in English authors, acquired this great reputation, and became the favourite of a king.

The works of this original genius, though they never travelled abroad to China, and scarce have reached posterity at home, were once found upon every fashionable toilet, and made the subject of polite, I mean very polite, conversation. "Has your Grace seen Mr Durfey's last new thing, the Oylet Hole? A most facetious piece. Sure, my Lord, all the world must have seen it: Durfey is certainly the most comical creature alive. It is impossible to read his things, and live. Was there ever any thing so natural and pretty, as when the squire and Bridget meet in the cellar? and then the dilicultires they both find in broaching the beer-barrel, are so arch and so ingenious! We have certainly nothing of this kind in the language." In this manner they spoke then, and in this manner they speak now; for though the successor of Durfey does not *excel him in wit*, the world must confess he out-does him *in obscenity*.

There are several very dull fellows who, by a few mechanical helps, sometimes learn to become extremely brilliant and pleasing, with a little dexterity in the management of the eye-brows, fingers, and nose. By imitating a cat, a sow and pigs, by a loud laugh, and a slap on the shoulder, the most ignorant are furnished out for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs, or his attitudes, upon paper; he may borrow some assistance, indeed, by printing his face at the title page; but, without wit, to pass for a man of ingenuity, no other mechanical help but downright obscenity will suffice. By speaking to some peculiar sensations we are always sure of exciting laughter; for the jest does not lie in the writer, but in the subject.

But Bawdry is often helped on by another figure called *Perness*: and few, indeed, are found to excel in one that are not possessed of the other.

As, in common conversation, the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself, so, in writing, the properest manner is, to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity: in one page the author is to make them a low bow, in the next pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed, in order to dream for the solutions. He must speak of himself, and his chapters, and his manners, and what he would be at, and his own importance, and his mother's importance, with the most unpitying perplexity: now and then testifying his contempt for all but himself; smiling without a jest, and without wit possessing vivacity. Adieu.

LETTER LIV.

From the same.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the cares from duty. From this motive, I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be *sold*, am always a purchaser. In those places, *without being remarked* by any, I join in whatever

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my
and I lately went to gaze upon the company in
the public walks near the city. Here we sau
together for some time, either praising the bea
such as were handsome, or the dresses of such
nothing else to recommend them. We had go
deliberately forward for some time, when, st
on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbo
led me out of the public walk: I could perceive
quickness of his pace, and by his frequently look
hind, that he was attempting to avoid somebo
followed; we now turned to the right, then to th
as we went forward, he still went faster, but t
the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us t
every doubling, and gained upon us each mome
that, at last, we fairly stood still, resolving
what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with
familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dea
hone, (cries he, shaking my friend's hand), whe
you been hiding this half a century? Positively,
fancied you were gone down to cultivate mat
and your estate in the country." During the re
had an opportunity of surveying the appearance

There are several very dull fellows who, by a few mechanical helps, sometimes learn to become extremely brilliant and pleasing, with a little dexterity in the management of the eye brows, fingers, and nose. By imitating a cat, a sow and pigs, by a loud laugh, and a slap on the shoulder, the most ignorant are furnished out for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs, or his attitudes, upon paper: he may borrow some assistance, indeed, by printing his face at the title page; but, without wit, to personate a man of ingenuity, no other mechanical help but downright obscenity will suffice. By speaking to some of our dear sensations we are always sure of exciting laughter: for the jest does not lie in the writer, but in the subject.

But Bawdry is often helped on by another figure called *Pertness*: and few, indeed, are found to excel in one that are not possessed of the other.

As, in common conversation, the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself, so in writing, the properest manner is, to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with most perfect familiarity: in one page the author must make them a low bow, in the next pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then explain them, in order to divert or the solution. He must [illegible] himself, and his chapters, and sit down [illegible] would be at, and his own importance, and his own importance, with the most captivating gravity, and then testifying his contempt for all mankind by laughing without a jest, and without wit possessed himself. Adieu.

LETTER LIV.

To [illegible]

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am [illegible] pany, and take every opportunity of [illegible] the mind *from duty*. From this [illegible] *found in the* [illegible] *is to be* [illegible] *without being* [illegible]

goes forward, work my passions into a similitude v
frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condem
as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk, for
while, below its natural standard, is qualified for strong
er flights, as those first retire who would spring for-
ward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my frien
and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one o
the public walks near the city. Here we sauntere
together for some time, either praising the beauty o
such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as ha
nothing else to recommend them. We had gone th
deliberately forward for some time, when, stoppin
on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, an
led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by t
quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking b
hind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody w
followed; we now turned to the right, then to the lef
as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain
the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us throug
every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; s
that, at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to fac
what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the
familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Dy-
bone, (cries he, shaking my friend's hand), where have
you been hiding this half a century? Positively, I had
fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony
and your estate in the country." During the reply, I
had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our
new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar
smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round
his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bo-
som a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed
with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with
a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly
washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was
so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that
I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply,
in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his
clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha,
psha, Will, (cried the figure), no more of that, if you
love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do

(o be sure, an intimacy with the great will one's appearance, and a course of venison n; and yet, faith, I despise the great as you do; but there are a great many damned lows among them; and we must not quarrel half because the other wants weeding. If they uch as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-fellows that ever squeezed a lemon, I should among the number of their admirers. I was to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my there. Ned, says he to me; Ned, says he, gold to silver, I can tell where you were last night! Poaching, my Lord! says I; have missed already; for I staid at home, he girls poach for me. That's my way; I e woman as soon as animals do their prey; , and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my n, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your as much improved as your understanding in pany?" "Improved, (replied the other), you w, but let it go no farther,—a great secret— red a-year to begin with. My Lord's word for it. His Lordship took me down in his iot yesterday, and we had a tete-a-tete dinner ntry, where we talked of nothing else." "I a forget, Sir, (cried I), you told us but this f your dining yesterday in town." "Did I replied he, cooly), to be sure, if I said so, it Dined in town; egad now I do remember, I n town; but I dined in the country too; for know by boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, vn as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell sant affair about that; we were a select par- to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece; go no farther; a secret; well, there happened safœtida in the sauce to a turkey; upon which ll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first— Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me wn for a minute or two, or so, just till—But, sk me for it the next time we meet, or it may to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress, (cries my friend), is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family, whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bug-bear to fright the children into obedience."

LETTER LV.

From the same.

I AM apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance, whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed

s, who, by their manner of returning the compli-
appeared perfect strangers. At intervals, he
ut a pocket-book, seemin to take memorandums
all the company, with much importance and
ty. In this manner, he led me through the length
whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancy-
self laughed at, not less than him, by every spec-

n we were got to the end of our procession,
t me, (cries he, with an air of vivacity), I ne-
w the Park so thin in my life before; there's no
ny at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen."
ompany, (interrupted I, peevishly); no company
there is such a crowd? why, man, there's too
What are the thousands that have been laugh-
us but company?" "Lord, my dear, (returned he
he utmost good-humour), you seem immensely
ed; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me,
at the world, and so we are even. My Lord
Bill Squast the Creolian, and I, sometimes make
at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a
d things for the joke's sake. But I see you are
and, if you are for a fine grave sentimental com-
, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day, I
sist on't: I'll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a la-
s elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was
but that is between ourselves, under the inspec-
the Countess of Allnight. A charming body of
but no more of that, she shall give us a song.
hall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina
Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her
Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friend-
et it go no farther; she's but six years old, and
walks a minu t, and plays on the guitar im-
y already. I intend she shall be as perfect as
e in every accomplishment. In the first place,
ke her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself,
rm that language purposely to instruct her; but
be a secret."
saying, without waiting for a reply, he took
the arm, and hauled me along. We passed
many *dark alleys* and winding ways; for, from
otives to me unknown, he seemed to have a par-

ticular aversion to every frequented street: at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house, in the outlets of the town, where, he informed me, he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old creeking stair-case, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, Whether I delighted in prospects? to which answering in the affirmative, "Then (says he) I will show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country from twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and, knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, Wha's there? My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked, Where was her lady? "Good troth, (replied she, in a particular dialect), she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they hae taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts, (cries he, in a tone that faultered with confusion), what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough, (replied the other), she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations, (cried he), go and inform her we have got company. Were that scotch hag to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high *life*; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from *a parliament*-man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands

one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consistedof four chairs, with old-wrought bottoms, that, he assured me, were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner; a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without an head, were stuck over the chimney; and, round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it: 'tis my own face; and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her; for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille; but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the *horns*. "And, indeed, my dear, (added she, turning to her husband), his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack, (cries he), a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner: you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us, something elegant and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a—" "Or what do you think, my dear, (interrupts the wife), of a nice pretty bit of ox cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing, (replies he), it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us me-

lancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LETTER LVI.

From Fum Hoam to Altangi, the discontented Wanderer.

The distant sounds of music, that catch new sweetness as they vibrate through the long-drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear than the tidings of a far-distant friend.

I have just received two hundred of thy letters by the Russian caravan, descriptive of the manners of Europe. You have left it to geographers to determine the site of their mountains, and extent of their lakes, seeming only employed in discovering the genius, the government, and disposition of the people.

In those letters I perceive a journal of the operations of your mind upon whatever occurs, rather than a detail of your travels from one building to another; of your taking a draught of this ruin, or that obelisk; of paying so many tomans for this commodity, or laying up a proper store for the passage of some new wilderness.

From your accounts of Russia I learn, that this nation is again relaxing into pristine barbarity; that its great Emperor wanted a life of an hundred years more to bring about his vast design. A savage people may be resembled to their own forests; a few years are sufficient to clear away the obstructions to agriculture; but it requires many ere the ground acquires a proper degree of fertility: the Russians, attached to their ancient prejudices, again renew their hatred to strangers, and indulge every former brutal excess. So true it is, that the revolutions of wisdom are slow and difficult; the revolutions of folly or ambition precipitate and [illegible]. We are not to be astonished (says Confucius*), that the [illegible]

* Though this fine maxim be not found in the Latin collection of the morals of Confucius, yet we find it ascribed to him in [illegible] Compte. Etat present de la Chine. Vol. I. p. 333.

lowly in their road to virtue, than fools in
e to vice; since passion drags us along,
n only points out the way."
an empire, that remnant of the majesty of
e, appears, from your accounts, in the eve
n. The members of its vast body want
government to unite them, and seem feebly
r only by their respect for an ancient in-
The very name of country and countrymen,
ber nations, makes one of the strongest bonds
nt, has been here for some time laid aside,
habitants seeming more proud of being call-
petty state which gives him birth, than by
ll known title of German.
nment may be regarded in the light of a
er, and a feeble opponent. The states,
ow subject to the laws of the empire, are
g a proper occasion to fling off the yoke;
hich are become too powerful to be com-
edience, now begin to think of dictating in
The struggles in this state are, therefore,
to preserve, but to destroy, the ancient
if one succeeds, the government must be-
ic if the other, several states will subsist
nominal subordination; but, in either case,
constitution will be no more.
on the contrary, though now seemingly a
ertor of its liberties, is probably only bas-
despotism. Their senators, while they pre-
cate the freedom of the people, are only
their own independence. The deluded peo-
ever, at length perceive the miseries of an
l government; they will perceive, that the
n of a society of men is ever more painful
one only. They will fly from the most op-
ll forms, where one single member is capa-
lling the whole, to take refuge under the
h will ever be attentive to their complaints.
ong endure an aristocratical government,
uld apply elsewhere for redress. The low-
people may be enslaved for a time by a
rants, but upon the first opportunity, they
e a refuge in despotism or democracy.

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* Though this fine maxim be not found in the Latin edition of the Morals of Confucius, yet we find it ascribed to him by Father Le Compte. Etat present de la Chine. Vol. I. p. 343.

In England there are no such tribunals erected; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any choose to be critics, it is but saying they are critics; and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caitiff who aims at their instruction or entertainment.

As almost every member of society has, by this means, a vote in literary transactions, it is no way surprising to find the rich leading the way here, as in other concerns in life; to see them either bribing the numerous herd of voters by their interest, or brow-beating them by their authority.

A great man says at his table, that such a book *is no bad thing*: immediately the praise is carried off by five flatterers to be dispersed at twelve different coffee-houses, from whence it circulates, still improving as it proceeds, through forty-five houses, where cheaper liquors are sold; from thence it is carried away by the honest tradesman to his own fire-side, where the applause is easily caught up by his wife and children, who have been long taught to regard his judgment as the standard of perfection. Thus, when we have traced a wide-extended literary reputation up to its original source, we shall find it derived from some great man, who has, perhaps, received all his education and English from a tutor of Berne, or a dancing-master of Picardie.

The English are a people of good sense; and I am the more surprised to find them swayed in their opinions by men who often, from their very education are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature; they may, indeed, describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face? Few of them have been bred in that best of schools, the school of adversity; and, by what I can learn, few or still have been bred in any school at all.

From such a description, one would think that a drolling Duke, or a Dowager Duchess, was not possessed of *more just pretensions to taste* than persons of less quality;

and yet, whatever the one or the other may write or praise shall pass for perfection, without farther examination. A nobleman has but to take pen, ink, and paper, and write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page: though the whole might never have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed; title being alone equivalent to taste, imagination, and genius.

As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are, Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep? If he happens to be poor, and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into irremediable obscurity; and too late he finds, that having fed upon turtle is a more ready way to fame, than having digested Tully.

The poor devil against whom fashion has set its face vainly alleges, that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself: his works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded: he is treated like a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler, indeed, may, in such a case, console himself by thinking, that, while the other goes off with all the praises he runs away with all the money: but here the parallel drops; for, while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with—*Nothing*.

The poor, therefore, here, who draw their pens auxiliary to the laws of their country, must think themselves very happy if they find, not fame, but forgiveness: and yet they are hardly treated; for, as every country grows more polite, the press becomes more useful; and writers become more necessary, as readers are supposed to increase. In a polished society, that man, though low in rank, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the vicious is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans, bonzes, or guebres, though they preached never so

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From such descriptions, one would [illegible] ing Duke, or a Dowager Duchess [illegible] more just pretensions to taste than persons of [illegible]

[illegible] which here remained [illegible]

The thoughts of being introduced into a philosophers and learned men (for as such them) gave me no small pleasure. I expec entertainment would resemble those sentiment so finely described by Xenophon and Plato: pose, some Socrates would be brought in fro in order to harangue upon divine love; but, ing, and drinking, I had prepared myself to [illegible] in that particular. I was apprised and temperance were tenets strongly recomme professors of Christianity; and I had seen t and mortification of the priests of the east. expected an entertainment where we should reasoning, and little meat.

Upon being introduced, I confess I foun signs of mortification in the faces or persons [illegible] However, I imputed their florid lo countenance, and their corpulance to a sedent living. I saw several preparations indeed but none for philosophy. The company seem upon the table with silent expectation; but [illegible] observed. Men of wisdom, thought I, are o speech: they deliver nothing unadvisedly. S Confucius, *a friend that will never betray*. now probably inventing maxims or hard their mutual instruction, when some one shall ner to begin.

My curiosity was now wrought up to the hig I impatiently looked round, to see if any to interrupt the mighty pause; when at last company declared, that there was a sow in bourhood that farrowed fifteen pigs at a litte thought a very preposterous beginning; b another was going to second the remark, observed, which interrupted the conversatio time.

The appearance of dinner, which consisted of dishes, seemed to dilate new cheerfulness *face; so* that I now expected the philoso *versation to* begin, as they improved in go

The principal priest, however, opened his mouth with only observing, that the venison had not been kept enough, though he had given strict orders for having it killed ten days before. "I fear, (continued he), it will be found to want the true heathy flavour; you will find nothing of the original wildness in it." A priest, who sat next him, having smelt it, and wiped his nose, "Ah, my good lord, (cries he), you are too modest, it is perfectly fine; every body knows that nobody understands keeping venison with your lordship." "Ay and partridges too, (interrupted another); I never find them right any where else." His lordship was going to reply, when a third took off the attention of the company, by recommending the pig as inimitable. "I fancy, my lord, (continues he), it has been smothered in its own blood." "If it has been smothered in its own blood, (cries a facetious member, helping himself), we'll now smother it in egg-sauce." This poignant piece of humour produced a long loud laugh, which the facetious brother observing, and, now that he was in luck, willing to second his blow, assured the company he would tell them a good story about that: "As good a story, (cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself), as ever you heard in your lives. There was a farmer, of my parish, who used to sup upon wild ducks and flummery: so this farmer—*Doctor Marrowfat* (cries his lordship, interrupting him), *give me leave to drink your health*—so being fond of wild ducks and flummery—*Doctor*, (adds a gentleman who sat next him), *let me advise you to a wing of this turkey*; so this farmer being fond—*Hob, nob, Doctor, which do you choose, white or red?*—so being fond of wild ducks and flummery;—*take care of your hand, Sir, it may dip in the gravey.*"—The Doctor now, looking round, found not a single *eye* disposed to listen; wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappointment and the tale in a bumper.

The conversation now began to be little more than a rhapsody of exclamations; as each had pretty well satisfied his own appetite, he now found sufficient time to press others. "Excellent, the very thing; let me recommend the *pig*; *do* but taste the bacon; never eat a *better thing in my life*; exquisite, delicious." This edi-

fying discourse continued through three cours
lasted as many hours, till every one of the
were unable to swallow or utter any thing mo

It is very natural for men who are abridg
excess to break into some other. The clergy
ticularly those who are advanced in years,
they are abstemious with regard to women a
they may indulge their other appetites withou
Thus some are found to rise in the morning only
sultation with their cook about dinner; and,
has been swallowed, make no other use of th
ties, (if they have any), but to ruminate on th
ing meal.

A debauch in wine is even more pardonable
since one glass insensibly leads on to another
stead of sating, whets the appetite. The p
steps to it are cheerful and seducing; the gra
mated, the melancholy relieved; and there is e
authority to countenance the excess: but in ea
nature is once satisfied, every additional mo
stupidity and distempers with it; and, as on
own poets expresses it,

> The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
> To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.

Let me suppose, after such a meal as this I
describing, while all the company are sitting
gic silence round the table, grunting under
soup, pig, pork, and bacon; let me suppo
some hungry beggar, with looks of want,
through one of the windows, and thus addr
assembly: "Prithee, pluck those napkins f
chins; after nature is satisfied, all that you ca
traordinary is my property, and I claim it as
was given you in order to relieve me, and not
yourselves. How can they comfort or instr
who can scarce feel their own existence, ex
the unsavoury return of an ill-digested meal? B
neither you, nor the cushions you sit upon,
me, yet the world regards the excesses of
with a prying eye, and notes their conduct
severity." I know no other answer any b

pany could make to such an expostulation, but this: "Friend, you talk of our loosing a character, and being disliked by the world: well; and supposing all this to be true; what then! who cares for the world? We'll preach for the world, and the world will pay us for preaching, whether we like each other or not."

END OF VOLUME I.

Oliver & Boyd, Printers, Edinburgh.

THE

TIZEN OF THE WORLD,

OR,

LETTERS

FROM

A Chinese Philosopher,

Residing in London,

TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

By Dr GOLDSMITH.

VOLUME II.

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THE

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

LETTER LIX.

From Hingpo, to Lien Chi Altangi, by the way of Moscow.

You will probably be pleased to see my letter dated from Tercki, a city which lies beyond the bounds of the Persian empire. Here, blessed with security, with all that is dear, I double my raptures by communicating them to you: the mind sympathizing with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love, and praise.

Yet, were my own happiness all that inspired my present joy, my raptures might justly merit the imputation of self-interest; but when I think that the beautiful Zelis is also free, forgive my triumph when I boast of having rescued from captivity the most deserving object upon earth.

You remember the reluctance she testified at being obliged to marry the tyrant she hated. Her compliance at last was only feigned, in order to gain time to try some future means of escape. During the interval between her promise and the intended performance of it, she came, undiscovered, one evening to the place where I generally retired after the fatigues of the day; her appearance was like that of an aërial genius, when it descends to minister comfort to undeserved distress: the mild lustre of her eye served to banish my timidity; her accents were sweeter than the echo of some distant symphony. "Unhappy stranger, (said she, in the Persian language), you here perceive one more wretched than thyself; all this solemnity of preparation, this elegance of dress, and the number of my attendants, serve but to *increase my miseries*: if you have courage to rescue an *unhappy woman from* approaching ruin, and our detested tyrant, *you may* depend upon my future gratitude." *I bowed to the ground*, and she left me filled with rap-

this uncertainty the evening again arrived
myself in my former station, in hopes of a
After some short expectation, the bright
gain appeared; I bowed, as before, to the
raising me up, she observed that time was
in useless ceremony; she observed that the
was appointed for the celebration of her
that something was to be done that very
mutual deliverance. I offered, with the
ty, to pursue whatever scheme she should
which she proposed that instant to scale th
adding, that she had prevailed upon a fem
was now waiting at the appointed place
with a ladder.

Pursuant to this information, I led he
the place appointed; but, instead of the
pected to see, Mostadad himself was there
arrival: the wretch in whom we confided,
betrayed our design to her master, and h
most convincing proofs of her information
going to draw his sabre, when a princip
repressed his fury, and he resolved, after
tisement, to dispose of me to another m
mean time, ordering me to be confined in
manner, and the next day to receive an h
on the soles of my feet.

When the morning came, I was led ou

women's apartment, where Zelis was confined, dress-
ut for the intended nuptials. I bade her follow me
out delay; and, going forward, cut my way through
uchs, who made but a faint resistance. The whole
was now a scene of conflagration and terror; every
on was willing to save himself, unmindful of others.
his confusion, seizing upon two of the fleetest cour-
in the stables of Mostadad, we fled northward to-
ds the kingdom of Circassia. As there were several
rs flying in the same manner, we passed without
ce, and in three days arrived at Terki, a city that
in a valley, within the bosom of the frowning moun-
s of Caucasus.

ere, free from every apprehension of danger, we
y all those satisfactions which are consistent with
e: though I find my heart, at intervals, give way
usual passions; yet such is my admiration of my
companion, that I lose even tenderness in distant
ct. Though her person demands particular regard,
among the beauties of Circassia, yet is her mind
more lovely. How very different is a woman, who
has cultivated her understanding, and been refined
delicacy of sentiment, from the daughters of the
, whose education is only formed to improve the
on, and make them more tempting objects of pro-
tion! Adieu.

LETTER LX.

n Hingpo to Lien Chi Altangi, by the way of Moscow.

EN sufficiently refreshed after the fatigues of our
pitate flight, my curiosity, which had been restrain-
the appearance of immediate danger, now began
ive; I longed to know by what distressful acci-
my fair fugitive became a captive, and could not
testifying a surprise, how so much beauty could
volved in the calamities from whence she had been
ly rescued.

t not of personal charms, cried she with emotion,
e them I owe every misfortune. Look round on
eerless beauties of the country where we are,
how Nature has poured its charms upon every

I perceive you desire to know my story, a
curiosity is not so great as my impatience to g
I find a pleasure in telling past misfortunes to a
when my deliverer is pleased with the rela
pleasure is prompted by duty.

" * I was born in a country far to the wes
the men are braver, and the women more f
those of Circassia; where the valour of the ha
ded by wisdom, and where delicacy of sentime
the shafts of female beauty. I was the only da
an officer in the army, the child of his age, a
used fondly to express it, the only chain th
him to the world, or made his life pleasing.
tion procured him an acquaintance with men
rank and fortune than himself; and his regar
induced him to bring me into every family whe
acquainted: thus I was early taught all the
and fashionable foibles of such as the world ca
and, though without fortune myself, was tau
spise those who lived as if they were poor.

" My intercourse with the great, and my o
of grandeur, procured me many lovers; but
fortune deterred them all from any other vi
those of passing the present moment agreeab
meditating my future ruin. In every company
myself addressed in a warmer strain of pas
other ladies who were superior in point of

Designing lovers, in the decline of life, are ever dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of the hey seize each favourable opportunity, and, by g less passion than youthful admirers, have less espect, and therefore less timidity. This insidious h used a thousand arts to succeed in his base de- all which I saw, but imputed to different views, se I thought it absurd to believe the real motives. s he continued to frequent my father's, the friend- etween them became every day greater; and at rom the intimacy with which he was received, I ught to look upon him as a guardian and a friend. h I never loved, yet I esteemed him; and this ough to make me wish for an union, for which he d desirous, but to which he feigned several delays; in the mean time, from a false report of our be- rried, every other admirer forsook me.

was at last, however, awakened from the delu- by an account of his being just married to another lady with a considerable fortune. This was no mortification to me, as I had always regarded erely from prudential motives; but it had a very nt effect upon my father, who, rash and passion- nature, and, besides, stimulated by a mistaken of military honour, upbraided his friend in such that a challenge was soon given and accepted.

t was about midnight when I was awakened by a e from my father, who desired to see me that t. I rose with some surprise, and, following the ger, attended only by another servant, came to a ot far from the house, where I found him, the r of my honour, my only friend and supporter, or and companion of my youth, lying on one side, d over with blood, and just expiring. No tears ed down my cheeks, nor sigh escaped from my at an object of such terror. I sat down, and, ing his aged head in my lap, gazed upon the visage with an agony more poignant even than ing madness. The servants were gone for more ce. In this gloomy stillness of the night, no were heard but his agonizing respirations; no s presented but his wounds, which still conti- stream. With silent anguish I hung over his

dear face, and, with my hands, strove
as it flowed from his wounds. He see
sible; but, at last, turning his dyin
" My dear, dear child, (cried he),
have forgotten your own honour, and
will yet forgive you; by abandoning
undone me and yourself; yet take my
the same compassion I wish Heaven
He expired: all my succeeding happi
Reflecting that I was the cause of his
I loved upon earth; accused of betray
his family with his latest breath; con
innocence, yet without even a possibil
it; without fortune or friends to rel
abandoned to infamy and the wide re
called out upon the dead body that la
me, and, in the agony of my heart, wi
have left me thus? Why, my dear, m
could you ruin me thus, and yourself
and return, since there is none but you

" I soon found that I had real cause
I was to expect no compassion from
assistance from the other; and that rep
more useful in our commerce with ma
to deserve it. Wherever I came, I
received either with contempt or detes
ever I was civilly treated, it was fro
and ungenerous motives.

" Thus driven from the society of th
at last, in order to dispel the anxieties
solitude, obliged to take up with the
whose characters were blasted like m
perhaps deserved their infamy. Am
was a lady of the first distinction, wh
public thought proper to brand even
fame than mine. A similitude of dis
us: I knew that general reproach had
rable; and I had learned to regard mi
for guilt. Though this lady had not
avoid reproach, yet she had too much
lity not to feel it. She therefore prop
the country where we were born, and
Italy, where our characters and misf

unknown. With this I eagerly complied; and we soon found ourselves in one of the most charming retreats in the most beautiful province of that enchanting country.

"Had my companion chosen this as a retreat for injured virtue, an harbour where we might look with tranquillity on the distant angry world, I should have been happy; but very different was her design; she had pitched upon this situation only to enjoy those pleasures in private which she had not sufficient effrontery to satisfy in a more open manner. A nearer acquaintance soon shewed me the vicious part of her character; her mind, as well as her body, seemed formed only for pleasure; she was sentimental only as it served to protract the immediate enjoyment. Formed for society alone, she spoke infinitely better than she wrote, and wrote infinitely better than she lived. A person devoted to pleasure often leads the most miserable life imaginable. Such was her case: she considered the natural moments of languor as insupportable; passed all her hours between rapture and anxiety; ever in an extreme of agony or of bliss. She felt a pain as sincere for want of appetite, as the starving wretch who wants a meal. In those intervals she usually kept her bed, and rose only when in expectation of some new enjoyment. The luxuriant air of the country, the romantic situation of her palace, and the genius of a people whose only happiness lies in sensual refinement, all contributed to banish the remembrance of her native country.

"But though such a life gave her pleasure, it had a very different effect upon me: I grew every day more pensive, and my melancholy was regarded as an insult upon her good-humour. I now perceived myself entirely unfit for all society: discarded from the good, and detesting the infamous, I seemed in a state of war with every rank of people: that virtue which should have been my protection in the world, was here my crime. In short, detesting life, I was determined to become a recluse, to leave a world where I found no pleasure that could allure me to stay. Thus determined, I embarked, in order to go by sea to Rome, where I intended to take the veil. But, even in so short a passage, my hard fortune still attended me: our ship was taken by a Barbary corsair; the whole crew, and I

among the number, being made slaves. It carr
much the air of romance to inform you of my di
or obstinacy in this miserable state: it is enough
serve, that I have been bought by several masters
of whom, perceiving my reluctance, rather th
violence, sold me to another, till it was my hap
to be at last rescued by you."

Thus ended her relation, which I have abr
but as soon as we are arrived at Moscow, for wh
intend to set out shortly, you shall be informed
more particularly. In the mean time, the great
dition to my happiness will be to hear of yours.

LETTER LXI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo.

The news of your freedom lifts the load of
anxiety from my mind: I can now think of
without regret, applaud his resignation under cal
and his conduct in extricating himself from it.

"You are now free, just let loose from the bo
of an hard master." This is the crisis of your
and, as you now manage fortune, succeeding lif
be marked with happiness or misery. A few
perseverance in prudence, which, at your age,
another name for virtue, will insure comfort, ple
tranquillity, and esteem: too eager an enjoym
every good that now offers will reverse the meda
present you with poverty, anxiety, remorse, an
tempt.

As it has been observed, that none are better qu
to give others advice than those who have take
least of it themselves, so, in this respect, I find
perfectly authorised to offer mine, even though I
wave my paternal authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men, who ha
resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend'
vice, and follow it for some time; then to ask
of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unst
always changing. However, be assured, that
change of this nature is for the worse: people ma
you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupati

t hired them not. Whatever employment you
with perseverance and assiduity will be found
ou; it will be your support in youth, and com-
ge. In learning the useful part of every pro-
very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the
a little balanced with stupidity, it may, in this
useful. Great abilities have always been less
ble to the possessors than moderate ones. Life
compared to a race; but the allusion still im-
by observing, that the most swift are ever the
nageable.
ow one profession only, is enough for one man
; and this (whatever the professors may tell
the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented,
e, with one good employment; for if you under-
o at a time, people will give you business in

njuror and a tailor once happened to converse
. Alas! cries the tailor, what an unhappy poor
am I! If people should ever take it in their
live without clothes, I am undone; I have no
ade to have recourse to. Indeed, friend, I pity
erely, replies the conjuror; but, thank Heaven,
re not quite so bad with me; for if one trick
ail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet.
r, if at any time you are reduced to beggary,
o me, and I will relieve you. A famine over-
the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because
omers could not be without clothes; but the
njuror, with all his hundred tricks, could find
at had money to throw away: it was in vain
promised to eat fire, or to vomit pigs; no single
would relieve him, till at last he was obliged
from the very tailor whose calling he had for-
spised.
are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than
d resentment. If you must resent injuries at
ast suppress your indignation until you become
d then show away: the resentment of a poor
like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it
t him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who
but anger which is consumed only in empty me-

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a
side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always
tremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If
other animal, without the least design to offend,
pened to pass that way, the goose was immediate
him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she w
maintain a right in it, and support her honour, w
she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In
manner, she drove away ducks, pigs, and chick
nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper.
lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by,
thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the w
as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him
a fury, picked at him with her beak, and flapped
with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had tw
times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressin
indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox
thee (cries he) for a fool; sure those who have ne
strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be c
that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get
head snapt off; but it can neither injure thy ene
nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forwa
the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose,
followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is,
while they are willing to take offence from none, the
also equally desirous of giving no offence. From
they endeavour to please all; comply with ever
quest; attempt to suit themselves to every comp
have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch
contiguous impression. By thus attempting to
universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves
sorably disappointed. To bring the generality o
mirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleas
very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to fin
piece that should please the whole world. W
therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his w
skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public
ket-place, with directions at the bottom for every
tator to mark, with a brush that lay by, every fau
feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators c
and in general applauded; but each, willing to

talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought per. At evening, when the painter came, he was tified to find the whole picture one universal blot! a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks lisapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the l day he was resolved to try them in a different man- ; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that y spectator would mark those beauties he approved dmired. The people complied; and the artist re- ing, found his picture replete with the marks of ity; every stroke that had been yesterday con- ned now received the character of approbation. Well, (cries the painter), I now find, that the best to please one half of the world, is not to mind what other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of , shall be by those regarded as beauties." Adieu.

LETTER LXII.

From the same.

HARACTER such as you have represented that of fair companion, which continues virtuous though ed with infamy, is truly great. Many regard virtue, use it is attended with applause; your favourite, for the internal pleasure it contains. I have often ed that ladies like her were proposed as models emale imitation, and not such as acquired fame by lties repugnant to the natural softness of her sex. omen famed for their valour, their skill in politics, eir learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more on a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club ercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl listaff.

e modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful on, are much more serviceable in life than petti- d philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago s. She who makes her husband and her children

to murder mankind with shafts from their qui
their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not mat
formed for great cares themselves, but to soften
Their tenderness is the proper reward for the d
we undergo for their preservation; and the ea
cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable r
from the fatigues of intense application. The
confined within the narrow limits of domestic assi
and, when they stray beyond them, they move b
their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dis
among the female sex. Those who least deserved
remembered meet our admiration and applause;
many who have been an honour to humanity are
over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a st
instance of misplaced fame than the present; the
ramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talk
while a modern character, infinitely greater than
is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowina*, born near Derpat, a
city of Livonia, was heir to no other inheritanc
the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her
being dead, she lived with her aged mother in
cottage covered with straw; and both, though
poor, were very contented. Here, retired fro
gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands sh
ported her parent, who was now incapable of su
ing herself. While Catharina spun, the old
would sit by and read some book of devotion.
when the fatigues of the day were over, both wo
down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the
meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of
tion, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed up
mind; her mother taught her to read, and an
theran minister instructed her in the maxims and
of religion. Nature had furnished her not only
ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only
strong, but a right understanding. Such truly
accomplishments procured her several solicitat

* This account seems to be taken from the manuscript
of Sir. Spelman, Esq.

marriage from the peasants of the country, but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died: she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling, in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of the family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance: upon his appearing the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

knighthood, and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret; regretted by all. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In every letter I expect accounts of some new revolutions in China, some strange occurrence in the state, or disaster among my private acquaintance. I open every packet with tremulous expectation, and am agreeably disappointed, when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity. I wonder, but they are at rest: they suffer few changes but what pass in my own restless imagination: it is only the rapidity of my own motion gives an imaginary swiftness to objects which are in some measure immoveable.

Yet believe me, my friend, that even China itself is imperceptibly degenerating from her ancient greatness: her laws are now more venal, and her merchants are more deceitful than formerly; the very arts and sciences have run to decay. Observe the carvings on our ancient bridges; figures that add grace even to nature. There is not an artist now, in all the empire, that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain, too, are inferior to what we once were famous for, and even Europe now begins to excel us. There was a time, when China was the receptacle for strangers, when all were welcome, who either came to improve the state or admire its greatness: now, the empire is shut up from every foreign improvement; and the very inhabitants discourage each other from prosecuting their own internal advantages.

Whence this degeneracy in a state so little subject to external revolutions? How happens it that China, which is now more powerful than ever, which is less subject to foreign invasions, and even assisted in some measure by her connexions with Europe; whence comes it, I say, that the empire is thus declining into barbarity? This decay is surely from nature, and not from a period of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two

e had been hitherto poor, but still was free: she
ow to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it
to be a slave. In this situation, however, she
ved with piety and humility; and, though misfor-
had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful.
fame of her merit and resignation reached even
ce Menzikoff, the Russian general: he desired to
er. was struck with her beauty, bought her from
oldier her master, and placed her under the direc-
of his own sister. Here she was treated with all
espect which her merit deserved, while her beauty
day improved with her good fortune.
e had not been long in this situation, when Peter
reat paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened
me in with some dry fruits, which she served round
peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and
truck with her beauty.—He returned the next day,
l for the beautiful slave, asked her several ques-
and found her understanding even more perfect
her person.
had been forced, when young, to marry from mo-
of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant
s own inclinations. He immediately inquired the
ry of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen.
raced her through the vale of obscurity, through
e vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly
in them all. The meanness of her birth was no
uction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized
ivate; the prince assuring his courtiers that virtue
was the properest ladder to a throne.
now see Catharina, from the low mud-walled
ge, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth.
poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thou-
, who find happiness in her smile. She who for-
wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty
whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part
s pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.
ever after retained those great qualities which
laced her on a throne; and while the extraordinary
r, her husband, laboured for the reformation of
is subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improve-
of her own sex. She altered their dresses, intro-
mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female

itself over the whole world, and, at anoth
kind wrapped up in the profoundest ignora

Such has been the situation of things in
and such probably it will ever be. China,
served, has evidently begun to degenerate fro
politeness; and were the learning of the E
present candidly considered, the decline wo
appear to have already taken place. We
among the natives of the west, the study
displaced for mathematical disquisition, or u
subtleties. We should find learning begin
from the useful duties and concerns of life;
ventured to aspire after that character bu
knew much more than is truly amusing or
should find every great attempt suppressed b
and the rapturous sublimity in writing coole
tious fear of offence. We should find few of
spirits who bravely venture to be wrong, i
willing to hazard much for the sake of gr
tions. Providence has indulged the world w
of almost four hundred years refinement;
now, by degrees, sink us into our former
leaving us only the love of wisdom, while it
of its advantages? Adieu.

jects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in a battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be considered as equivalent to his estate. In short, while an European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehensions of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favours. A person already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep, before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station, as well as in his public capacity; and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good, then, does an addition to a fortune, already sufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives, or eat two dinners, then, indeed, he might be excused for undergoing some pain, in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

I intend, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion; I look upon them as a set of good-natured misguided people, *who are* indebted to us, and not to themselves, *for all the happiness* they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous load of finery: for our pleasure the lacqueyed train

the slow parading pageant, with all the g
deur, moves in review; a single coat, o
man, answers all the purposes of the mo
finement as well; and those who have
said to keep one for their own pleasure,
nineteen merely for ours. So true is the
Confucius, That we take greater pain
others that we are happy, than in endeavo
so ourselves.

But though this desire of being seen,
the subject of discourse, and of supportin
of an exalted station, be troublesome eno
bitious, yet it is well for society that ther
willing to exchange ease and safety for
ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity;
he unkind to endeavour to deprive a chil
If a duke or a duchess are willing to carr
for our entertainment, so much the worse f
if they choose to exhibit in public with a
queys and mamelukes in their equipage
tainment, still so much the worse for th
the spectators alone who give and receive
they only the sweating figures that swell t

A mandarine, who took much pride in a
a number of jewels on every part of his r
accosted by an old sly bonze, who, follow
several streets, and bowing often to the gr
him for his jewels. What does the man
the mandarine; friend, I never gave th
jewels. No, replied the other; but you
look at them, and that is all the use you
them yourself; so there is no difference be
cept that you have the trouble of watchi
that is an employment I don't much desire

LETTER LXV.

From the same.

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pagea
I am generally pleased with being in the
sees it: it is amusing to observe the effect
spectacle has upon the variety of faces, v

in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it
n all. With this design, I lately went to see the
f a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in
h, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnest-
ion the most frivolous objects, and participate
hile the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.
ailing here for some time, in order to be first to
cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd
ly happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it
a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to
ard with the main body, and obliged to fall
the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a
or of the show myself, I was at least willing to
the spectators, and limped behind, like one of
alids who follow the march of an army.
is plight, as I was considering the eagerness that
ed in every face, how some bustled to get fore-
and others contented themselves with taking a
t peep when they could; how some praised the
ness servants that were stuck behind one of the
ges, and some the ribbons that decorated the
necks in another; my attention was called off to
ct more extraordinary than any I had yet seen:
cobler sat in his stall by the way side, and con-
to work while the crowd passed by, without tes-
the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want
ation excited mine; and as I stood in need of his
ice, I thought it best to employ a philosophic
on this occasion: perceiving my business, there-
e desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe
up, and began to mend it, with his usual indiffe-
and taciturnity.
ow, my friend, (said I to him), can you continue
k, while all those fine things are passing by your
" Very fine they are, master, (returned the
, for those that like them, to be sure; but what
those fine things to me? You don't know what
be a cobler, and so much the better for yourself.
read is baked; you may go and see sights the
day, and eat a warm supper when you come
night; but for me, if I should run hunting after
fine folk, what should I get by my journey but
ettle? and, God help me, I have too much of

friends I have in this world, nobody else w
friend, because I want a friend. The great
saw pass by just now have five hundred friend
they have no occasion for them; now, while
my good friends here, I am very contented;
I ever so little run after sights and fine thing
to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no
mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my cu
know more of a man whom nature had thus fo
a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led hi
history of his adventures: "I have lived (
wandering life, now five-and-fifty years, her
and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfort
I was young, to be fond of changing." "
been a traveller then, I presume?" interrupte
can't boast much of travelling, (continued
have never left the parish in which I was born
times in my life, that I can remember; but
is not a street in the whole neighbourhood th
not lived in at some time or another. Whe
to settle and take to my business in one street,
foreseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my
where, has removed me, perhaps a whole n
from my former customers, while some more
bler would come into my place, and make a
fortune among friends of my making: there w

y to thrive in the world was to save money; so, our incomings were but three shillings a-week, ever she could lay her hands upon she used to ay from me, though we were obliged to starve le week after for it.

e first three years we used to quarrel about this y, and I always got the better; but she had a rit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was al- ryed to death. Her conduct drove me at last in o the ale-house; here I used to sit, with people ed home like myself, drank while I had money run in score when any body would trust me; st the landlady coming one day with a long bill, was from home, and putting it into my wife's he length of it effectually broke her heart. I the whole stall, after she was dead, for mo- it she had hidden it so effectually, that, with all s, I could never find a farthing."

is time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the ist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides information, I took my leave, and returned lengthen out the amusement his conversation af- by communicating it to my friend. Adieu.

LETTER LXVI.

ien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

OSITY, properly applied, will supply every xternal advantage in life, but the love of those erse with; it will procure esteem, and a con- embling real affection; but actual love is the eous production of the mind; no generosity can e, no rewards increase, no liberality continue it: person who is obliged has it not in his power his lingering affections upon the object he should d voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

ted fortune and well-placed liberality may pro- benefactor good will, may load the person ob- h the *sense of the* duty he lies under to reta- *is is gratitude*; and simple gratitude, untine-

turned with love, to all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for former benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns, we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits wear a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgement of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind; proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love, without exulting in our choice, while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have in some measure forfeited our freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same breast, without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase, we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to tenderness.

In all our connexions with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to *make the* obligation seem as slight as possible; love *must be* taken by stratagem, and not by open assault; we *should* seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the *mind* at full liberty to give or refuse its affections.

may, indeed, leave the receiver still grateful,
certainly produce disgust.
ocure gratitude be your only aim, there is no
n making the acquisition; a benefit conferred
just acknowledgment, and we have a right
on our due.
were much more prudent to forego our right
n occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for
receive but little advantage from repeated
ns of gratitude; but they cost him very much
n we exact them in return: exacting a grate-
wledgment, is demanding a debt by which the
not advantaged, and the debtor pays with
.
ius the philosopher was travelling in the
wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a
ountain, remote from the habitations of men.
he was straying, while rain and thunder con-
make solitude still more hideous, he perceived
cell, and, approaching, asked for shelter:
(cries the hermit, in a severe tone); men de-
to be obliged; but it would be imitating their
e to treat them as they deserve. Come in;
of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the
irtue."
frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea,
ould not repress his curiosity to know what by the
d retired from mankind, the actions of whom
truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the
an, (cries the hermit with indignation); here
e retired from a base ungrateful world; here,
beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers;
is a generous enemy, and the dug a faithful
ut man, base man, can poison the bowl, and
le he presents it." "You have been used ill
nd?" interrupted the philosopher, shrewdly.—
returned the hermit); on mankind I have ex-
y whole fortune; and this staff, and that cup,
roots, are all that I have in return." "Did
e your fortune, or did you only lend it?" re-
nius. "I bestowed it undoubtedly, (replied
for where were the merit of being a money-
Did they ever own they received it?" still

adds the philosopher. "A thousand times, (cries the hermit); they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude for obligations received, and solicitations for future favours." "If, then, (says Mentius, smiling) you did not lend your fortune in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude: they owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour by frequently acknowledging the obligation." The hermit was struck with the reply; and surveying his guest with emotion, "I have heard of the great Mentius, and you certainly are the man. I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom: take me back to the school of man, and educate me, as one of the most ignorant and the youngest of your disciples!"

Indeed, my son, it is better to have friends in our passage through life, than grateful dependants; and love is a more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude, once refused, can never after be recovered. The mind that is base enough to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new-acquired freedom, and, in some measure, is pleased with conscious baseness.

Very different is the situation of disagreeing friends, their separation produces a mutual uneasiness: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once more desire their former union; the joys of both are imperfect: their gayest moments tinctured with uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest concession to clear the way to a wished-for explanation; the most trifling acknowledgment, the slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual reconciliation.

But, instead of pursuing the thought, permit me to soften the severity of advice by an European story, which will fully illustrate my meaning.

"A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through life as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right, and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case?—The quarrel grew worse as

explanations; and, at last, the fury of both rose to such a pitch, that they made a vow never to sleep together in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined; for they still were friends at bottom; and, besides, they had but one bed in the house. However, resolved they were to go through with it; and, at night, the fiddle-case was laid in between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to divide them.

By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow; their resentment was at an end, and their love began to return: they wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too much spirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake, with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneeze; to which the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him. "Ay, but, (returns the husband), woman, do you say that from your heart?" "Indeed I do, my poor Nicholas, (cries his wife); I say it with all my heart." "If so then, (says the husband), we had as good remove the fiddle-case."

LETTER LXVII.

From the same.

BOOKS, my son, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own: while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by *philosophic information*, may be considered as a [illegible] whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the world, utterly unqualified for a journey through life, and [illegible]

ndent of his own skill in the direction, he sets out
confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself
last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it dow
as a maxim, That all mankind are virtuous or vicio
in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vi
and love virtue. Warm, therefore, in attachments,
steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a fri
or foe; expects from those that he loves unerring
piety, and consigns his enemies to the repro
wanting every virtue. On this principle he pro
and here begin his disappointments. Upon a
inspection of human nature, he perceives that he
have moderated his friendship, and softened his
for he often finds the excellencies of one part of m
clouded with vice, and the faults of the other bri
with virtue: he finds no character so sanctified
not its failings, none so infamous but has some
attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in h
fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives
regards should have been more cool, and his h
violent; that the truly wise seldom court
friendship with the good, and avoid, if po
resentment of the wicked: every moment
fresh instances, that even the bonds of frie
broken if drawn too closely, and that those
has treated with disrespect more than retal
jury. At length, therefore, he is obliged to
he has declared war upon the vicious half
without being able to form an alliance an
pursue his quarrel.

Remember, however

any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus
ot ashamed? The running brook, the herbs of the
can amply satisfy nature. Man wants but little,
nt little long. Come then, O poverty! while
stand by and gaze with admiration at the philo-
's true resignation."

goddess appears; for poverty ever comes at the
but alas! he finds her by no means the charming
books and his warm imagination had painted.
en an eastern bride, whom her friends and rela-
nd long described as a model of perfection, pays
st visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to
face he had never seen before! but, instead of a
nance blazing with beauty like the sun, he be-
deformity shooting icicles to his heart: such up-
poverty to her new entertainer; all the fabric of
iasm is at once demolished, and a thousand mi-
rise upon its ruins; while contempt, with pointing
; is foremost in the hideous procession.

poor man now finds that he can get no kings to
at him while he is eating: he finds that, in pro-
n as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon
and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all
ajesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough
ty the philosopher, while we are conscious that
nd are spectators. But what signifies wearing
ask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage
traint, when not one creature will assist at the
ition? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his for-
wants the satisfaction even of self-applause: for
he does not feel his present calamities, and that is
al insensibility; or he disguises his feelings, and
s dissimulation.

een now begins to take up the man: not distin-
ng in his resentments, he regards all mankind with
ation, and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude
at liberty to rail.

has been said, that he who retires to solitude is
a beast or an angel. The censure is too severe,
he praise unmerited. The discontented being who
s from society is generally some good-natured
who has begun his life without experience, and

I FORMERLY acquainted thee, most grave
the excellence of the English in the art of he
Chinese boast their skill in pulses; the Sia
botanical knowledge; but the English adve
sicians alone, of being the great restorers of
dispensers of youth, and the insurers of lo
can never enough admire the sagacity of th
for the encouragement given to the profes
art. With what indulgence does she foster
her own growth, and kindly cherish those
from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she i
from every foreign climate to herself. Here
exotic strikes root as soon as imported, an
genial beam of favour; while the mighty
like one vast munificent dunghill, receives
criminately to her breast, and supplies each
than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends
orders in the lump. The same doctor who
gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe fo
the head; and he who, at one time, cures
tion, shall, at another, give drugs for a dro
absurd and ridiculous! This is being a mere
trades. Is the animal machine less complica
brass pin? Not less than ten different hands n
to make a pin: and shall the body be set

their names, their abilities, their amazing cures, their places of abode. Few patients can escape falling into their hands, unless blasted by lightning, or struck dead with some sudden disorder. It may sometimes happen, that a stranger who does not understand English, or a countryman who cannot read, dies without ever hearing of the vivifying drops, or the restorative electuary; but for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of disorders defiance, and was perfectly acquainted with the names and the medicines of every great man or great woman of them all.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with some account of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is of short stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed and frizzed upon each cheek; sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never. It is indeed very remarkable, that this very extraordinary personage should never wear a hat: but so it is, he never wears a hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer nor better than he: for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness; make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in a place called the Old-Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity. I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are

but in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabit
health in every breeze, and the husbandman
in joyful expectation.

But though the nation be exempt from real e
not, my friend, that it is more happy on this acc
others. They are afflicted, it is true, with n
mine nor pestilence; but then there is a disorder
to the country, which every season makes st
vages among them, it spreads with pestilential
and infects almost every rank of people: wh
more strange, the natives have no name for this
malady, though well known to foreign physicia
appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass, in which th
are not visited by this cruel calamity in one sha
other, seemingly different, though ever the sa
year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape
penny loaf; the next it takes the appearance n
with a fiery tail; a third, it threatens like a
tomed boat; and a fourth it carries consternati
bite of a mad dog. The people, when once
lose their relish for happiness, saunter about w
of despondency, ask after the calamities of the
ceive no comfort but in heightening each ot
trust.

It is insignificant how remote or near, how

The physician publishes his prescription: the
repares his halter; and a few of unusual bra-
themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order
he enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In
e whole people stand bravely upon their de-
id seem, by their present spirit, to shew a resolu-
ut being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.
manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or not
t resembles the ancient European custom of try-
hes. The old woman suspected was tied hand
, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then
instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch;
nk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge,
rned in the experiment. In the same manner,
gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and
in by teazing the devoted animal on every side:
empts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then
nimously found guilty: for a mad dog always
every thing. If, on the contrary, he strives to
y running away, then he can expect no com-
for mad dogs always run straight forward before

leasant enough for a neutral being like me, who
share in those ideal calamities, to mark the
f this national disease. The terror at first fee-
rs with a disregarded story of a little dog, that
through a neighbouring village, that was thought
ad by several that had seen him. The next ac-
mes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town,
bit five geese, which immediately ran mad,
at the bill, and died in great agony soon after.
mes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the
gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When
le have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are
gealed with a frightful account of a man who
lately to have died from a bite he had received
ra before. This relation only prepares the way
her still more hideous, as how the master of the
with seven small children, were all bit by a mad
and how the poor father first perceived the in-
calling for a draught of water, where he saw
swimming in the cup.

with eagerness, and adds to the tidings
cumstances of peculiar horror. A lady,
in the country, of very weak nerves, has b
by the barking of a dog; and this, alas!
happens. The story soon is improved, and
a mad dog had frighted a lady of distinct
cumstances begin to grow terrible. Bef
reached the neighbouring village; and the
is, that a lady of quality was *bit* by a mad
account every moment gathers new strengt
more dismal as it approaches the capital
time it has arrived in town, the lady is d
wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad
barking like a dog, and biting her servant
smothered between two beds by the advic
tors; while the mad mastiff is, in the mea
ing the whole country over, slavering at t
seeking whom he may devour.

My honest lady, a good-natured woman, b
dulous, waked me some mornings ago, bef
hour, with horror and astonishment in he
desired me, if I had any regard for my sa
within, for a few days ago so dismal an
happened, as to put all the world upon the
mad dog down in the country she assured
near, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his
[illegible]

was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts, in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

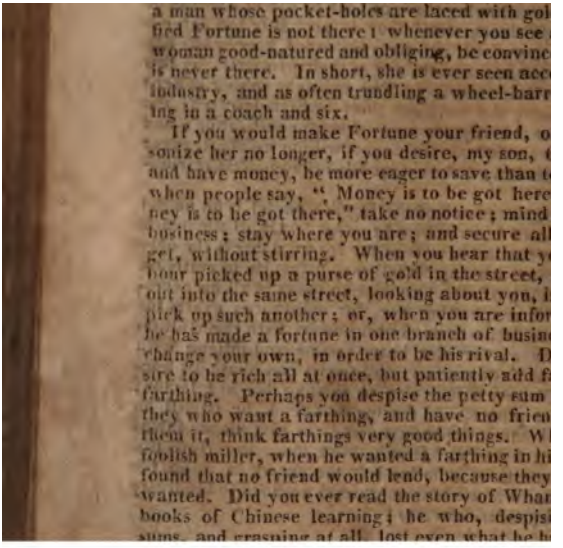
But, even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death, (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health, and in their property, by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chace repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds, in his dog, a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog (says one of the English poets) is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or haunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man: to man he looks in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation: no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast dependant; and, in him alone, fawning is not flattery. How unkind then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

LETTER LXX.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

The Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade *but seeking their fortune*, need never hope to find her; *coquet-like, she flies from* her close pursuers, and at last *fixes on the plodding* mechanic, who stays at home, and *minds his business.*


a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gol
fied Fortune is not there: whenever you see
woman good-natured and obliging, be convinc
is never there. In short, she is ever seen acc
industry, and as often trundling a wheel-barr
ing in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, o
sonize her no longer, if you desire, my son,
and have money, be more eager to save than
when people say, "Money is to be got here
ney is to be got there," take no notice; mind
business; stay where you are; and secure all
get, without stirring. When you hear that y
hour picked up a purse of gold in the street,
out into the same street, looking about you, i
pick up such another; or, when you are infor
he has made a fortune in one branch of busin
change your own, in order to be his rival. D
sire to be rich all at once, but patiently add f
farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum
they who want a farthing, and have no frien
them it, think farthings very good things. W
foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in hi
found that no friend would lend, because they
wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whan
books of Chinese learning; he who, despis
sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he h

int and contemplate with much satisfaction.
s acquisitions were not equal to his desires;
nd himself above want, whereas he desired
ssed of affluence.
as he was indulging these wishes, he was in-
t a neighbour of his had found a pan of mo-
ground, having dreamed of it three nights
fore. These tidings were daggers to the heart
hang Here am I, says he, toiling and moil-
morning to night for a few paltry farthings,
hbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and
self into thousands before morning. O that
eam like him! with what pleasure would I
the pan! how slily would I carry it home!
y wife would see me! and then, O the plea-
usting one's hand into a heap of gold up to

ections only served to make the miller un-
discontinued his former assiduity; he was
ted with small gains, and his customers be-
ake him. Every day he repeated the wish,
night laid himself down in order to dream.
hat was for a long time unkind, at last, how-
d to smile upon his distresses, and indulged
e wished-for vision. He dreamed, that, un-
in part of the foundation of his mill, there

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there: wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there: when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there: whenever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheel-barrow as rolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire: when people say, "Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you, in order to pick up such another; or, when you are informed, that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend to lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang, in our books of Chinese learning; he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate: he stood for a child of mine. But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain: while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. Here am I, says he, toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how slily would I carry it home! not even my wife would see me! and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy: he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that, under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt: so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mat-

lock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "Here, (cried he in raptures to himself), here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up. Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The people of London are as fond of walking, as our friends at Pekin of riding. One of the principal entertainments of the citizens here, in summer, is to repair about night-fall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago, from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of the party that was to sup there, and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, dressed in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and his grey wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawn-broker's widow, of whom, by the by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr

Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and an hat as high as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water; and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which being too small to carry five, Mr Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that, consequently, we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames-street and Crooked-lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived; and I must confess that, upon entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure. The lights were every where glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vieing with that which was formed by art; the company gayly dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstacy of admiration. "Head of Confucius, (cried I to my friend), this is fine! this unites rural beauty and courtly magnificence; if we except the virgins of immortality that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I don't see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!" "As for virgins, (cries my friend), it is true they are a fruit that don't much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies as plenty as the apples are in autumn, and as complying as any houry of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr Tibbs, and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out

the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company: the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which, she assured us, would begin in less than an hour at farthest: a dispute, therefore, began, and, as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter. To which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper; which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was any thing to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented: but here a new distress arose; Mr and Mrs Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view. But such a box was not easy to be obtained; for, though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainments of the place. The widow found the supper excellent; but Mrs Tibbs thought every thing detestable. "Come, come, my dear, (cries the husband, by way of consolation), to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's, or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good. It is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine; their wine *(cries he,* drinking off a glass), indeed it is most abominable."

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and, for the rest of the night, to listen and improve. It is true she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased; but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction. She ventured again to commend one of the singers; but Mrs Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial; "for, you know very well, my dear, (says she), that I am not in voice to-day; and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were over-ruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty; but particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied, and, after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand upon the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and, while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the waiter

works were going to begin. At this information, I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good-breeding. Mrs Tibbs, who had seen the water-works an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them: but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all her pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we all continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over!

"The water-works over! (cried the widow), the water-works over already! that's impossible; they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business (replied the fellow) to contradict your ladyship: I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress; she testified her displeasure in the openest manner: in short, she now began to find fault in her turn; and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr and Mrs Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.

LETTER LXXII.

From the same.

Not far from this city lives a poor tinker, who has educated seven sons, all at this very time in arms, and fighting for their country. And what reward, do you think, has the tinker from the state for such important services? None in the world: his sons, when the war is over, may probably be whipt from parish to parish as vagabonds; and the old man, when past labour, may die in prison *in some* house of correction.

uch a worthy subject, in China, would be rewarded,
ot with dignities, at least with an exemption from
our; he would take the left hand at feasts, and man-
ines themselves would be proud to show their sub-
sion. The English laws punish vice; the Chinese
vs do more, they reward virtue!

Considering the little encouragement given to matri-
ny here, I am not surprised at the discouragements
en to propagation. Would you believe it, my dear
m Hoam! there are laws made, which even forbid
people's marrying each other. By the head of Con-
ius, I jest not; there are such laws in being here:
d yet their lawgivers have neither been instructed
ong the Hottentots, nor imbibed their principles of
uity from the natives of Anamaboo.

There are laws which ordain, that no man shall marry
woman against her own consent: this, though contrary
what we are taught in Asia, and though in some mea-
re a clog upon matrimony, I have no great objection
. There are laws which ordain, that no woman shall
rry against her father and mother's consent, unless ar-
ed at an age of maturity; by which is understood
se years, when women with us are generally past
ild-bearing: this must be a clog upon matrimony, as
is more difficult for the lover to please three than one,
d much more difficult to please old people than young
es. The laws ordain, that the consenting couple shall
e a long time to consider before they marry: this is
very great clog, because people love to have all rash
tions done in a hurry. It is ordained, that all marria-
s shall be proclaimed before celebration: This is a
vere clog, as many are ashamed to have their marriage
ade public, from motives of vicious modesty, and many
raid, from views of temporal interest. It is ordained,
at there is nothing sacred in the ceremony, but that it
ay be dissolved to all intents and purposes by the au-
ority of any civil magistrate: And yet, opposite to
is, it is ordained, that the priest shall be paid a large
m of money for granting his sacred permission.

Thus you see, my friend, that matrimony here is
dged round with so many obstructions, that those who
e willing to break through, or surmount them, must
contented, if at last they find it a bed of thorns. The

but the old, the ugly, and the mercenary, are
unite; who, if they have any posterity at all, w
bably be an ill-favoured race like themselves.

What gave rise to those laws might have be
such accidents as these. It sometimes happened
miser, who had spent all his youth in scraping up
to give his daughter such a fortune as might proc
a mandarine husband, found his expectations disa
ed at last, by her running away with his footma
must have been a sad shock to the poor disconso
rent, to see his poor daughter in a one horse
when he had designed her for a coach and six:
stroke from Providence, to see his dear mone
enrich a beggar! all nature cried out at the p
tion!

It sometimes happened also, that a lady, who
herited all the titles, and all the nervous compla
nobility, thought fit to impair her dignity, and m
constitution, by marrying a farmer: This mu
been a sad shock to her inconsolable relations, t
fine a flower snatched from a flourishing fami
planted in a dunghill; this was an absolute inve
the first principles of things.

In order, therefore, to prevent the great fro
thus contaminated by vulgar alliances, the obst
matrimony have been so contrived, that the rich

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence. But the moderately rich are generally active: not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour, they remain still between both, in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are those laws, which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich! more impolitic still, in attempting to increase the depression on poverty!

Bacon, the English philosopher, compares money to manure: If gathered in heaps, says he, it does no good; on the contrary, it becomes offensive: but being spread, though never so thinly, over the surface of the earth, it enriches the whole country. Thus the wealth a nation possesses must expatiate, or it is of no benefit to the public; it becomes rather a grievance, where matrimonial laws thus confine it to a few.

But this restraint upon matrimonial community, even considered in a physical light, is injurious. As those who rear up animals, take all possible pains to cross the strain, in order to improve the breed; so, in those countries where marriage is most free, the inhabitants are found every age to improve in stature and in beauty: On the contrary, where it is confined to a cast, a tribe, or an horde, as among the Gaurs, the Jews, or the Tartars, each division soon assumes a family likeness, and every tribe degenerates into peculiar deformity. From hence it may be easily inferred, that if the mandarines here are resolved only to marry among each other, they will soon produce a posterity with mandarine faces; and we shall see the heir of some honourable family scarce equal to the abortion of a country farmer.

These are a few of the obstacles to marriage here; and it is certain they have, in some measure, answered the end, for celibacy is both frequent and fashionable. Old bachelors appear abroad without a mask; and old maids, my dear Fum Hoam, have been absolutely known to ogle. To confess in friendship, if I were an Englishman, I fancy I should be an old bachelor myself; I should never find courage to run through all the adventures

prescribed by the law. I could submit to court my mistress herself upon reasonable terms: but to court her father and mother, and a long tribe of cousins, aunts, and relations, and then stand the butt of the whole country church, I would as soon turn tail, and make love to her grandmother.

I can conceive no other reason for thus loading matrimony with so many prohibitions, unless it be that the country was thought already too populous, and this was found to be the most effectual means of thinning it. If this was the motive, I cannot but congratulate the wise projectors on the success of their scheme. Hail, O ye dim-sighted politicians, ye weeders of men! 'Tis yours to clip the wing of industry, and convert Hymen to a broker.

'Tis yours to behold small objects with a microscopic eye, but to be blind to those which require an extent of vision. 'Tis yours, O ye discerners of mankind, to lay the line between society, and weaken that force, by dividing, which should bind with united vigour. 'Tis yours to introduce national real distress, in order to avoid the imaginary distresses of a few. Your actions can be justified by an hundred reasons like truth; they can be opposed by but a few reasons, and those reasons are true. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers, which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even *the wise* are liable! If I should judge of that part of *life which* lies before me, by that which I have already

ahead, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade: Hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty, some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments: and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood: the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery: but happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang, the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded, that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer *on this occasion*, there appeared a majestic old man,

who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows; "Great father of China! behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison. The walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy, except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance: the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing, its company pleases; yet for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it; destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was

disgusted, even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing, (cried he to himself), what will it appear when old age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking: he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. These, say the gazettes, are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these, the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages. Let me see, forty-six great men in half a year amounts just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times will have any other business to mind but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech? he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his common-place book into a folio? he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme? he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The about begins in his train; onward he marches *towards immortality*, looks back at the pursuing crowd

with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of consious greatness by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of an haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and a third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China; but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens, thought I, this man pretends to know China even better than myself! I looked round to see who was on my side, but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man. I therefore, at last, thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper, and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to speak and act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness, for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis. A set of emissaries are dispatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses with motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by priests with the spoon of immortality. The same *ceipt*, in this country serves to make a great man.

idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise, and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number; yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men, all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough, when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world; till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment, by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation, that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subjects, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fire-side and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born; at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application; together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books, to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the Colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary

club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Hap
who thus have some little faithful attendant, wh
forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to p
gainst every opposer; at once ready to increa
pride while living, and their character when de
you and I, my friend, who have no humble admi
to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will b
men, and who do not much care whether we a
men or not, at least let us strive to be honest men
have common sense. Adieu.

LETTER LXXV.

From the same.

THERE are numbers in this city who live by
new books; and yet there are thousands of vo
every large library, unread and forgotten. Th
my arrival, was one of those contradictions whi
unable to account for. Is it possible, said I, th
should be any demand for new books before t
ready published are read? Can there be so m
ployed in producing a commodity with which t
ket is already overstocked, and with goods als
than any of modern manufacture?

What at first view appeared an inconsistence, i
at once of this people's wisdom and refinement
allowing the works of their ancestors better
than theirs, yet those of the moderns acquire
value, by being marked with the impression of th
Antiquity has been in the possession of others;
sent is our own. Let us first, therefore, learn t
what belongs to ourselves; and then, if we have
cast our reflections back to the reign of Shun
governed twenty thousand years before the cre
the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may w
serve to amuse the curious; but the works of
derns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are m
ter for immediate use. The former are often p
bove their intrinsic value, and kept with care:
ter seldom pass for more than they are worth,
often subject to the merchants hands of sweating

and clipping compilers. The works of antiquity were ever prised; those of the moderns read. The treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the passion; those of cotemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. The visits we pay the former resemble those we pay the great; the ceremony is troublesome, and yet such as we would not choose to forego. Our acquaintance with modern books is like sitting with a friend; our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal satisfaction.

In proportion, as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant excesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of studious inquiry. In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching bonze may instruct the illiterate peasant; but nothing less than the insinuating address of a fine writer can win its way to an heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

Instead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by writers or preachers; but as the number of readers increase, the number of hearers is proportionably diminished; the writer becomes more useful, and the preaching bonze less necessary.

Instead, therefore, of complaining that writers are overpaid, when their words procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state, not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. A bonze is rewarded with immense riches for instructing only a few, even of the most ignorant of the people; and sure the poor scholar should not beg his bread, who is capable of instructing a million.

Of all rewards, I grant, the most pleasing to a man of real merit is fame; but a polite age, of all times, is that in which scarce any share of merit can acquire it. What numbers of fine writers in the latter empire of Rome,

when refinement was carried to the highest pitch, have missed that fame and immortality which they had fondly arrogated to themselves? how many Greek authors, who wrote at that period when Constantinople was the refined mistress of the empire, no wrest, either not printed, or not read, in the libraries of Europe? Those who came first, while either state as yet was barbarous, carried all the reputation away. Authors, as the age refined, became more numerous, and their numbers destroyed their fame. It is but natural, therefore, for the writer, when conscious that his works will not procure him fame hereafter, to endeavour to make them turn out to his temporal interest here.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy in which they most serve for instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people; they have been often known to act like fools; they are generally found to think like men.

The only danger that attends a multiplicity of publications, is, that some of them may be calculated to injure rather than benefit society. But where writers are numerous, they also serve as a check upon each other; and perhaps a literary inquisition is the most terrible punishment that can be conceived to a literary transgressor.

But, to do the English justice, there are but few offenders of this kind; their publications, in general, aim either at mending the heart, or improving the common weal. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty, and benevolence, with esteem; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bit of a mad dog, and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment at least with a good intention. The dunces of France, on the other hand, who have less encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languishing eyes, Lenora in love at thirteen, ecstatic transports, stolen blisses, are the *frivolous subjects* of their frivolous memoirs. In England, *if a bawdy blockhead* thus breaks in on the community,

e sets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he escape, ven though he should fly to nobility for shelter.

Thus even dunces, my friend, may make themselves seful. But there are others whom nature has bles-ed ith talents above the rest of mankind; men capa-le of thinking with precision, and impressing their houghts with rapidity; beings who diffuse those re-ards upon mankind which others contract and settle pon themselves. These deserve every honour from that ommunity of which they are more peculiarly the chil-ren; to such I would give my heart, since to them I m indebted for its humanity. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Hingpo to Lien Chi Altangi, by the way of Moscow.

I STILL remain at Terki, where I have received that noney which was remitted here in order to release me rom captivity. My fair companion still improves in my steem. The more I know her mind, her beauty becomes nore poignant, she appears charming even among the laughters of Circassia.

Yet, were I to examine her beauty with the art of a fatuary, I should find numbers here that far surpass her. Nature has not granted her all the boasted Circas-ian regularity of feature, and yet she greatly exceeds the airest of the country in the art of seizing the affections. Whence (have I often said to myself) this resistless ma-gic that attends even moderate charms? Though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every in-terview weakens the impression: but the form of Zelis grows upon my imagination; I never behold her without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injus-tice of the mind, in preferring imperfect beauty to that which nature seems to have finished with care? whence this infatuation, that he whom a comet could not amaze should be astonished at a meteor? When reason was thus fatigued to find an answer, my imagination pursued the subject, and this was the result.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes, this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces. The one embellished with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume; every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous; the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting: the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove; the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale; all was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveller. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction: on being introduced to the presiding goddess, I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design; and what surprised me not a little was, to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess, who represented Beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced, like me, all gazing on her form in ecstasy. "Ah, what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!" At these exclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty; but soon again, looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and, at intervals, would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect, as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect: "What, (said we, among each other), are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks, and inclinations of the head? Will the goddess *only deign* to satisfy our eyes?" Upon this, one of the *company* stepped up to present her with some tea. As

had gathered by the way. She received the present, most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world! but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage: they went off one by one; and, resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female, whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company.

"Where are you hastening? (said she to me with an angry air): the goddess of Beauty is here." "I have been to visit her, Madam, (replied I), and find her more beautiful than report had made her." "And why then will you leave her?" added the female. "I have seen her long enough, (returned I); I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same; her nose is a very fine one, but it is still such a nose now as it was about half an hour ago. Could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company." "What signifies (replied my female), whether she has a mind or not? has she any occasion for a mind, so formed as she is by nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it: but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so: the impression it would receive from thought would but disturb its whole economy.

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those, who before had been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve. We found every thing so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good-humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted that her temple lay to the right; another to the left; a third insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth, that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing fa-

milar and charming: but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours; and, though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole within the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which, though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner:

"If you would find the goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole *. She is now Contemplation with solemn look; again Compassion with humid eye. She now sparkles with joy; soon every feature speaks distress; her looks, at times, invite our approach, at others repress our presumption. The goddess cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms; but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing." Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, first President of the ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board, to assure the buyer that they have no intentions to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a night-cap: immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly *the civilest* people alive: if I but looked, they flew to

* Veltus nitidum habricæ arpici. HOR.

the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine set them a running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for night-caps. "My very good friend, (said I to the mercer), you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these, in particular, to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." "That may be, (cried the mercer, who, I afterwards found, had never contradicted a man in his life); I can't pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning." "But, friend, (said I), though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it as a night-cap." "That may be, (returned he again); yet what becomes a pretty lady, will, at any time, look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that, even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and, spreading them before me, "There, (cries he); there's beauty; my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." "But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat, (returned the mercer); then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it: besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval, the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in our morning-gowns: "Perhaps, Sir, (adds he), you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." *Without waiting* for my reply, he spreads a

piece before me, which might be reckoned b[eau]ful even in China. "If the nobility (continued [h]were to know I sold this to any under a Right Ho[nour]able, I should certainly lose their custom. You see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing." "I am no lord," interrupted I.—"I beg pardon (cried he); but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning-gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience is my way of dealing: you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable: but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had staid long enough, or had been furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain, in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but, within that circle, it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From the same.

From my former accounts, you may be apt to fancy the English the most ridiculous people under the sun. They are indeed ridiculous: yet every other nation in *Europe* is equally so; each laughs at each, and the *Asiatic* at all.

I may, upon another occasion, point out what is m[ost] strikingly absurd in other countries; I shall, at pres[ent]

confine myself only to France. The first national peculiarity a traveller meets upon entering that kingdom, is an odd sort of a staring vivacity in every eye, not excepting even the children: the people, it seems, have got it in their heads, that they have more wit than others, and so stare in order to look smart.

I know not how it happens, but there appears a sickly delicacy in the faces of their finest women. This may have introduced the use of paint, and paint produces wrinkles; so that a fine lady shall look like an hag at twenty-three. But as, in some measure, they never appear young, so it may be equally asserted that they actually think themselves never old. A gentle miss shall prepare for new conquests at sixty; shall hobble a rigadoon, when she can scarce walk without a crutch; she shall affect the girl, play her fan in her eyes, and talk of sentiments, bleeding hearts, and expiring for love, when actually dying with age. Like a departing philosopher, she attempts to make her last moments the most brilliant of her life.

Their civility to strangers is what they are chiefly proud of; and, to confess sincerely, their beggars are the politest beggars I ever knew. In other places, a traveller is addressed with a piteous whine, or a sturdy solemnity; but a French beggar shall ask your charity with a very genteel bow, and thank you for it with a smile and a shrug.

Another instance of this people's breeding I must not forget. An Englishman would not speak his native language in a company of foreigners, where he was sure that none understood him: A travelling Hottentot himself would be silent, if acquainted only with the language of his country: but a Frenchman shall talk to you whether you understand his language or not; never troubling his head whether you have learned French, still he keeps up the conversation, fixes his eyes full in your face, and asks a thousand questions, which he answers himself, for want of a more satisfactory reply.

But their civility to foreigners is not half so great as their admiration of themselves. Every thing that belongs to them and their nation is great; magnificent beyond expression; quite *romantic*! every garden is a *paradise*; *every hovel a palace*; and every woman an an-

gris. They shut their eyes close, throw their mouths wide open, and cry out, in rapture, Sacre! what beauty! O ciel! what taste! Mort de ma vie! what grandeur! Was ever any people like ourselves? We are the nation of men, and all the rest no better than two-legged barbarians.

I fancy the French would make the best cooks in the world, if they had but meat. As it is, they can dress you five different dishes from a nettletop, seven from a dock-leaf, and twice as many from a frog's haunches. These eat prettily enough when one is a little used to them, are easy of digestion, and seldom overload the stomach with crudities. They seldom dine under seven hot dishes. It is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests; but in that I cannot be angry with them, since those who have got no linen on their backs may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.

Even religion itself loses its solemnity among them. Upon their roads, at every five miles distance, you see an image of the Virgin Mary dressed up in grim head-clothes, painted cheeks, and an old red petticoat: before her a lamp is often seen burning, at which, with the saint's permission, I have frequently lighted my pipe. Instead of the Virgin, you are sometimes presented with a crucifix; at other times with a wooden Saviour fitted out in complete garniture, with sponge, spear, nails, pincers, hammer, bees-wax, and vinegar-bottle. Some of these images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if so, in heaven they have but bungling workmen.

In passing through their towns, you frequently see the men sitting at the doors knitting stockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines falls to the women. This is perhaps the reason why the fair sex are granted some peculiar privileges in this country, particularly, when they can get horses, of riding without a side-saddle.

But I begin to think you may find this description pert and dull enough: perhaps it is so; yet, in general, it is the manner in which the French usually describe *foreigners*; and it is but just to force a part of that ri-

dicule back upon them, which they attempt to lavish on others. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

From the same.

The two theatres, which serve to amuse the citizens here, are again opened for the winter. The mimetic troops, different from those of the state, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and at a time when the Europeans cease to destroy each other, in reality they are entertained with mock battles upon the stage.

The dancing-master once more shakes his quivering feet; the carpenter prepares his paradise of pasteboard; the hero resolves to cover his forehead with brass, and the heroine begins to scour up her copper mail, preparative to future operations: In short, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter-carrier in yellow-clothes, to Alexander the Great, that stands on a stool.

Both houses have already commenced hostilities. War upon war! and no quarter received or given! Two singing women, like heralds, have begun the contest. The whole town is divided on this solemn occasion; one has the finest pipe, the other the finest manner; one curtesies to the ground, the other salutes the audience with a smile; one comes on with modesty which asks; the other with boldness which extorts applause; one wears powder, the other has none; one has the longest waist, but the other appears most easy: all, all is important and serious. The town as yet perseveres in its neutrality: a cause of such moment demands the most mature deliberation; they continue to exhibit, and it is very possible this contest may continue to please to the end of the season.

But the generals of either army have, as I am told, several reinforcements to lend occasional assistance. If they produce a pair of diamond buckles at one house, we have a pair of eye-brows that can match them at the other. If we outdo them in our attitude, they can overcome us by a shrug. If we can bring more children on the stage, they can bring more guards in red clothes

who strut and shoulder their swords, to the astonishment of every spectator.

They tell me here that people frequent the theatre, in order to be instructed as well as amused. I smile to hear the assertion. If I ever go to one of their play-houses, what with trumpets, hallooing behind the stage, and bawling upon it, I am quite dizzy before the performance is over. If I enter the house with any sentiments in my head, I am sure to have none going away, the whole mind being filled with a dead march, a funeral procession, a cat-call, a jig, or a tempest.

There is, perhaps, nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre: I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning; when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker or a water-fall; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence; when thus instructed, he knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One player shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints, and a seventh fidgets round the stage with peculiar vivacity. That piece, therefore, will succeed best, where each has a proper opportunity of shining; the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the poet, as the poet's to adapt himself to the actor.

The great secret, therefore, of tragedy-writing at present, is a perfect acquaintance with theatrical *ahs* and *ohs*. A certain number of these, interspersed with *gods! tortures*, *racks*, and *damnation*, shall distort almost every actor into convulsions, and draw tears from every spectator; a proper use of these will infallibly fill the house with applause. But, above all, a whinning scene must strike most forcibly. I would advise, from my present knowledge of the audience, the two favourite players of the town to introduce a scene of this sort in every play. Towards the middle of the last act, I would have them enter with wild looks and out-spread arms: there is no necessity for speaking; they are only to groan at each *other*: they must vary the tones of exclamation and de-

h the whole theatrical gamut, wring their
very shape of distress, and, when their ca-
drawn a proper quantity of tears from the
spectators, they may go off in dumb solem-
ent doors, clasping their hands, or slapping
-holes. This, which may be called a tragic
will answer every purpose of moving the
ell as words could have done, and it must
pences which go to reward an author.
n plays, that would keep the audience alive,
eived in this manner; and, indeed, many a
is made up on no other plan. This is the
ts up the heart, like opium, into a rapture
ty, and can dismiss the mind from all the
inking. This is the eloquence that shines
g-forgotten scene, which has been reckoned
upon acting; this the lightning that flashes
hyperbolical tyrant, who breakfasts on the
little Norval, as harmless as the babe un-
l.

LETTER LXXX.

From the same.

ays regarded the spirit of mercy, which
he Chinese laws, with admiration. An
execution of a criminal is carried from court
nies of six miles a-day; but a pardon is
th the most rapid dispatch. If five sons of
er be found guilty of the same offence, one
given, in order to continue the family, and
ged parents in their decline.

this, there is a spirit of mercy breathes
aws of England, which some erroneously
suppress: the laws, however, seem un-
nish the offender, or to furnish the officers
ith every means of acting with severity.
rrest debtors are denied the use of arms;
atch is permitted to repress the disorders of
itizens only with clubs: justice, in such a
hide her terrors, and permits some offend-

ers to escape, rather than load any with a punishment disproportioned to the crime.

Thus it is the glory of an Englishman, that he is not only governed by laws, but that these are also tempered by mercy. A country restrained by severe laws, and those, too, executed with severity, as in Japan, is under the most terrible species of tyranny. A royal tyrant is generally dreadful to the great, but numerous penal laws grind every rank of people, and chiefly those least able to resist oppression—the poor.

It is very possible, thus, for a people to become slaves to the laws of their own enacting, as the Athenians were to those of Draco. "It might first happen (says the historian), that men with peculiar talents for villany attempted to evade the ordinances already established. Their practices, therefore, soon brought on a new law levelled against them: but the same degree of cunning which had taught the knave to evade the former statutes, taught him to evade the latter also; he flew to new shifts, while justice pursued with new ordinances: still, however, he kept his proper distance, and whenever one crime was judged penal by the state, he left off committing it, in order to practise some unforbidden species of villany. Thus the criminal against whom the threatenings were denounced always escapes free; while the simple rogue alone felt the rigour of justice. In the mean time the penal laws became numerous; almost every person in the state, unknowingly, at different times, offended, and was every moment subject to a malicious prosecution." In fact, penal laws, instead of preventing crimes, are generally enacted after the commission; instead of repressing the growth of ingenious villany, only multiply deceit, by putting it upon new shifts and expediments of practising with impunity.

Such laws, therefore, resemble the guards which are sometimes imposed upon tributary princes; apparently, indeed, to secure them from danger, but, in reality, to confirm their captivity.

Penal laws, it will be allowed, secure property in a state, but they also diminish personal security in the same proportion. There is no positive law, how equitable soever, that may not be sometimes capable of injustice. When a law, enacted to make theft punishable with

, happens to be equitably executed, it can at best
uard our possessions; but when, by favour or ig-
re, justice pronounces a wrong verdict, it then at-
our lives; since, in such a case, the whole com-
y suffers with the innocent victim. If, therefore,
er to secure the effects of one man, I should make
which may take away the life of another, in such
, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater
to secure society in the possession of a bauble, I
r a real and valuable possession precarious; and,
l, the experience of every age may serve to vindi-
he assertion. No law could be more just than that
læsæ Majestatis, when Rome was governed by
ors. It was but reasonable that every conspiracy
t the administration should be detected and punish-
Yet, what terrible slaughters succeeded in conse-
e of its enacting? Proscriptions, stranglings, poi-
s, in almost every family of distinction, yet all
in a legal way, every criminal had his trial, and
is life by a majority of witnesses.
l such will ever be the case where punishments are
ous, and where a weak, vicious, but, above all,
a mercenary magistrate is concerned in their exe-
. Such a man desires to see penal laws increased,
he too frequently has it in his power to turn them
nstruments of extortion: in such hands, the more
the wider the means, not of satisfying justice, but
iating avarice.
nercenary magistrate, who is rewarded in propor-
not to his integrity, but to the number he convicts,
be a person of the most unblemished character, or
ll lean on the side of cruelty; and when once the
of injustice is begun, it is impossible to tell how
may proceed. It is said of the hyena, that na-
ly it is no way ravenous; but, when once it has
t human flesh, it becomes the most voracious animal
e forest, and continues to persecute mankind ever
. A corrupt magistrate may be considered as a hu-
hyena: He begins perhaps by a private snap; he
on to a morsel among his friends; he proceeds to a
in public; from a meal he advances to a surfeit,
t last sucks blood like a vampyre.

Not into such hands should the administration of justice be entrusted, but to those who know how to reward as well as to punish. It was a fine saying of Nangfu the emperor, who being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces; "Come then, my friends, (said he), follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were suprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How! (cries the first minister), is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!" "I promised (replied the emperor, with a generous air) to destroy my *enemies*, I have fulfilled my word! for see they are enemies no longer; I have made *friends* of them."

This, could it always succeed, were the true method of destroying the enemies of a state. Well it were, if rewards and mercy alone could regulate the commonwealth. But since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible by being executed but seldom, and let Justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXI.

From the same.

I HAVE as yet given you but a short and imperfect description of the ladies of England. Women, my friend, is a subject not easily understood, even in China. What, therefore, can be expected from my knowledge of the sex in a country where they are universally allowed to be riddles, and I am but a stranger?

To confess a truth, I was afraid to begin the description, lest the sex should undergo some new revolution *before* it was finished; and my picture should thus be*come old*, before it could well be said to have ever been *new*. To-day they are lifted upon stilts, to-morrow *they* lower their heels and raise their heads. Their *clothes* at one time are bloated out with whale-bone; a

present they have laid their hoops aside, and are become as slim as mermaids. All, all is in a state of continual fluctuation, from the mandarine's wife, who rattles through the streets in her chariot, to the humble sempstress, who clatters over the pavement in iron-shod pattens.

What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present is the train. As a lady's quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail. Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the lady Mayoress, on days of ceremony, carries one longer than a bell-weather of Bantam, whose tail, you know, is trundled along in a wheel-barrow.

Son of China, what contradictions do we find in this strange world! Not only the people of different countries think in opposition to each other, but the inhabitants of a single island are often found inconsistent with themselves. Would you believe it? this very people, my Fum, who are so fond of seeing their women with long tails, at the same time dock their horses to the very rump!!!

But you may easily guess that I am no way displeased with a fashion which tends to increase a demand for the commodities of the east, and is so very beneficial to the country in which I was born. Nothing can be better calculated to increase the price of silk, than the present manner of dressing. A lady's train is not bought but at some expence, and, after it has swept the public walks for a very few evenings, is fit to be worn no longer; more silk must be bought in order to repair the breach, and some ladies of peculiar economy are thus found to patch up their tails eight or ten times in a season. This unnecessary consumption may introduce poverty here, but then we shall be the richer for it in China.

The man in black, who is a professed enemy to this manner of ornamenting the tail, assures me there are *numberless inconveniences* attending it, and that a lady *dressed up to the fashion* is as much a cripple as any in Nankin: But his chief indignation is levelled at those who dress in this manner, without a proper fortune to

support it. He assures me, that he has k
who would have a tail, though they wanted
and others who, without any other pretensi
they became ladies, merely from the additi
superfluous yards of ragged silk. I know a t
woman, continues he, who, thinking herself
carry a train like her betters, never walks
without the uneasy apprehension of wearin
soon; every excursion gives her new anxie
train is every bit as important, and wound
as much as the bladder we see sometimes fie
of a cat.

Nay, he ventures to affirm, that a train
bring a lady into the most critical circums
should a rude fellow, says he, offer to come
a kiss, and the lady attempt to avoid it, in r
must necessarily tread upon her train, and th
upon her back, by which means, every one
her clothes may be spoiled.

The ladies here make no scruple to laugh
ness of a Chinese slipper; but I fancy our w
would have more real cause of laughter, co
see the immoderate length of an European tr
of Confucius! to view a human being cripp
with a great unwieldy tail for our diversion!
she cannot go; forward she must move but s
if ever she attempts to turn round, it must b
not smaller than that described by the whe
dile, when it would face an assailant. And
that all this confers importance and majest
that a lady acquires additional respect from
of trailing taffety! I can't contain; ha, ha,
certainly a remnant of European barbarit
male Tartar, dressed in sheep-skins, is in fa
venient drapery. Their own writers have so
weighed against the absurdity of this passio
haps it has never been ridiculed so well as u
lian theatre, where Pasquariello being engag
on the countess of Fernambroco, having one
employed in carrying her muff, and the oth
dog, he bears her train majestically along,
it in the waistband of his breeches. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

From the same.

DISPUTE has for some time divided the philoso-
ers of Europe. It is debated, whether arts and scien-
are more serviceable or prejudical to mankind. They
o maintain the cause of literature, endeavour to prove
ir usefulness, from the impossibility of a large num-
r of men subsisting in a small tract of country without
m; from the pleasure which attends the acquisition,
d from the influence of knowledge in promoting prac-
al morality. They who maintain the opposite opi-
n, display the happiness and innocence of those uncul-
ated nations who live without learning; urge the nu-
rous vices which are to be found only in polished so-
ty; enlarge upon the oppression, the cruelty, and the
od which must necessarily be shed in order to cement
il society; and insist upon the happy equality of con-
ions in a barbarous state, preferable to the natural
ordination of a more refined constitution.

This dispute, which has already given so much em-
yment to speculative indolence, has been managed
th much ardour, and (not to suppress our sentiments)
th but little sagacity. They who insist that the scien-
are useful in refined society are certainly right; and
y who maintain that barbarous nations are more
ppy without them are right also. But when one side,
this reason, attempts to prove them as universally
ful to the solitary barbarian as to the native of a
owded commonwealth, or when the other endeavours
banish them as prejudical to all society, even from
pulous states, as well as from the inhabitants of the
lderness, they are both wrong; since that knowledge
ich makes the happiness of a refined European, would
a torment to the precarious tenant of an Asiatic
ld.

Let me, to prove this, transport the imagination for
oment to the midst of a forest in Siberia.—There we
hold the inhabitant, poor indeed, but equally fond of
ppiness with the most refined philosopher of China.
e earth lies uncultivated and uninhabited for miles a-

pence of labour, and that food which is most e
to the appetite: he will prefer indolent though
ous luxury, to a laborious though permanent com
and a knowledge of his own happiness will d
him to persevere in native barbarity.

In like manner, his happiness will incline hin
himself by no law. Laws are made in order t
present property; but he is possessed of no
which he is afraid to lose, and desires no m
will be sufficient to sustain him. To enter into c
with others, would be undergoing a voluntary ob
without the expectance of any reward. He
countrymen are tenants, not rivals, in the san
haustible forest. The increased possessions of o
means diminish the expectations arising from eq
duity in another. There is no need of laws, th
to repress ambition, where there can be no mis
tending its most boundless gratifications.

Our solitary Siberian will, in like manner,
sciences, not only entirely useless in directing his
but disgusting even in speculation.—In every cou
tion, our curiosity must be first excited by the
auces of things, before our reason undergoes the
of investigating the causes. Some of those appe
are produced by experiment, others by minute i
some arise from a knowledge of foreign climat

t of investigation, and reason then comments where se has led the way. An increase in the number of enjoyments, therefore, necessarily produces an in- ase of scientific research; but in countries where al- st every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems titute of its great inspirer, and speculation is the siness of fools, when it becomes its own reward.

The barbarous Siberian is too wise, therefore, to ex- ust his time in quest of knowledge, which neither cu- sity prompts, nor pleasure impels him to pursue. hen told of the exact admeasurement of a degree upon equator of Quito, he feels no pleasure in the account; ien informed that such a discovery tends to promote rigation and commerce, he finds himself no way inte- ted in either. A discovery which some have pursued the hazard of their lives, affects him with neither a- nishment nor pleasure. He is satisfied with thoroughly derstanding the few objects which contribute to his n felicity. He knows the properest places where to the snare for the sable, and discerns the value of furs th more than European sagacity. More extended owledge would only serve to render him unhappy; it ght lend a ray to show him the misery of his situation, could not guide him in the efforts to avoid it. Igno- ice is the happiness of the poor.

The misery of a being endowed with sentiments above capacity of fruition, is most admirably described in of the fables of Locman, the Indian moralist. "An phant, that had been peculiarly serviceable in fight- the battles of Wistnow, was ordered by the god to h for whatever he thought proper, and the desire uld be attended with immediate gratification. The phant thanked his benefactor on bended knees, and ired to be endowed with the reason and faculties of a n. Wistnow was sorry to hear this foolish request, endeavoured to dissuade him from his misplaced am- on; but, finding it to no purpose, gave him at last h a portion of wisdom as could correct even the Zen- esta of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went ay rejoicing in his new acquisition, and, though its ly still retained its ancient form, he found his appe- and passions entirely altered. He first considered, *it would not* only be more comfortable, but also

more becoming, to wear clothes, but unhappily
no method of making them himself, nor had
use of speech to demand them from others; a
was the first time he felt real anxiety. He so
ceived how much more elegantly men were fed t
therefore he began to loathe his usual food, and
for those delicacies which adorn the tables of
But here, again, he found it impossible to be sa
for though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he
impossible to dress it in any degree of perfecti
short, every pleasure that contributed to the fe
mankind, served only to render him more miser
he found himself utterly deprived of the powe
joyment. In this manner, he led a repining disc
life, detesting himself, and displeased with his il
ambition, till, at last, his benefactor Wistnow
compassion on his forlorn situation, restored hi
ignorance and happiness which he was originall
to enjoy."

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the
into a nation of wandering barbarians, is only t
them more miserable than even nature design
should be. A life of simplicity is best fitted t
of solitude.

The great lawgiver of Russia attempted to
the desolate inhabitants of Siberia, by sendin
them some of the politest men in Europe. Th
quence has shown, that the country was as ye
receive them: they languished for a time with
exotic malady, every day degenerated from the
and at last, instead of rendering the country n
lite, they conformed to the soil, and put on ba

No, my friend, in order to make the scienc
in any country, it must first become populous
habitant must go through the different stages of
shepherd, and husbandman. Then, when prop
comes valuable, and consequently gives cause
justice; then, when laws are appointed to re
jury, and secure possession; when men, by sa
those laws, become possessed of superfluity; w
ry is thus introduced, and demands its continua
then it is that the sciences become necessary
the state then cannot subsist without them

more becoming, to wear clothes, but unhappily he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others; and this was the first time he felt real anxiety. He soon perceived how much more elegantly men were fed than he; therefore he began to loathe his usual food, and longed for those delicacies which adorn the tables of princes. But here, again, he found it impossible to be satisfied; for though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he found it impossible to dress it in any degree of perfection. In short, every pleasure that contributed to the felicity of mankind, served only to render him more miserable, as he found himself utterly deprived of the power of enjoyment. In this manner, he led a repining discontented life, detesting himself, and displeased with his ill-judged ambition, till, at last, his benefactor Wistnow, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, restored him to the ignorance and happiness which he was originally formed to enjoy."

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the sciences into a nation of wandering barbarians, is only to render them more miserable than even nature designed they should be. A life of simplicity is best fitted to a state of solitude.

The great lawgiver of Russia attempted to improve the desolate inhabitants of Siberia, by sending among them some of the politest men in Europe. The consequence has shown, that the country was as yet unfit to receive them: they languished for a time with a sort of exotic malady, every day degenerated from themselves, and at last, instead of rendering the country more polite, they conformed to the soil, and put on barbarity.

No, my friend, in order to make the sciences useful in any country, it must first become populous; the inhabitant must go through the different stages of hunter, shepherd, and husbandman. Then, when property becomes valuable, and consequently gives cause for injustice; then, when laws are appointed to repress injury, and secure possession; when men, by sanction of those laws, become possessed of superfluity; when luxury is thus introduced, and demands its continual supply; then it is that the sciences become necessary and useful; the state then cannot subsist without them, they must

then be introduced, at once to teach men to draw the greatest possible quantity of pleasure from circumscribed possession, and to restrain them within the bounds of moderate enjoyment.

The sciences are not the cause of luxury, but its consequence; and this destroyer thus brings with it an antidote, which resists the virulence of its own poison. By asserting that luxury introduces the sciences, we assert a truth; but if, with those who reject the utility of learning, we assert that the sciences also introduce luxury, we shall be at once false, absurd, and ridiculous. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure dissuades from application; but rob not, by present gratification, all the succeeding period of life of its happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure, at first, to the expectance of greater: the study of a very few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

But, instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructings, borrowed from a modern philosopher of China *. "He who has begun his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and, when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported. Thus, a man being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

"There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting of an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another; a common coarse

* A translation of this passage may also be seen in Du Halde, vol. ii. p. 47. and 58. This extract will at least serve to show that fondness for humour which appears in the writings of the Chinese.

stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every blemish that may have given rise to his calumny.

"Yet, with all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus, being dilatory in the beginning, all future hopes of eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themselves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pencil then seems as heavy as a mill-stone, and they spend ten years in turning two or three periods with propriety.

"These persons are most at a loss when a banquet is almost over: the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verses, which each is obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his confusion, and sneers, winks, and whispers, are circulated at his expence. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, stares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burden of all their good-humour.

"But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are some who study for one day with intense application, and repose themselves for ten days after. But wisdom is a coquette, and must be courted with unabating assiduity.

"It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book without reaping some advantage by it; I say, with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances, and these are no better than instruments of debauchery; they are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling passion.

"The most indecent strokes there, pass for turns of *wit*; *intrigue* and criminal liberties, for gallantry and *politeness*; assignations, and even villany, are put in *such strong* lights, as may inspire even grown men with

compliments that, when handsomely set off, enchant a young heart. It is true, the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the consent of parents, and adjusted by every ceremony prescribed by law. But as, in the body of the work, there are many passages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable customs, violate the laws, and destroy the duties most essential to society, virtue is thereby exposed to the most dangerous attacks.

"But, say some, the authors of these romances have nothing in view, but to represent vice punished, and virtue rewarded.—Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of these punishments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to something else? Can it be imagined, that the art with which the author inspires the love of virtue, can overcome that crowd of thoughts which sways them to licentiousness? To be able to inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle, the author must be a philosopher of the first rank. But, in our age, we can find but few first-rate philosophers.

"Avoid such performances, where vice assumes the face of virtue: Seek wisdom and knowledge, without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom; but, when he once fancies that he has found the object of his inquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step, without first examining the ground with his staff.

"The world is like a vast sea; mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails; the scencies serve us for oars; good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds; and judgment is the rudder. Without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness,

and impurity and idleness, again, produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

I FANCY the character of a poet is in every country the same; fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation, that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool! Of fortitude, able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake; yet, of sensibility, to be affected by the breaking of a tea-cup. Such is his character, which, considered in every light, is the very opposite of that which leads to riches.

The poets of the west are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius, and yet, among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erected for the benefit of decaying authors. This was founded by Pope Urban VIII. and called the retreat of the incurables; intimating, that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients, who sued for reception, from poverty or from poetry. To be sincere, were I to send you an account of the lives of the western poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for an history of human wretchedness.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients: he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets. But it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off, he had two trades; he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave; and Boethius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Burghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades; and yet died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left us a pretty sonnet, addressed to his cat; in which

he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language: he dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into an hospital which he himself had erected.

In Spain, it is said, the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain that the famous Camoens ended his days in an hospital.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the ingratitude of the public. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers, and one of the honestest men of his time, was surnamed the *Ouf*, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable. After having bequeathed all his worldly substance to the discharging of his debts, he goes on thus: "But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of; in such a case, it is my last will, that my body shall be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase shall go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that if I could not, while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being, by degrees, driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured, at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of Heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him; "if God (replies he) has shown me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?" But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality; "let me entreat (you continued his confessor), by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God your father, your maker, and friend." "(No replied the exasperated wretch); you know the manner in which he left me to live, and (pointing to the straw on which he was stretched) you see the manner in which he leaves me to die!"

But the sufferings of the poet, in other coun
nothing when compared to his distresses here. T
of Spencer and Otway, Butler and Dryden, are e
mentioned as a national reproach; some of th
in a state of precarious indigence, and others
died of hunger.

At present, the few poets of England no l
pend on the great for subsistence; they have now
patrons but the public; and the public, co
considered, is a good and generous master. It is i
frequently mistaken as to the merits of every
for favour; but, to make amends, it is never
long. A performance, indeed, may be forc
time, into reputation; but, destitute of real
soon sinks. Time, the touchstone of what is t
able, will soon discover the fraud; and an auth
never arrogate to himself any share of succes
works have been read at least ten years with sat

A man of letters at present, whose works
able, is perfectly sensible of their value. Eve
member of the community, by buying what h
contributes to reward him. The ridicule, the
living in a garret, might have been wit in the
but continues such no longer, because no lon
A writer of real merit now may easily be ri
heart be set only on fortune! and for those wh
merit, it is but fit that such should remain in
obscurity. He may now refuse an invitation t
without fearing to incur his patron's displeasu
starve by remaining at home. He may now v
appear in company with just such clothes as o
generally wear, and talk even to princes, wit
conscious superiority of wisdom. Though h
boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assert
nity of independence. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

From the same.

I HAVE interested myself so long in all the co
this people, that I am almost become an En
I now begin to read, with pleasure, of the

r gaining battles, and secretly wish disappoint-
ll the enemies of Britain. Yet still my regard
ind fills me with concern for their contentions.
ish to see the disturbances of Europe once more
adjusted. I am an enemy to nothing in this
rld but war. I hate fighting between rival
I hate it between man and man. I hate fight-
between women!
dy informed you, that, while Europe was at
, we were also threatened from the stage with an
leable opposition, and that our singing women
olved to sing at each other to the end of the sea-
my friend! those fears were just. They are
determined to sing at each other to the end of
n, but, what is worse, to sing the same song.
at is still more insupportable, to make us pay
ng.
be for war, for my part, I should advise them
public congress, and there fairly squall at each
What signifies sounding the trumpet of defiance
nce, and calling in the town to fight their bat-
vould have them come boldly into one of the
and frequented streets, face to face, and there
skill in quavering.
er this may be, resolved I am that they shall
one single piece of silver more of mine. Though
rs to hear music, thanks to Heaven, they are
ther asses ears. What! Polly and the Pick-
-night, Polly and the Pick-pocket to-morrow
d Polly and the Pick-pocket again! I want
I'll hear no more. My soul is out of tune;
g discord and confusion. Rest, rest ye three
ing shillings in my pocket's bottom; the mu-
ake is more harmonious to my spirit than cat-
, or all the nightingales that ever chirped in

at raises my indignation to the greatest degree
is piping does not only pester me on the stage,
ny punishment in private conversation. What
, whether the *fine pipe* of one, or the *great man-*
other, be preferable? What care I, if one has
p, or the other a nobler bottom? How am I
if one sings from the stomach, or the other

sings with a snap! Yet paltry as these matters are, they make a subject of debate wherever I go; and this musical dispute, especially among the fair sex, almost always ends in a very unmusical altercation.

Sure the spirit of contention is mixed into the very constitution of the people: divisions among the inhabitants of other countries arise only from their higher concerns; but subjects the most contemptible are made an affair of party here: the spirit is carried even into their amusements. The very ladies, whose beauty should seem to allay the impetuosity of the opposite sex, become themselves party-champions, engage in the thickest of the fight, scold at each other, and show their courage, even at the expence of their lovers and beauty.

There are even a numerous set of poets who help to keep up the contention, and write for the stage. Mistake me not: I don't mean pieces to be acted upon it, but panegyrical verses on the performers; for that is the most universal method of writing for the stage at present. It is the business of the stage-poet, therefore, to watch the appearance of every new player at his own house, and so come out next day with a flaunting copy of newspaper verses. In these, nature and the actor may be set to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or nature may mistake him for herself; or old Shakespeare may put on his winding-sheet, and pay him a visit; or the tuneful Nine may strike up their harps in his praise: or, should it happen to be an actress, Venus, the beauteous queen of love, and the naked Graces, are ever in waiting: the lady must be herself a goddess bred and born; she must—but you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea.

*On seeing Mrs **** perform in the Character of *****.*

To you, bright fair, the Nine address their lays,
And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise.
The heart-felt power of every charm divine,
Who can withstand their all-commanding shine?
See how she moves along with every grace,
While soul-brought tears steal down each shining face.
She speaks; 'tis rapture all, and nameless bliss:
Ye gods, what transport e'er compar'd to this!
As when in Paphian groves the Queen of Love,
With fond complaint, address'd the listening Jove;

'Twas joy and endless blisses all around,
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound.
Then first, at last even Jove was taken in,
And felt her charms, without disguise within.

And yet think not, my friend, that I have any particular animosity against the champions who are at the head of the present commotion: on the contrary, I could find pleasure in their music, if served up at proper intervals; if I heard it only on proper occasions, and not about it wherever I go. In fact, I could patronize them both; and, as an instance of my condescension in this particular, they may come and give me a song at my lodgings, on any evening when I am at leisure, provided they keep a becoming distance, and stand, while they continue to entertain me, with decent humility, at the door.

You perceive I have not read the seventeen books of Chinese ceremonies to no purpose. I know the proper share of respect due to every rank in society. Stage-players, fire-eaters, singing-women, dancing-dogs, wild beasts, and wire-walkers, as their efforts are exerted for our amusement, ought not entirely to be despised. The laws of every country should allow them to play their tricks, at least, with impunity. They should not be branded with the ignominious appellation of vagabonds; at least they deserve a rank in society equal to the mystery of barbers or undertakers; and, could my influence extend so far, they should be allowed to earn even forty or fifty pounds a-year, if eminent in their profession.

I am sensible, however, that you will censure me of profusion in this respect, bred up as you are in the narrow prejudices of eastern frugality. You will undoubtedly assert, that such a stipend is too great for so useless an employment. Yet, how will your surprise increase, when told, that, though the law holds them as vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thousand a-year! You are amazed. There is cause for amazement. A vagabond with a thousand a-year is indeed a curiosity in nature: a wonder far surpassing the flying fish, petrified crab, or travelling lobster. However, from my great love to the profession, I would willingly have them divested of part of their contempt, and part of their *finery*; *the law should* kindly take them under the wing

of protection, fix them into a corporation like tha
the barbers, and abridge their ignominy and their p
sions. As to their abilities in other respects, I wo
leave that entirely to the public, who are certainly
this case, the properest judges—whether they des
them or no.

Yes, my Fum, I would abridge their pensions.
theatrical warrior, who conducts the battles of the st
should be cooped up with the same caution as a l
tam cock that is kept for fighting. When one of th
animals is taken from its native dungbill, we retrenc
both in the quantity of its food, and the number o
seraglio. Players should in the same manner be
not fattened: they should be permitted to get t
bread, but not eat the people's bread into the barg
and, instead of being permitted to keep four mistre
in conscience they should be contented with only t

Were stage-players thus brought into bounds, per
we should find their admirers less sanguine, and co
quently less ridiculous in patronizing them. We sh
be no longer struck with the absurdity of seeing the
people, whose valour makes such a figure abr
apostrophizing in the praise of a bouncing blockh
and wrangling in the defence of a copper-tailed ne
at home.

I shall conclude my letter with the sensible adm
tion of *Me* the philosopher. "You love harmony
he), and are charmed with music. I do not blame
for hearing a fine voice, when you are in your closet,
a lovely parterre under your eye, or in the night
while, perhaps, the moon diffuses her silver rays; b
a man to carry this passion so far, as to let a com
of comedians, musicians, and singers, grow rich
his exhausted fortune? If so, he resembles one of t
dead bodies, whose brains the embalmers have pi
out through its ears." Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the same.

Of all the places of amusement, where gentlemen
ladies are entertained, I have not been yet to visit

arket. This, I am told, is a large field, where, upon ertain occasions, three or four horses are brought to-ether, then set a-running, and that horse which runs astest wins the wager.

This is reckoned a very polite and fashionable amuse-ent here, much more followed by the nobility than artridge-fighting at Java, or paper-kits at Madagascar. everal of the great here, I am told, understandas much f farriery as their grooms; and a horse withany share f merit can never want a patron among the nobility.

We have a description of this entertainment almost very day in some of the gazettes. As, for instance: "On such a day, the Give-and-take Plate was run for between his Grace's Crab, his Lordship's Periwinkle, and Squire Smacken's Slamerkin. All rode their own horses. There was the greatest concourse of nobility that has been known here for several seasons. The odds were in favour of Crab in the beginning; but Slamerkin, after the first heat, seemed to have the match hollow. However, it was soon seen that Periwinkle improved in wind, which at last turned out accordingly: Crab was run to a stand-still. Slamerkin was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought in with universal applause." Thus, you see, Periwinkle received universal applause; and, no doubt, his Lordship came in for some share of that praise which was so liberally bestowed upon Periwinkle. Son of China! how glorious must the senator appear in his cap and leather breeches, his whip crossed in his mouth, and thus coming to the goal amongst the shouts of grooms, jockies, pimps, stable-bred dukes, and degraded generals.

From the description of this princely amusement now ranscribed, and from the great veneration I have for he characters of its principal promoters, I make no oubt but I shall look upon an horse-race with hero-ting reverence, predisposed as I am by a similar amuse-ent, of which I have lately been a spectator; for just ow I happened to have an opportunity of being pre-nt at a cart-race.

Whether *this* contention between three carts, of *dif-rent parishes*, was promoted by a subscription among *nobility*, or whether the grand jury, in council as-*bled*, had gloriously combined to encourage plaustral,

was high, the running fine, and the riders inf
no bribe.

It was run on the road from London to a vi
ed Brentford, between a turnip-cart, a dust-c
dung-cart; each of the owners condescending
and be his own driver. The odds at starting
against Dung, five to four; but, after half a
ing, the knowing ones found themselves all in
side, and it was Turnip against the field, bras

Soon, however, the contest became more
Turnip, indeed, kept the way, but it was perc
Dung had better bottom. The road re-echoe
shouts of the spectators, Dung against Turni
against Dung; and now the universal cry,
neck; one rode lighter, but the other had be
ment. I could not but particularly observe
with which the fair sex espoused the cause
ferent riders on this occasion. One was cha
the unwashed beauties of Dung; another wa
ted with the patibulary aspect of Turnip; wi
mean time, unfortunate, gloomy Dust, who ca
ping behind, was cheered by the encourag
some, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for some tin
a possibility of determining to whom victor
the prize. The winning-post appeared in vie
who drove the turnip-cart assured himself o
and successful he might have been, had his ho
ambitious as he; but, upon approaching a tur
road which led homewards, the horse fairly
and refused to move a step farther. The dun
scarce time to enjoy this temporary triumph, w
pitched headlong into a ditch by the way-sid
rider left to wallow in congenial mud. Dust, w
time, soon came up, and, not being far from
came in, amidst the shouts and acclamations
spectators, and greatly caressed by all the
Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one,
to have been favourable to all; each had pec

each laboured hard to earn the prize, and each richly deserved the cart he drove.

I do not know whether this description may not have anticipated that which I intended giving of Newmarket. I am told there is little else to be seen, even there. There may be some minute differences in the dress of the spectators, but none at all in their understandings: The quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket. The quality of Brentford drive their own carts, and the honourable fraternity of Newmarket ride their own horses. In short, the matches in one place are as rational as those in the other; and it is more than probable that turnips, dust, and dung, are all that can be found to furnish out description in either.

Forgive me, my friend; but a person like me, bred up in a philosophic seclusion, is apt to regard, perhaps with too much asperity, those occurrences which sink man below his station in nature, and diminish the intrinsic value of humanity.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Fum Hoam to Lien Chi Altangi.

You tell me the people of Europe are wise; but where lies their wisdom? You say they are valiant too; yet I have some reasons to doubt of their valour. They are engaged in war among each other, yet apply to the Russians, their neighbours and ours, for assistance. Cultivating such an alliance, argues at once imprudence and timidity. All subsidies, paid for such an aid, is strengthening the Russians, already too powerful, and weakening the employers, already exhausted by intestine commotions.

I cannot avoid beholding the Russian empire as the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe; as an enemy already possessed of great strength, and, from the nature of government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extensive empire, which, both in Europe and Asia, occupies almost a third of the old world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into separate kingdoms and dukedoms, and, from such a

division, consequently feeble. Since the times, however, of Johan Basilides, it has increased in strength and extent; and those untrodden forests, those innumerable savage animals, which formerly covered the face of the country, are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom thus enjoying peace internally, possessed of an unbounded extent of dominion, and learning the military art at the expence of others abroad, must every day grow more powerful; and it is probable we shall hear Russia, in future times, as formerly, called the Officina Gentium.

It was long the wish of Peter, their great monarch, to have a fort in some of the western parts of Europe; many of his schemes and treaties were directed to this end; but, happily for Europe, he failed in them all. A fort in the power of this people would be like the possession of a flood gate; and, whenever ambition, interest, or necessity, prompted, they might then be able to deluge the whole western world with a barbarous inundation.

Believe me, my friend, I cannot sufficiently contemn the politics of Europe, who thus make this powerful people arbitrators in their quarrel. The Russians are now at that period, between refinement and barbarity, which seems most adapted to military achievement; and if once they happen to get footing in the western parts of Europe, it is not the feeble efforts of the sons of effeminacy and dissension that can serve to remove them. The fertile valley and soft climate will ever be sufficient inducements to draw whole myriads from their native deserts, the trackless wild, or snowy mountain.

History, experience, reason, and nature, expand the book of wisdom before the eyes of mankind, but they will not read. We have seen with terror a winged phalanx of famished locusts; each, singly, contemptible, but, from multitude, become hideous, cover like clouds the face of day, and threaten the whole world with ruin. We have seen them settling on the fertile plains of India and Egypt, destroying, in an instant, the labours and the hopes of nations; sparing neither the fruit of the earth nor the verdure of the fields, and changing into a frightful desert landscapes of once luxuriant beauty. We have seen myriads of ants uniting together

from the southern desert, like a torrent, whose source was inexhaustible, succeeding each other without end, and renewing their destroyed forces with unwearied perseverance, bringing desolation wherever they came, banishing men and animals, and, when destitute of all subsistence, in heaps infecting the wilderness which they had made. Like these have been the migrations of men. When as yet savage, and almost resembling their brute-partners in the forest, subject like them only to the instincts of nature, and directed by hunger alone in the choice of an abode, how have we seen whole armies starting wild at once from their forests and their dens! Goths, Huns, Vandals, Saracens, Turks, Tartars, myriads of men, animals in human form, without country, without name, without laws, overpowering, by numbers, all opposition, ravaging cities, overturning empires; and, after having destroyed whole nations, and spread extensive desolation, how have we seen them sink, oppressed by some new enemy, more barbarous, and even more unknown than they! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses, are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries: wives should be taught the art of managing their husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them. I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust: she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the stomach, and all the thorough-bred insolence of fashion: maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a

prig, a squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would it signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is, at present, so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all? Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I can give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears, to my imagination, in the form of a double night-cap, or a roll of pomatum; the other, in the shape of an electuary, or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him false. Let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then *sic argumentor*—but, not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

"In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast, while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with men. Yet, inexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite

sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

"Their usual amusement, in this solitude, was fishing. Their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art: she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon, or a shark, for supper, which, she fancied, might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed; and, clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on such occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

"On the opposite shore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls; a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious, so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize; but both his hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw, nor could he with all the efforts of his floundering, get free.

"Sister (cries the youngest princess), I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived any thing struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless *my eyes (cries the prude)*, what have we got here? this *is a very odd fish*, to be sure; I never saw any thing in *my life so queer*: what eyes, what terrible claws, what *a monstrous snout!* I have read of this monster before

it must certainly be a tanlang that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

"The diver, in the mean time, stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister (says she), I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend: I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and craw-fish, make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this, nicely grilled, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world; if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know." "Horrid (cries the prude), would the girl be poisoned! I tell you it is a tanlang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is every where described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world, and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now, therefore, obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook, with some violence, from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

"Just at this juncture, the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay: they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the Black-eyed Princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children (cries she), what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish, one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We would have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or *monkey*." "If that be all (says the young coquette), *we will fish* for him again. If that be all, I'll hold

three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please. Accordingly, they threw in their line once more, but with all their gilding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till, at last, the genius of the place, in pity to their distresses, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster."

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the same.

I AM amused, my dear Fum, with the labours of some of the learned here. One shall write you a whole folio on the dissection of a caterpillar; another shall swell his works with a description of the plumage on the wing of a butterfly; a third shall see a little world on a peach leaf, and publish a book to describe what his readers might see more clearly in two minutes, only by being furnished with eyes and a microscope.

I have frequently compared the understandings of such men to their own glasses. Their field of vision is too contracted to take in the whole of any but minute objects: they view all nature bit by bit; now the proboscis, now the antennæ, now the pinnæ of—a flea. Now the polypus comes to breakfast upon a worm; now it is kept up to see how long it will live without eating; now it is turned inside outward; and now it sickens and dies. Thus they proceed; laborious in trifles, constant in experiment, without one single abstraction, by which alone knowledge may be properly said to increase; till at last their ideas, ever employed upon minute things, contract to the size of the diminutive object, and a single mite shall fill their whole mind's capacity.

Yet believe me, my friend, ridiculous as these men are to the world, they are set up as objects of esteem for each other. They have particular places appointed for their meetings, in which one shows his cockle-shell, and is praised by all the society; another produces his powder, makes some experiments that result in nothing, and comes off with admiration and applause: a third comes

out with the important discovery of some [illegible] process in the skeleton of a mole, and is set down accurate and sensible; while one, still more fortunate than the rest, by pickling, potting, and preserving mushrooms, rises into unbounded reputation.

The labours of such men, instead of being calculated to amuse the public, are laid out only in diverting each other. The world becomes very little the better or the wiser for knowing what is the peculiar food of an insect, that is itself the food of another, which, in its turn, is eaten by a third. But there are men who have studied themselves into an habit of investigating and admiring such minutiæ. To these such objects are pleasing; as there are some who contentedly spend whole days in endeavouring to solve enigmas, or disentangle the puzzling sticks of children.

But, of all the learned, those who pretend to investigate remote antiquity have least to plead in their own defence, when they carry this passion to a faulty excess. They are generally found to supply, by conjecture, the want of record; and then, by perseverance, are wrought up into a confidence of the truth of opinions, which, even to themselves, at first appeared founded only in imagination.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom of China: its politeness, arts, commerce, laws, and morals, are, however, but very imperfectly known among them. They have, even now, in their Indian warehouse, numberless utensils, plants, minerals, and machines, of the use of which they are entirely ignorant; nor can any among them even make a probable guess for what they might have been designed. Yet, though this people be so ignorant of the present real state of China, the philosophers I am describing have entered into long, learned, laborious disputes, about what China was two thousand years ago. China and European happiness are but little connected even at this day: but European happiness and China, two thousand years ago, have certainly no connection at all. However, the learned have written on, and pursued the subject through all the labyrinths of antiquity. Though the early dews and the vestals be passed away, though no footsteps remain to direct the doubtful chace, yet still they run on upon the uncertain scent, and, though [illegible]

follow nothing, are earnest in the pursuit. In this chace, however, they all take different ways. One, for example, confidently assures us, that China was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Sesostris, he observes, led his army as far as the Ganges; therefore, if he went so far, he might still have gone as far as China, which is but about a thousand miles from thence: therefore he did go to China: therefore China was not peopled before he went there: therefore it was peopled by him. Besides, the Egyptians have pyramids; the Chinese have, in like manner, their porcelain tower; the Egyptians used to light up candles upon every rejoicing; the Chinese have lanterns upon the same occasions; the Egyptians have their great river, so have the Chinese. But what serves to put the matter past a doubt, is, that the ancient kings of China, and those of Egypt, were called by the same names. The emperor Ki is certainly the same king with Atoes; for, if we only change the K into A, and i into toes, we shall have the name Atoes. And, with equal ease, Menes may be proved to be the same with the emperor Yu; therefore the Chinese are a colony from Egypt.

But another of the learned is entirely different from the last; and he will have the Chinese to be a colony planted by Noah just after the deluge.—First, the vast similitude there is between the name Fohi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race. Noah, Fohi: very like each other, truly: they have each but four letters, and only two of the four happen to differ. But to strengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chinese chronicle asserts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father, as the European Bible tells us; but then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same as if he had no father at all; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same. Just after the flood, the earth was covered with mud; if it was covered with mud, it must have been incrusted mud; if it was incrusted, it was clothed with verdure. This was a fine unembarrassed road for Noah to fly from his wicked children: he therefore did fly from them, and took a journey of two thousand miles for his own amusement: therefore Noah and Fohi are the same.

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come his adventitious passion.

In order, therefore, to banish his anxiet
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might enjoy affluence in tranquillity: I led him on
the inhumanity of the rich to the ingratitude of
beggar; from the insincerity of refinement to the fie
ness of rusticity; and at last had the good fortune to re-
store him to his usual serenity of temper, by permitting
him to expatiate upon all the modes of human misery.

"Some nights ago (says my friend), sitting alone by my fire, I happened to look into an account of the detection of a set of men called the thief-takers. I read over many of the hideous cruelties of those haters of mankind, of their pretended friendship to wretches they meant to betray, of their sending men out to rob, and then hanging them. I could not avoid sometimes interrupting the narrative, by crying out, "Yet these are men!" As I went on, I was informed that they had lived by this practice several years, and had been enriched by the price of blood;" and yet (cried I) I have been sent into this world, and am desired to call these men my brothers!" I read, that the very man who led the condemned wretch to the gallows was he who falsely swore his life away; "and yet (continued I) that perjurer had just such a nose, such lips, such hands, and such eyes as Newton." I at last came to the account of the wretch that was searched, after robbing one of the thief-takers of half-a-crown. Those of the confederacy knew that he had got but that single half-crown in the world. After a long search, therefore, which they knew would be fruitless, and taking from him the half-crown, which they knew was all he had, one of the gang compassionately cried out, "Alas, poor creature, *let him keep* all the rest he has got; it will do him service *in Newgate*, where we are sending him." This was an instance of such complicated guilt and hypocri

at home, shall grow splenetic in town, in proportion to his wife's good-humour. Upon their arrival in London, they exchange their disorders. In consequence of her parties and excursions, he puts on the furred cap, and scarlet stomacher, and perfectly resembles an Indian husband, who, when his wife is safely delivered, permits her to transact business abroad, while he undergoes all the formality of keeping his bed, and receiving all the condolence in her place.

But those who reside constantly in town owe this disorder mostly to the influence of the weather. It is impossible to describe what a variety of transmutations an east wind shall produce: it has been known to change a lady of fashion into a parlour couch; an alderman into a plate of custards, and a dispenser of justice into a rat-trap. Even philosophers themselves are not exempt from its influence; it has often converted a poet into a coral and bells, and a patriot senator into a dumb waiter.

Some days ago I went to visit the man in black, and entered his house with that cheerfulness which the certainty of a favourable reception always inspires. Upon opening the door of his apartment, I found him with the most rueful face imaginable, in a morning-gown and flannel night-cap, earnestly employed in learning to blow the German flute. Struck with the absurdity of a man in the decline of life thus blowing away all his constitution and spirits, even without the consolation of being musical, I ventured to ask, what could induce him to attempt learning so difficult an instrument so late in life? To this he made no reply but groaning; and, still holding the flute to his lip, continued to gaze at me for some moments very angrily, and then proceeded to practise his gamut as before. After having produced a variety of the most hideous tones in nature, at last, turning to me, he demanded whether I did not think he made a surprising progress in two days? You see continues he, I have got the ambusheer already; and, as for fingering, my master tells me I shall have that in *a few lessons more.* I was so much astonished with *this instance of* inverted ambition, that I knew not what *o reply, but* soon discerned the cause of all his absur- *ities.* My friend was under a metamorphosis by the

power of spleen, and flute-blowing was unluckily become his adventitious passion.

In order, therefore, to banish his anxiety imperceptibly, by seeming to indulge it, I began to descant on those gloomy topics by which philosophers often get rid of their own spleen, by communicating it. The wretchedness of a man in this life; the happiness of some wrought out of the miseries of others; the necessity that wretches should expire under punishment, that rogues might enjoy affluence in tranquillity: I led him on from the inhumanity of the rich to the ingratitude of the beggar; from the insincerity of refinement to the fierceness of rusticity; and at last had the good fortune to restore him to his usual serenity of temper, by permitting him to expatiate upon all the modes of human misery.

"Some nights ago (says my friend), sitting alone by my fire, I happened to look into an account of the detection of a set of men called the thief-takers. I read over many of the hideous cruelties of those haters of mankind, of their pretended friendship to wretches they meant to betray, of their sending men out to rob, and then hanging them. I could not avoid sometimes interrupting the narrative, by crying out, "Yet these are men!" As I went on, I was informed that they had lived by this practice several years, and had been enriched by the price of blood; "and yet (cried I) I have been sent into this world, and am desired to call these men my brothers!" I read, that the very man who led the condemned wretch to the gallows was he who falsely swore his life away; "and yet (continued I) that perjurer had just such a nose, such lips, such hands, and such eyes as Newton." I at last came to the account of the wretch that was searched, after robbing one of the thief-takers of half-a-crown. Those of the confederacy knew that he had got but that single half-crown in the world. After a long search, therefore, which they knew would be fruitless, and taking from him the half-crown, which they knew was all he had, one of the gang compassionately cried out, "Alas, poor creature, let him keep all the rest he has got; it will do him service in Newgate, where we are sending him." This an instance of such complicated guilt and hypo-

that I threw down the book in an agony of rage, and began to think with malice of all the human kind.

"I sat silent for some minutes, and, soon perceiving the ticking of my watch beginning to grow noisy and troublesome, I quickly placed it out of hearing, and strove to resume my serenity. But the watchman soon gave me a second alarm. I had scarcely recovered from this, when my peace was assaulted by the wind at my window; and, when that ceased to blow, I listened for death-watches in the wainscot. I now found my whole system discomposed: I strove to find a resource in philosophy and reason. But what could I oppose, or where direct my blow, when I could see no enemy to combat? I saw no misery approaching, nor knew any I had to fear; yet still I was miserable. Morning came: I sought for tranquillity in dissipation, sauntered from one place of public resort to another, but found myself disagreeable to my acquaintance, and ridiculous to others. I tried, at different times, dancing, fencing, and riding. I resolved geometrical problems, shaped tobacco-stoppers, wrote verses, and cut paper. At last I placed my affections on music; and find that earnest employment, if it cannot cure, at least will palliate every anxiety." Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

From the same.

It is no unpleasing contemplation, to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man; and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterous quality by being carried abroad. There are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children; and we are told, that in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous, as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate *and soil is more* visible than in England. The same

hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly, this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But, as in simpleing, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil; so, in an estimate of the genius of the people, we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardiness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these. Artificial complaisance and easy deference, being superinduced over these, generally form a greater character; something at once elegant and majestic, affable yet sincere. Such, in general, are the better sort: but they who are left in primitive rudeness are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country, are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and perhaps, too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But, in England, the poor treat each other, upon every occasion, with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees. If two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enow resulting from penury and labour, not to increase them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But, to recompence this strange absurdity, they are, in the main, generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned *impatience*, but resist the greatest calamities with *surprising* fortitude. Those miseries under which any other *people* in the world would sink, they have often shewed *they* were capable of enduring. If accidentally cast

n some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond
t any other nation is capable of sustaining. If im-
oned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater
n among others. The peculiar strength of their pri-
, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their
diness. Even the strongest prisons I have ever seen,
ther countries, would be very insufficient to confine
untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what
dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman
. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are
ed out only to combat the kindred storm.
ut the greatest eulogy of this people, is the generosi-
f their miscreants; the tenderness, in general, of
r robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can
duce instances of the same kind, where the desperate
pity with injustice; still showing that they under-
d a distinction in crimes; and, even in acts of vio-
e, have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In
y other country, robbery and murder go always to-
er; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged
tance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries
unmerciful to a supreme degree. The highwayman
robber here are generous, at least to the public; and
end even to virtues in their intercourse among each
r. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English,
the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar,
at once present to a stranger all their faults, and
their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a
osopher.
oreigners are generally shocked at their insolence,
n first coming among them. They find themselves
uled and insulted in every street. They meet with
of those trifling civilities, so frequent elsewhere,
h are instances of mutual good-will, without pre-
s acquaintance. They travel through the country,
r too ignorant, or too obstinate, to cultivate a closer
uaintance; meet, every moment, something to excite
r disgust, and return home to characterize this as the
on of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short,
land would be the last place in the world I would
el to by way of amusement; but the first for instruc-
I would choose to have others for my acquain-
but Englishmen for my friends.

and a full meal. Take him from rags and wan
clothe, and employ him; his wishes now rise
above his station. He could be happy were he
ed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wis
tified even in these, his prospects widen as he
He finds himself in affluence and tranquillity inde
indolence soon breeds anxiety; and he desires
to be freed from pain, but to be possessed with
Pleasure is granted him, and this but opens his
ambition; and ambition will be sure to taint hi
happiness either with jealousy, disappointment,
gue.

But of all the arts of distress founout by man
own torment, perhaps that of philosophic misery
truly ridiculous: a passion nowhere carried to
travagant an excess as in the country where I
side. It is not enough to engage all the compa
a philosopher here, that his own globe is harass
wars, pestilence, or barbarity; he shall grieve
inhabitants of the moon, if the situation of he
nary mountains happen to alter, and dread the ex
of the sun, if the spots on his surface happen to i
One should imagine that philosophy was introd
make men happy; but here it serves to make h
miserable.

My landlady, some days ago, brought me the
a philosopher of this despondent sort, who had l

the mustard seed is still unaltered, but the system is growing old, and must quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be, when the motions of all the planets have, at last, become so irregular as to need repairing; when the moon shall fall into frightful paroxysms of alteration; when the earth, deviating from its ancient track, and, with every other planet, forgetting its circular revolutions, shall become so eccentric, that, unconfined by the laws of system, it shall fly off into boundless space, to knock against some distant world, or fall in upon the sun, either extinguishing his light, or burned up by his flames in a moment! Perhaps while I write, this dreadful change is begun. Shield me from universal ruin! Yet idiot man laughs, sings, and rejoices in the very face of the sun, and seems no way touched with his situation.

Tuesday. Went to bed in great distress; awaked and was comforted, by considering that this change was to happen at some indefinite time; and therefore, like death, the thoughts of it might easily be borne. But there is a revolution, a fixed, determined revolution, which must certainly come to pass; yet which by good fortune I shall never feel, except in my posterity. The obliquity of the equator with the ecliptic is now twenty minutes less than when it was observed two thousand years ago by Piteas. If this be the case, in six thousand the obliquity will be still less by an whole degree. This being supposed, it is evident that our earth, as Louville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates must necessarily change place; and, in the space of about one million of years, England shall actually travel to the Antarctic pole. I shudder at the change! How shall our unhappy grandchildren endure the hideous climate! A million of years will soon be accomplished; they are but a moment when compared to eternity. Then shall our charming country, as I may say, in a moment of time, resemble the hideous wilderness of Nova Zembla.

Wednesday. To-night, by my calculation, the long-*predicted comet* is to make its first appearance. Heavens! *what* terrors are impending over our little dirty *speck of earth*! Dreadful visitation! Are we to be *scorched in* its fires, or only smothered in the vapour *

its tail? That is the question! Thoughtless
build houses, plant orchards, purchase esta
morrow you die. But what if the comet
come? That would be equally fatal. Comet
vants which periodically return to supply the
fuel. If our sun, therefore, should be disappe
the expected supply, and all his fuel be in the
burnt out, he must expire like an exhauste
What a miserable situation must our earth be in
his enlivening ray! Have we not seen several
bouring suns entirely disappear? Has not a fixe
near the tail of the Ram, lately been quite extin
ed?

Thursday. The comet has not yet appeared
sorry for it? *first*, sorry because my calculation is
secondly, sorry lest the sun should want fuel;
sorry lest the wits should laugh at our erroneo
dictions; and, *fourthly*, sorry because, if it appe
night, it must necessarily come within the sphere
earth's attraction: and Heaven help the unhappy
on which it happens to fall!

Friday. Our whole society have been out, 'al
in search of the comet. We have seen not le
sixteen comets in different parts of the heavens.
ever, we are unanimously resolved to fix upon o
to be the comet expected. That near Virgo
nothing but a tail to fit it out completely for ter
admiration.

Saturday. The moon is, I find, at her old
Her appulses, librations, and other irregularit
deed amaze me. My daughter, too, is this morni
off with a grenadier. No way surprising. I wa
able to give her a relish for wisdom. She ever
sed to be a mere expletive in this creation.
moon, the moon gives me real uneasiness; I
fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her co
and constant only to me; but every night discov
infidelity, and proves me a desolate and aba
lover. Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

From the same.

surprising what an influence titles shall have upon
ind, even though these titles be of our own ma-
Like children, we dress up the puppets in finery,
hen stand in astonishment at the plastic wonder.
e been told of a rat-catcher here, who strolled for
g time about the villages near town, without find-
ny employment. At last, however, he thought
er to take the title of his Majesty's Rat-catcher
dinary, and this succeeded beyond his expecta-
: when it was known that he caught rats at court,
ere ready to give him countenance and employ-

it, of all the people, they who make books seem
perfectly sensible of the advantage of titular digni-
All seem convinced, that a book written by vulgar
s can neither instruct nor improve; none but kings,
s, and mandarines, can write with any probability
ccess. If the titles inform me right, not only kings
courtiers, but emperors themselves, in this country,
odically supply the press.
man here, who should write and honestly confess
he wrote for bread, might as well send his manu-
t to fire the baker's oven; not one creature will
them; all must be court-bred poets, or pretend at
to be court-bred, who can expect to please. Should
caitiff fairly avow a design of emptying our pockets,
filling his own, every reader would instantly for-
him; even those who write for bread themselves
ld combine to worry him, perfectly sensible that
ttempts only served to take the bread out of their
ths.
nd yet this silly prepossession the more amazes me,
n I consider, that almost all the excellent produc-
s in wit that have appeared here were purely the
pring of necessity: their Drydens, Butlers, Otways,
Farquhars, were all writers for bread. Believe
my friend, hunger has a most amazing faculty for
pening the genius; and he who, with a full belly,

can think like a hero, after a course of fasting shall rise to the sublimity of a demi-god.

But what will most amaze is, that this very set of men, who are now so much depreciated by fools, are, however, the very best writers they have among them at present. For my own part, were I to buy an hat, I would not have it from a stocking-maker, but an hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailor's for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit: did I, for my life, desire to be well served, I would apply only to those who made it their trade, and lived by it. You smile at the oddity of my opinion. But be assured, my friend, that wit is, in some measure, mechanical; and that a man long habituated to catch at even its resemblance will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By a long habit of writing he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.

How, then, are they deceived, who expect from title, dignity, and exterior circumstance, an excellence, which is in some measure acquired by habit, and sharpened by necessity? You have seen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion, which have scarce survived the possessor: You have seen the poor hardly earn the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged, when they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity. Such however, is the reputation worth possessing: that which is hardly earned is hardly lost. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

From Hingpo, in Moscow, to Lien Chi Altangi, in London.

Where will my disappointments end? Must I still be doomed to accuse the severity of my fortune, and show my constancy in distress, rather than moderation in prosperity? I had, at least, hopes of conveying my charming companion safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But these hopes are now no more.

leaving Terki, we took the nearest road to the
ns of Russia. We passed the Ural mountains,
l in eternal snow, and traversed the forests of
here the prowling bear and shrieking hyena keep
isputed possession. We next embarked upon the
river Bulija, and made the best of our way to the
of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful vallies
san.

ere were two vessels in company properly equip-
and armed, in order to oppose the Wolga pirates,
we were informed, infested this river. Of all
kind, these pirates are the most terrible. They are
posed of the criminals and outlawed peasants f
sia, who fly to the forests that lie along the banks of
Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties,
d a savage life, and have no other subsistence but
nder. Being deprived of houses, friends, or a fixed
bitation, they become more terrible even than the
er, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity.
hey neither give quarter to those they conquer, nor
ceive it when overpowered themselves. The severity
f the laws against them serves to increase their bar-
arity, and seems to make them a neutral species of
eings, between the wildness of the lion and the sub-
lety of the man. When taken alive, their punishment
s hideous. A floating gibbet is erected, which is let
down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck
under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of
their body depends, they are left to expire in the most
terrible agonies; some being thus found to linger several
days successively.

We were but three days voyage from the confluence
of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived at a
distance behind us an armed bark coming up, with the
assistance of sails and oars, in order to attack us. The
dreadful signal of death was hung upon the mast, and
our captain with his glass could easily discern them to
be pirates. It is impossible to express our consterna-
tion on this occasion; the whole crew instantly came
together to consult the properest means of safety. It
was therefore soon determined to send off our women
and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and that
the men should stay in the other, and boldly oppose t

enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution: and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis for the first time since our retreat from Persia. The vessel in which she was, disappeared to my longing eyes, in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They soon came up; but upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we had sent off our most valuable effects, they seemed more eager to pursue the vessel we had sent away than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days, still endeavouring to pass us without fighting. But on the fourth day, finding it entirely impossible, and despairing to seize the expected booty, they desisted their endeavours, and left us to pursue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy, on this occasion, was very great; but soon a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected, succeeded. The bark in which our women and treasure were sent off, was wrecked on the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peasants up the country. Of this, however, we were not sensible till our arrival at Moscow; where, expecting to meet our separated bark, we were informed of its misfortune, and our loss. Need I paint the situation of my mind on this occasion? Need I describe all I feel, when I despair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more? Fancy had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest colouring; but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every scene of pleasure; and, without her presence to enliven it, the whole becomes tedious, insipid, insupportable. I will confess, now that she is lost, I will confess I loved her; nor is it in the power of time, or of reason, to erase her image from my heart. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

*From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo at Moscow.**

YOUR misfortunes are mine; but, as every period of life is marked with its own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition that of manhood; and successless avarice that of age.—These three attack us through life, and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. To love, we ought to oppose dissipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the happiness of indolence and obscurity; and, to avarice, the fear of soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves; and thus make every scene of life, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

Men complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong: they have it for seeking. What they should indeed complain of is, that the heart is an enemy to that very repose they seek. To themselves alone should they impute their discontent. They seek within the short span of life, to satisfy a thousand desires, each of which alone is insatiable. One month passes, and another comes on, the year ends, and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly, still blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wise man, every climate, and every soil, is pleasing; to him, a parterre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him, a little brook, *the fountain of the young peach trees*†: To such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

The life of man is a journey; a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads or the accommodation. If, in the beginning, it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better in the end, or we shall, by custom, learn to bear its inequality.

But though I see you incapable of penetrating into grand principles, attend at least to a simile adapted to every comprehension. I am mounted upon a wretched ass: I see another man before me upon a sprightly horse,

* *This letter* is a rhapsody from the maxims of the philosopher, *Vide Lett.* curieuses edifiantes. Vide etiam Du Halde, vol. ii. p.

† *This passage* the editor does not understand.

at which I find some uneasiness. I look behind me, and see numbers on foot stooping under heavy burdens; let me learn to pity their estate, and thank Heaven for my own.

Shingfu, when under misfortunes, would, in the beginning, weep like a child: but he soon recovered his former tranquillity. After indulging grief for a few days, he would become, as usual, the most merry old man in all the province of Shansi. About the time that his wife died, his possessions were all consumed by fire, and his only son sold into captivity. Shingfu grieved for one day, and the next went to dance at a mandarine's door for his dinner. The company were surprised to see the old man so merry when suffering such great losses; and the mandarine himself coming out, asked him, how he, who had grieved so much, and given way to calamity the day before, could now be so cheerful? "You ask me one question (cries the old man), let me answer by asking another: Which is the most durable, a hard thing or a soft thing; that which resists, or that which makes no resistance?" "An hard thing, to be sure," replied the mandarine. "There you are wrong," (returned Shingfu). I am now fourscore years old, and, if you look in my mouth, you will find that I have lost all my teeth, and not a bit of my tongue." Adieu.

LETTER XCVI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

The manner of grieving for our departed friends in China is very different from that of Europe. The mourning colour of Europe is black: that of China white. When a parent or relation dies here, for they seldom mourn for friends, it is only clapping on a suit of sables, grimacing it for a few days, and all, soon forgotten, goes on as before; not a single creature missing the deceased, except perhaps a favourite housekeeper, or a favourite cat.

On the contrary, with us in China, it is a very serious affair. The piety with which I have seen you behave on one of these occasions should never be forgotten.

remember it was upon the death of thy grandmother's maiden sister. The coffin was exposed in the principal hall in public view. Before it were placed the figures of eunuchs, horses, tortoises, and other animals, in attitudes of grief and respect. The more distant relations of the old lady, and I among the number, came to pay our compliments of condolence, and to salute the deceased, after the manner of our country. We had scarce presented our wax-candles and perfumes, and given the bowl of departure, when, crawling on his belly from under a curtain, out came the reverend Fum Hoam himself, in all the dismal solemnity of distress. Your looks were set for sorrow; your clothing consisted in an hempen bag, tied round the neck with a string. For two long months did this mourning continue. By night you lay stretched on a single mat, and sat on the stool of discontent by day. Pious man! who could thus set an example of sorrow and decorum to our country. Pious country! where, if we do not grieve at the departure of our friends for their sakes, at least we are taught to regret them for our own.

All is very different here; amazement all. What sort of a people am I got amongst? Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of people am I got amongst? No crawling round the coffin; no dressing up in hempen bags; no lying on mats, or sitting on stools. Gentlemen here shall put on first mourning with as sprightly an air as if preparing for a birth-night; and widows shall actually dress for another husband in their weeds for the former. The best jest of all is, that our merry mourners clap bits of muslin in their sleeves, and these are called weepers. Weeping muslin; alas, alas! very sorrowful truly! These weepers, then, it seems, are to bear the whole burden of the distress.

But I have had the strongest instance of this contrast, this tragi-comical behaviour in distress, upon a recent occasion. Their king, whose departure, though sudden, was not unexpected, died after a reign of many years. His age and uncertain state of health served, in some measure, to diminish the sorrow of his subjects; and their expectations from his successor seemed to balance their minds between uneasiness and satisfaction. But how ought they to have behaved on such an occasion?

Surely they ought rather to have endeavoured to testify their gratitude to their deceased friend, than to proclaim their hopes of the future. Sure even his successor must suppose their love to wear the face of adulation, which so quickly changed the object. However, the very same day on which the old king died, they made rejoicings for the new.

For my part, I have no conception of this new manner of mourning and rejoicing in a breath; of being merry and sad; of mixing a funeral procession with a jig and a bonfire. At least, it would have been just, that they who flattered the king, while living, for virtues which he had not, should lament him, dead, for those he really had.

In this universal cause for national distress, as I had no interest myself, so it is but natural to suppose I felt no real affliction. "In all the losses of our friends (says an European philosopher), we first consider how much our own welfare is affected by their departure, and moderate our real grief just in the same proportion." Now, as I had neither received, nor expected to receive, favours from kings or their flatterers; as I had no acquaintance, in particular, with their late monarch; as I knew that the place of a king is soon supplied; and, as the Chinese proverb has it, that though the world may sometimes want cobblers to mend their shoes, there is no danger of its wanting emperors to rule their kingdoms; from such considerations, I could bear the loss of a king with the most philosophic resignation. However, I thought it my duty at least to appear sorrowful; to put on a melancholy aspect, or to set my face by that of the people.

The first company I came amongst, after the news became general, was a set of jolly companions, who were drinking prosperity to the ensuing reign. I entered the room with looks of despair, and even expected applause for the superlative misery of my countenance. Instead of that, I was universally condemned by the company for a grimacing son of a whore, and desired to take away my penitential phiz to some other quarter. I now corrected my former mistake, and, with the most sprightly air imaginable, entered a company where they were talking over the ceremonies of the approaching funeral. Here I sat for some time with an air of pert vivacity

when one of the chief mourners, immediately observing my good-humour, desired me, if I pleased, to go and grin somewhere else; they wanted no disaffected scoundrels there. Leaving this company, therefore, I was resolved to assume a look perfectly neutral, and have ever since been studying the fashionable air; something between jest and earnest, a complete virginity of face, uncontaminated with the smallest symptom of meaning.

But though grief be a very slight affair here, the mourning, my friend, is a very important concern. When an emperor dies in China, the whole expence of the solemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers. When the great die here, mandarines are ready enough to order mourning; but I do not see that they are so ready to pay for it. If they send me down from court the grey undress frock, or the black coat without pocket holes, I am willing enough to comply with their commands, and wear both: But, by the head of Confucius! to be obliged to wear black, and buy it into the bargain, is more than my tranquillity of temper can bear. What, order me to wear mourning, before they know whether I can buy it or no! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I got amongst? where being out of black is a certain symptom of poverty; where those who have miserable faces cannot have mourning, and those who have mourning will not wear a miserable face!

LETTER XCVII.

From the same.

It is usual for the booksellers here, when a book has given universal pleasure upon one subject, to bring out several more upon the same plan; which are sure to have purchasers and readers, from that desire which all men have to view a pleasing object on every side. The first performance serves rather to awake than satisfy attention; and, when that is once moved, the slightest effort serves to continue its progression. The merit of the first diffuses a light sufficient to illuminate the succeeding efforts; and no other subject can be relished till that is exhausted. A stupid work, coming thus immediately in the train of an applauded performance, wears the mind from the object of its pleasure, and re-

sembles the sponge thrust into the mouth of a discharged culverin, in order to adapt it for a new explosion.

This manner, however, of drawing off a subject, or a peculiar mode of writing, to the dregs, effectually precludes a revival of that subject or manner for some time for the future; the sated reader turns from it with a kind of literary nausea; and, though the titles of books are the part of them most read, yet he has scarce perseverance enough to wade through the title-page.

Of this number I own myself one. I am now grown callous to several subjects, and different kinds of composition. Whether such originally pleased, I will not take upon me to determine; but, at present, I spurn a new book, merely upon seeing its name in an advertisement; nor have the smallest curiosity to look beyond the first leaf, even though, in the second, the author promises his own face neatly engraved on copper.

I am become a perfect epicure in reading: Plain beef or solid mutton will never do. I am for a Chinese dish of bear's claws and birds nests. I am for sauce with strong assafœtida, or fuming with garlic. For this reason, there are an hundred very wise, learned, virtuous, well-intended productions, that have no charms for me. Thus, for the soul of me, I could never find courage nor grace enough to wade above two pages deep into Thoughts of God and Nature, or Thoughts of Providence, or Thoughts upon Free Grace, or, indeed, into thoughts upon any thing at all. I can no longer meditate with meditations for every day in the year. Essays upon diverse subjects cannot allure me, though never so interesting; and as for funeral sermons, or even thanksgiving sermons, I can neither weep with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

But it is chiefly in gentle poetry where I seldom look farther than the title. The truth is, I take up books to be told something new: but here, as it is now managed, the reader is told nothing. He opens the book, and there finds very good words truly, and much exactness of rhyme, but no information. A parcel of gaudy images pass on before his imagination like the figures in a dream; but curiosity, induction, reason, and the whole train of affections, are fast asleep. The *Jovenes et Idonea vitæ*; those sallies which mend the heart

while they amuse the fancy, are quite forgotten; so that a reader who would take up some modern applauded performances of this kind, must, in order to be pleased, first leave his good sense behind him, take, for his recompence and guide, bloated and compound epithet, and dwell on paintings, just indeed, because laboured with minute exactness.

If we examine, however, our internal sensations, we shall find ourselves but little pleased with such laboured vanities; we shall find that our applause rather proceeds from a kind of contagion caught up from others, and which we contribute to diffuse, than from what we privately feel. There are some subjects, of which almost all the world perceive the futility; yet all combine in imposing them upon each other, as worthy of praise. But chiefly this imposition obtains in literature, where men publicly contemn what they relish with rapture in private, and approve abroad what has given them disgust at home. The truth is, we deliver those criticisms in public, which are supposed to be best calculated not to do justice to the author, but to impress others with an opinion of our superior discernment.

But let works of this kind, which have already come off with such applause, enjoy it all. It is not my wish to diminish, as I was never considerable enough to add to their fame. But for the future, I fear there are many poems, of which I shall find spirits to read but the title. In the first place, all odes upon Winter, or Summer, or Autumn; in short, all odes, epodes and monodies whatsoever, shall hereafter be deemed too polite, classical, obscure, and refined, to be read, and entirely above human comprehension. Pastorals are pretty enough for those that like them—but, to me, Thyrsis is one of the most insipid fellows I ever conversed with; and as for Corydon, I do not choose his company. Elegies and epistles are very fine to those to whom they are addressed; and as for epic poems, I am generally able to discover the whole plan in reading the two first pages.

Tragedies, however, as they are now made, are good instructive *moral* sermons enough; and it would be a *fault not to be* pleased with good things. There I learn *several great truths*; as, that it is impossible to see into *the ways of futurity*; that punishment always attends

the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist Heaven's will; for, in resisting Heaven's will, Heaven's will is resisted; with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I shall go to see; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightning, or the scene-shifter's whistle. Adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the same.

I HAD some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor: but I found him preparing to go to Westminster-Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friend engaged in a lawsuit; but more so, when he informed me, that it had been depending for several years. "How is it possible (cried I) for a man that knows the world to go to law? I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps every one of them; nothing more easy to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!"

"Faith (replied my friend), I should not have gone to law, but that I was assured of success before I began; things were represented to me in so alluring a light, that I thought, by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been, upon the eve of an imaginary triumph, every term these ten years: have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach. However, at present, I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner, that, without some unforeseen demur, we shall this very day lay him fairly on his back."

"If things be so situated (said I), I don't care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success." "But pr'ythee, continued I, (for we

at reasons have you to think an affair at
, which has given you so many former
is ?" " My lawyer tells me (returned he)
lkeld and Ventris strong in my favour;
are no less than fifteen cases in point."
d (said I) those are two of your judges,
eady declared their opinions ?" " Pardon
y friend), Salkeld and Ventris are law-
e hundred years ago, gave their opinion
ir to mine; these opinions which make
yer is to cite; and those opinions which
ay are cited by the lawyer employed by
. As I observed, I have Salkeld and
; he has Coke and Hales for him; and
ost opinions is most likely to carry his
t where is the necessity (cried I) of pro-
, by citing the opinions and reports of
e same good sense which determined law-
ages may serve to guide your judges at
y, at that time, gave their opinions only
of reason; your judges have the same
to direct them: let me even add, a great-
rmer ages, there were many prejudices
e present is happily free. If arguing
es be exploded from every other branch
hy should it be particularly adhered to
nly foresee how such a method of investi-
barrass every suit, and even perplex the
onies will be multiplied, formalities must
more time will thus be spent in learning
ation, than in discovery of right."
es my friend) that you are for a speedy
of justice, but all the world will grant,
ime that is taken up in considering any
tter it will be understood. Besides, it is
Englishman, that his property is secure;
rld will grant, that a deliberate admini-
ice is the best way to *secure his property*.
so many lawyers, but to *secure our pro-*
many formalities, but to secure our pro-
s than one hundred thousand families live
legance, and ease, merely by securing

To embarrass justice (returned I) by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split. In one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed-clothes, which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls, in order to show the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety.—But bless me, what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment? "Nothing so easily conceived (returned my companion); they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt: the attorney watches the catchpole; the counsellor watches the attorney; the solicitor the counsellor; and all find sufficient employment." "I conceive you (interrupted I), they watch each other; but it is the client that pays them all for watching; it put me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is entitled, *Five animals at a meal.*

"A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent, that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger: So the whangam eat the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment."

I had scarce finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend, that his cause was put off till another term; that money was wanted to retain; and that all the world was of opinion, that the very next *hearing* would bring him off victorious. "If so then (cries my friend), I believe it will be my wisest way to *continue* the cause for another term, and, in the mean *time*, my friend here and I will go and see Bella.

Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.

From the same.

I LATELY received a visit from the little beau, who, I found, had assumed a new flow of spirits with a new suit of clothes. Our discourse happened to turn upon the different treatment of the fair sex here and in Asia, with the influence of beauty in refining our manners, and improving our conversation.

I soon perceived he was strongly prejudiced in favour of the Asiatic method of treating the sex; and that it was impossible to persuade him, but that a man was happier who had four wives at his command, than he who had only one. "It is true (cries he), your men of fashion in the east are slaves, and under some terrors of having their throats squeezed by a bow-string: but what then? they can find ample consolation in a seraglio. They make indeed an indifferent figure in conversation abroad; but then they have a seraglio to console them at home. I am told they have no balls, drums, nor operas; but then they have got a seraglio; they may be deprived of wine and French cookery, but they have a seraglio; a seraglio, a seraglio, my dear creature, wipes off every inconvenience in the world.

"Besides, I am told your Asiatic beauties are the most convenient women alive; for they have no souls. Positively there is nothing in nature I should like so much as ladies without souls; soul, here, is the utter ruin of half of the sex. A girl of eighteen shall have soul enough to spend an hundred pounds in the turning of a tramp; her mother shall have soul enough to ride a sweep-stake match at an horse-race; her maiden aunt shall have soul enough to purchase the furniture of a whole toy-shop; and others shall have soul enough to behave as if they had no souls at all."

"With respect to the soul (interrupted I), the Asiatics are much kinder to the fair sex than you imagine. Instead of one soul, Fohi, the idol of China, gives every woman three; the Brahmins give them fifteen; and even *Mahomet himself* no where excludes the sex from Paradise. *Abulfeda* reports, that an old woman one day *importuning him* to know what she ought to do, in or-

der to gain Paradise.? "My good lady (answered the prophet), old women never get there." "What! never get to Paradise!" (returned the matron in a fury). "Never (says he); for they always grow young by the way."

"No, Sir (continued I), the men of Asia behave with more deference to the sex than you seem to imagine. As you of Europe say grace upon sitting down to dinner, so it is the custom in China to say grace when a man goes to bed to his wife."—"And may I die (returned my companion), but a very pretty ceremony; for, seriously, Sir, I see no reason why a man should not be as grateful in one situation as in the other. Upon honour, I always find myself much more disposed to gratitude on the couch of a fine woman, than upon sitting down to a sirloin of beef."

"Another ceremony (said I, resuming the conversation in favour of the sex) amongst us is, the bride's being allowed, after marriage, her *three days of freedom*. During this interval, a thousand extravagances are practised by either sex. The lady is placed upon the nuptial-bed; and numberless monkey-tricks are played round to divert her. One gentleman smells her perfumed handkerchief; another attempts to untie her garters; a third pulls off her shoe, to play hunt the slipper; another pretends to be an idiot, and endeavours to raise a laugh by grimacing: in the mean time, the glass goes briskly about, till ladies, gentlemen, wife, husband, and all, are mixed together in one inundation of arrack punch."

"Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind (cried my companion), but very pretty: there is some sense in your Chinese ladies' condescensions; but, among us, you shall scarce find one of the whole sex that shall hold her good humour for three days together. No later than yesterday, I happened to say some civil things to a citizen's wife of my acquaintance, not because I loved, *but* because I had charity; and what, do you think, was the tender creature's reply? Only that she detested my pig-tail wig, high-heeled shoes, and sallow complexion. That is all. Nothing more! Yes, by the heavens, though she was more ugly than an orpaine

actress, I found her more insolent than a thorough-bred woman of quality."

He was proceeding in this wild manner, when his invective was interrupted by the man in black, who entered the apartment, introducing his niece, a young lady of exquisite beauty. Her very appearance was sufficient to silence the severest satyrist of the sex. Easy without pride, and free without impudence, she seemed capable of supplying every sense with pleasure: her looks and conversation were natural and unconstrained: she had neither been taught to languish nor ogle, to laugh without a jest, or sigh without sorrow. I found that she had just returned from abroad, and had been conversant in the manners of the world. Curiosity prompted me to ask several questions; but she declined them all. I own, I never found myself so strongly prejudiced in favour of apparent merit before, and could willingly have prolonged our conversation; but the company, after some time, withdrew. Just, however, before the little beau took his leave, he called me aside, and requested I would change him a twenty-pound bill, which as I was incapable of doing, he was contented with borrowing half a crown. Adieu.

LETTER C.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

Few virtues have been more praised by moralists than generosity: Every practical treatise of ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality.—Philosophers that are poor praise it, because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But, among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving; to show that, by every favour we accept, we, in some measure, forfeit our native freedom; and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that

they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives in some measure sinks him below his dignity, and, in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude; the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till, at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with a feeling mind: but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more, who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new: Such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be: Dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be *often* obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet, while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for, in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side *is* mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support; but the parent lies under the same obligations to *give* that the other has to expect. The subordinate *officer* must receive the commands of his superior; but *for this* obedience, the former has a right to demand

intercourse of favour. Such is not the dependence I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver; where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all. This universal contempt of a man, who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits, without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious, even to the giver as well as the receiver. A man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered around him: Their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude; for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company. Thus being taught to overrate his merit, he, in reality, lessens it; increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is, perhaps, one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are in general obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation.

The humble companion may have, at first, accepted patronage with generous views; but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependants, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice, in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

Nay, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame. Sobriety, health, and affluence, attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of

succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation. Adieu.

LETTER CI.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In every society some men are born to teach, and others to receive instruction; some to work, and others to enjoy, in idleness, the fruits of their industry; some to govern, and others to obey. Every people, how free soever, must be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to those who govern, in exchange for their hopes of security; and the motives which first influenced their choice in the election of their governors should ever be weighed against the succeeding apparent inconsistencies of their conduct. All cannot be rulers, and men are generally best governed by a few. In making way through the intricacies of business, the smallest obstacles are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planned by a multiplicity of counsels, the judgment of one alone being always fittest for winding through the labyrinths of intrigue, and the obstructions of disappointment. A serpent which, as the fable observes, is furnished with one head and many tails, is much more capable of subsistence and expedition, than another which is furnished with but one tail and many heads.

Obvious as these truths are, the people of this country seem insensible of their force. Not satisfied with the advantages of internal peace and opulence, they still murmur at their governors, and interfere in the execution of their designs, as if they wanted to be something more than happy. But as the Europeans instruct by argument, and the Asiatics mostly by narration, were I to address them, I should convey my sentiments in the following story.

"Takupi had long been prime minister of Tipartala, a fertile country that stretches along the western coast

of China. During his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were seen to bless the people; nor were the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the state forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torment from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their present enjoyments, by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, endeavoured to find out grievances; and, after some search, actually began to think themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Tukupi was carried to the throne in due form, and the queen who governed the country, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed a day on which his accusers should be heard, and the minister should stand upon his defence.

"The day being arrived, and the minister brought to the tribunal, a carrier, who supplied the city with fish, appeared among the number of his accusers. He exclaimed, that it was the custom, time immemorial, for carriers to bring their fish upon an horse in a hamper; which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone on the other, was thus conveyed with ease and safety: but that the prisoner, moved either by a spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to use the stone no longer, but balance one hamper with another: an order entirely repugnant to the customs of antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Tipartala in particular.

"The carrier finished, and the whole court shook their heads at the innovating minister, when a second witness appeared. He was inspector of the city buildings, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which obstructed the passage through one of the principal streets. He observed, that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity; contributed finely to show how little their ancestors understood of architecture; and, for that reason, such monuments should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay.

"*The last witness* now appeared. This was a widow, *who had laudably* attempted to burn herself upon her *husband's funeral* pile. But the innovating minister h

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"*The last* witness now appeared. This was a widow, *who had laudably* attempted to burn herself upon her *husband's* funeral pile. But the innovating minister had

prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to her tears, protestations, and entreaties.

"The queen could have pardoned the two former offences; but this last was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. "What! (cried the queen) not to suffer a woman to burn herself when she thinks proper? The sex are to be very prettily tutored, no doubt, if they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a fried wife, or roasted acquaintance. I sentence the criminal to be banished my presence for ever, for his injurious treatment of the sex.

"Takupi had been hitherto silent, and spoke only to show the sincerity of his resignation.—"Great queen (cried he), I acknowledge my crime, and since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or desolate village, in the country I have governed. I shall find some pleasure in improving the soil, and bringing back a spirit of industry among the inhabitants." His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with, and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment answering the minister's description. After some months search, however, the inquiry proved fruitless; neither a desolate village nor a ruined town was found in the whole kingdom. "Alas (said Takupi then to the queen), how can that country be ill governed which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?" The queen perceived the justice of his expostulation, and the minister was received into more than former favour."

LETTER CII.

From the same.

THE ladies here are by no means such ardent gamesters as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the *English* justice; for I love to praise where applause is *justly* merited. Nothing more common in China than *to see two* women of fashion continue gaming till one *has won* all the other's clothes, and stripped her quite *naked*, the winner thus marching off in a double suit of

finery, and the loser shrinking behind, in the primitive simplicity of Nature.

No doubt you remember when Shang, our maiden aunt, played with a sharper. First her money went; then her trinkets were produced; her clothes followed piece by piece soon after. When she had thus played herself quite naked, being a woman of spirit, and willing to pursue *her own*, she staked her teeth; fortune was against her even here, and her teeth followed her clothes. At last she played for her left eye; and oh, hard fate! this too she lost. However, she had the consolation of biting the sharper, for he never perceived that it was made of glass till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion! Though the sex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill fortune with such amazing intrepidity. Indeed, I may entirely acquit them of ever playing———I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true, they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputation, at a gaming-table. It even sometimes happens that they play their husbands into jail, yet still they preserve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters of China. I have been present at a route in this country, where a woman of fashion, after losing her money, has sat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck, and yet, after all, never once attempted to strip a single petticoat, or cover the board, as her last stake, with her head-clothes.

However, though I praise their moderation at play, I must not conceal their assiduity. In China, our women, except upon some great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box; but here every day seems to be a festival, and night itself, which gives others rest, only serves to increase the female gamester's industry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of *her parish, to pass* the time away: having won all his *money, she next* proposed playing for her funeral *charges: the* proposal was accepted; but, unfortunately, *the lady* expired just as she had taken in her game.

There are some passions which, thou
pursued, are attended with equal consequ
country: here they game with more perse
with greater fury; here they strip their f
they strip themselves naked. A lady in C
dulges a passion for gaming, often becomes
and, by flourishing a dice-box in one hand
ly comes to brandish a dram-cup in the o
it from me to say there are any who d
England; but it is natural to suppose, tha
has lost every thing else but her honour, s
to toss that into the bargain, and, grown
nicer feelings, behave like a Spaniard, w
his money was gone, endeavoured to borr
offering to pawn his whiskers. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

*From Lien Chi Altangi to ***, Mercha
dam.*

I HAVE just received a letter from my son
informs me of the fruitlessness of his end
rover the lady with whom he fled from
strives to cover, under the appearance of
heart torn with anxiety and disappointm
offered little consolation, since that but t
feeds the sorrow which it pretends to
strengthens the impression, which nothin
ternal rubs of time and accident can thor

He informs me of his intentions of quitt
the first opportunity, and travelling by lan
dam. I must, therefore, upon his arriva
continuance of your friendship, and beg of y
him with proper directions for finding m
You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I
seeing him once more: the ties between t
the son among us in China are much more
than with you of Europe.

The remittance sent me from Argun to
in safety. I cannot sufficiently admire
honesty which prevails through the w
perhaps the savages of that de

e only untutored people of the globe that cultivate e moral virtues, even without knowing that their ac- ons merit praise. I have been told surprising things their goodness, benevolence, and generosity; and the interrupted commerce between China and Russia rves as a collateral confirmation.

"Let us (says the Chinese lawgiver) admire the rude rtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate orals of the polite." In the country where I reside, ough honesty and benevolence be not so congenial, t art supplies the place of nature: Though here every ce is carried to excess, yet every virtue is practised so with unexampled superiority. A city like this is e soil for great virtues and great vices. The villain n soon improve himself in the deepest mysteries of de- iving, and the practical philosopher can every day eet new incitements to mend his honest intentions. here are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which his city does not produce; yet, I know not how, I ould not be content to reside here for life. There is omething so seducing in that spot in which we first had xistence, that nothing but it could please. Whatever icissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or heresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur o home for tranquillity: we long to die in that spot hich gave us birth; and in that pleasing expectation piate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have some in- entions of leaving this country, and yet my designed departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendships of travellers are generally more transient than vernal snows, still I feel an uneasiness at breaking the connections I have formed since my arrival; parti- cularly, I shall have no small pain in leaving my usual companion, guide, and instructor.

I shall wait for the arrival of my son before I set out. He shall be my companion in every intended journey for the future; in his company I can support the fa- tigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleased at once with conveying instruction, and exacting obedience. *Adieu.*

LETTER CIV.

n Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

n scholars of China have a most profound venera- for forms. A first-rate beauty never studied the orums of dress with more assiduity; they may pro- rly enough be said to be clothed with wisdom from nd to foot; they have their philosophical caps and ilosophical whiskers, their philosophical slippers and hilosophical fans; there is even a philosophical stand- rd for measuring the nails; and yet, with all this seem- ng wisdom, they are often found to be mere empty pretenders.

A philosophical beau is not so frequent in Europe; yet I am told that such characters are found here: I mean such as punctually support all the decorums of learn- ing, without being really very profound, or naturally possessed of a fine understanding; who labour hard to obtain the titular honours attending literary merit; who flatter others, in order to be flattered in turn, and only study to be thought students.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the pensive formality of slippers, night-gown, and easy-chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open, and never read; his solitary hours being dedicated to dozing, mending pens, feeling his pulse, peeping through the microscope, and sometimes reading amusing books which he condemns in company. His library is preserved, with the most religious neatness, and is generally a repository of scarce books, which bear an high price, because too dull or useless to become common by the ordinary me- thods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admittance into literary clubs, academies, and institutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a little instruction, and a great deal of praise. In conversation they never betray ignorance, because they never seem to receive in- formation. Offer a new observation, they have heard it before; pinch them in an argument, and they reply with a sneer.

et how trifling soever these little arts may appear,
answer one valuable purpose, of gaining the prac-
s the esteem they wish for. The bounds of a man's
wledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence;
all can readily see and admire a gilt library, a set
ong nails, a silver standish, or a well-combed whis-
, who are incapable of distinguishing a dunce.

When Father Matthew, the first European missioner,
ered China, the court was informed that he possessed
at skill in astronomy: he was therefore sent for and
mined. The established astronomers of state under-
k this task, and made their report to the emperor,
t his skill was but very superficial, and no way com-
able to their own. The missioner, however, ap-
led from their judgment to experience, and challen-
them to calculate an eclipse of the moon, that was
appen a few nights following. "What (said some),
ll a barbarian without nails pretend to vie with men
astronomy, who have made it the study of their
s: with men who know half the knowable characters
words, who wear scientifical caps and slippers, and
o have gone through every literary degree with ap-
use?" They accepted the challenge, confident of suc-
s. The eclipse began; the Chinese produced a most
endid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong:
missioner, with a single instrument, was exact to a
ond. This was convincing; but the court-astrono-
rs were not to be convinced: instead of acknowledg-
their error, they assured the emperor that their
culations were certainly exact, but that the stranger
thout nails had actually bewitched the moon. "Well,
n (cries the good emperor, smiling at their igno-
nce), you shall still continue to be servants of the
on, but I constitute this man her controller.

China is thus replete with men, whose only preten-
ns to knowledge arise from external circumstances;
d, in Europe, every country abounds with them in
oportion to its ignorance. Spain and Flanders, who
behind the rest of Europe in learning at least three
nturies, have twenty literary titles and marks of dis-
ction unknown to France or England. They have
r *Clarissimi* and *Præclarissimi*, their *Accuratissimi*,
Minutissimi. A round cap entitles one student to

proceeded to describe those frivolous parts of
that most struck his imagination, and to assure
if I staid in this country some months longer,
see fine things. "For my own part (continu
know already of fifteen suits of clothes that wo
on one end with gold lace, all designed to be fi
there; and as for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, an
we shall see them as thick as brass nails in
chair. And then we are all to walk so ma
thus, this foot always behind the foot before. T
are to fling nosegays; the court poets to scatte
the spectators are to be all in full dress; Mrs
a new sack, ruffles, and frenched hair.—Loo
you will, one thing finer than another. M
curtesies to the duchess; her grace returns the
ment with a bow. Largess, cries the herald
room, cries the gentleman usher. Knock hi
cries the guard. Ah! (continued he, amazed a
description), what an astonishing scene of gra
art produce from the smallest circumstance,
thus actually turns to wonder one man puttin
other man's hat."

I now found his mind was entirely set upon
peries of a pageant, and quite regardless of
meaning of such costly preparations. "Pagea
Bacon) are pretty things, but we should rathe
make them elegant than expensive." Proces
valcades, and all that fund of gay frippery
out by tailors, barbers, and tire-women, mec
influence the mind into veneration. An empe
night-cap would not meet with half the respe
emperor with a glittering crown. Politics res
ligion: attempting to divest either of ceremo
most certain method of bringing either into c
The weak must have their inducements to admi
well as the wise: and it is the business of a
government to impress all ranks with a sense o
dination, whether this be effected by a diamon
or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law, or a glass

This interval of reflection only gave my
spirits to begin his description afresh, and,
inducement to raise my curiosity, he inform
rst sums that were given by the spectato

"That the ceremony must be fine (cries he), is very evident from the fine price that is paid for seeing it. Several ladies have assured me, they could willingly part with one eye rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come come (continues he), I have a friend, who, for my sake, will supply us with places at the most reasonable rates; I'll take care you shall not be imposed upon, and he will inform you of the use, finery, rapture, splendour, and enchantment of the whole ceremony, better than I."

Follies often repeated lose their absurdity, and assume the appearance of reason. His arguments were so often and so strongly enforced, that I had actually some thoughts of becoming a spectator. We accordingly went together to bespeak a place. But guess my surprise when the man demanded a purse of gold for a single seat: I could hardly believe him serious upon making the demand.—"Prithee, friend (cried I), after I have paid twenty pounds for sitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the coronation back?" "No, Sir." "How long can I live upon it after I have come away?" "Not long, "Sir." "Can a coronation clothe, feed, or fatten me?" Sir (replied the man), you seem to be under a mistake; all that you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the coronation." "Blast me (cries Tibbs), if that be all, there's no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure whether I am there or no!"

I am conscious, my friend, that this is but a very confused description of the intended ceremony. You may object, that I neither settle rank, precedency, nor place; and I seem ignorant whether Gules walks before or behind the Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimensions of a lord's cap, nor measured the length of a lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute description, and this I am unhappily disqualified from furnishing; yet, upon the whole, I fancy it will be no way comparable to the magnificence of our late emperor Whangti's procession, when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himself presided in person. Adieu.

LETTER CVI.

From the same.

It was formerly the custom here, when
tion died, for their surviving acquaintanc
a slight present into the grave. Several
value were made use of for that purp
relics, spices, bitter herbs, camomile, w
verses. The custom, however, is almos
and nothing but verses alone are now l
occasions, an oblation which they supp
terred with the dead, without any injur

Upon the death of the great, therefore
undertakers are sure of employment.
vides the long cloke, black staff, and m
the other produces the pastoral or elegy
or apotheosis. The nobility need be un
hensions, but die as fast as they think pr
and undertaker are ready to supply the
find metaphorical tears and family escut
an hour's warning; and, when the one h
the body in the grave, the other is ready
ratively among the stars.

There are several ways of being poetic
on such occasions. The bard is now some
of science, who sits deploring among the
he is Thyrsis, complaining in a circle of l
Now Britannia sits upon her own shor
loose to maternal tenderness; at anoth
nassus, even the mountain Parnassus, giv
row, and is bathed in tears of distress.

But the most usual manner is this:
Menalcas, who has got a most gloomy
The shepherd asks his friend, Whence th
tress? To which the other replies, Tha
more! If that be the case, then, cries
retire to yonder bower, at some distance
cypress and the jessamine add fragrance
and let us weep alternately for Pollio,
shepherds, and the patron of every muse
his fellow shepherd, what think you rat
to by the fountain side? the murmuring

ssist our complaints, and a nightingale on a neigh-
ring tree will join her voice to the concert. When
place is thus settled, they begin. The brook stands
to hear their lamentations; the cows forget to
ze; and the very tygers start from the forest with
pathetic concern. By the tombs of our ancestors,
dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this distress:
whole is liquid laudanum to my spirits, and a tyger
common sensibility has twenty times more tender-
than I.

But though I could never weep with the complaining
herd, yet I am sometimes induced to pity the poet,
se trade is thus to make demigods and heroes for a
er. There is not in nature a more dismal figure
a man who sits down to premeditated flattery.
ry stanza he writes tacitly reproaches the meanness
is occupation; till at last his stupidity becomes more
id, and his dullness more diminutive.

am amazed, therefore, that none have yet found
the secret of flattering the worthless, and yet of
erving a safe conscience. I have often wished for
e method by which a man might do himself and his
ased patron justice, without being under the hateful
each of self-conviction. After long lucubration, I
hit upon such an expedient; and send you the
imen of a poem upon the decease of a great man, in
h the flattery is perfectly fine, and yet the poet
ectly innocent.

On the Death of the Right Honourable ***.

Ye muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away;
O had he liv'd another year!
He had not died to-day.
O were he born to bless mankind,
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind!
Whene'er he went before.
How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sheep;
Even pitying hills would drop a tear!
If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each hard might well display:
Since none implor'd relief in vain!
——*That went reliev'd away.*
And hark! I hear the tuneful throng
His obsequies forbid;
He still shall live, shall live as long
——*As ever dead man did.*

LETTER CVII.

From the same.

It is the most usual method, in every r
examine its probability, and then act as t
may require. The English, however, e
spirit in such circumstances: They first a
too late, begin to examine. From a kno
disposition, there are several here who
business to frame new reports at every co
val, all tending to denounce ruin both o
poraries and their posterity.

This denunciation is eagerly caught up
away they fling to propagate the distress;
place, buy in at another; grumble at t
shout in mobs; and, when they have thus
behaved like fools, sit down coolly to a
wisdom, to puzzle each other with syllo
pare for the report that prevails, which
tended with the same success.

Thus are they ever rising above one
sink into another. They resemble a dog i
ing to get free. When he has raised his
bove water, and every spectator imagine
ged, his lower parts drag him down agai
to the nose: He makes new efforts to eme
effort increasing his weakness, only tends t
deeper.

There are some here who, I am told, ma
subsistence by the credulity of their co
they find the public fond of blood, wou
they contrive political ruins suited to
the year. This month, the people a
by the French in flat-bottomed boats

lesigned to beat the French back. Now, the
e going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and
ing but an herring-subscription can fish them
. Time passes on; the report proves false;
mstances produce new changes: But the peo-
change; they are persevering in folly.
er countries, those boding politicians would be
ret over their own schemes alone, and grow
without hopes of infecting others: but England
be the very region where spleen delights to
A man not only can give an unbounded scope to
der in himself, but may, if he pleases, propa-
ver the whole kingdom with a certainty of suc-
e has only to cry out, that the government, the
ent, is all wrong; that their schemes are leading
that Britons are no more. Every good mem-
ne commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a
deplore the universal decadence with sympathe-
w, and by fancying the constitution in a decay,
ly to impair its vigour.

eople would laugh at my simplicity, should I
hem to be less sanguine in harbouring gloomy
ns, and examine coolly, before they attempted
ain. I have just heard a story, which though
d in a private family, serves very well to des-
e behaviour of the whole nation in cases of
ed calamity. As there are public, so there are
incendiaries here. One of the last, either for
sement of his friends, or to divert a fit of the
lately sent a threatening letter to a worthy
my neighbourhood, to this effect:

, Knowing you to be very rich, and finding my-
e very poor, I think proper to inform you, that
earned the secret of poisoning man, woman, and
ithout danger of detection. Don't be uneasy,
may take your choice of being poisoned in a
t, or poisoned in a month, or poisoned in six
you shall have full time to settle all your affairs.
I am poor, I love to do things like a gentle-
lar, Sir, you must die; I have determined it
y breast that you must die. Blood, Sir, blood
de: so I could wish you would, this day six
ke leave of your friends, wife, and family, for I

cannot possibly allow you longer time. To conv
more certainly of the power of my art, by wi
may know I speak truth, take this letter, w
have read it, tear off the seal, fold it up, and g
your favourite Dutch mastiff that sits by the
will swallow it, Sir, like a buttered toast: in thr
and four minutes after he has taken it, he will
to bite off his own tongue, and, half an hour aft
asunder in twenty pieces. Blood, blood, blood
more at present from, Sir, your most obedie
devoted humble servant to command, till death.

You may easily imagine the consternation in
this letter threw the whole good-natured famil
poor man to whom it was addressed, was the m
prised, as not knowing how he could merit suc
rate malice. All the friends of the family were
ned. It was universally agreed that it was a mos
affair, and that the government should be so
offer a reward and a pardon: A fellow of
would go on poisoning family after family, an
impossible to say where the destruction would
pursuance of these determinations, the governm
applied to; strict search was made after the inc
but all in vain. At last, therefore, they recolle
the experiment was not yet tried upon the
Dutch mastiff was brought up, and placed in
of the friends and relations, the seal was torn
packet folded up with care: and soon they
the great surprise of all—the dog would not
letter. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

From the same.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ign
almost all the European travellers, who have
ted any considerable way eastward into Asia. T
been influenced either by motives of commerce
and their accounts are such as might reasonabl
pected from men of very narrow or very p
education, the dictates of superstition, or th
ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, in so
of adventurers, not one single philosoph

found? for, as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secret, either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success. In Siberian Tartary, for instance, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chymists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India, they are possessed of the secret of dying of vegetable substances scarlet, and of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves. But they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers, I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who allows of secrets yet unknown; who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts men to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh, did a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travel to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange.

There is, probably, no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received from the traveller equivalent information. And I am apt to think, that a person who was ready to give more knowledge *than he received* would be welcome wherever he came. *All his care in* travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Ta-

tas astronomy, nor yet instruct the pe
the ruder arts of subsistence: he should ev
prove the Barbarian in the secrets of livin
and the inhabitant of a more refined
speculative pleasures of science. He
nobly would a philosopher thus emplo
time, than by sitting at home, earnestly in
ing one star more to his catalogue, or on
to his collection; or still, if possible, mo
dulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the
cherry stone?

I never consider this subject, without l
how none of those societies, so laudabl
England for the promotion of arts and
never thought of sending one of their m
most eastern parts of Asia, to make w
he was able. To be convinced of the u
undertaking, let them but read the re
own travellers. It will be there found
as often deceived themselves, as they att
others. The merchant tells us, perhap
different commodities, the methods of b
and the properest manner for an Europ
his health in the country. The missione
band, informs us with what pleasure
which he was sent embraced Christianit
bers he converted; what methods he too
in a region where there are no fish; o
made to celebrate the rites of his religion,
there was neither bread nor wine. Such
the usual appendages of marriages and f
tions, rivers, and mountains, make up t
European traveller's diary: But as to a
which the inhabitants are possessed, thes
ly attributed to magic; and when the tr
no other account of the wonders he sees
very contentedly ascribes them to the
devil.

It was an usual observation of Boy
chymist. That if every artist would di
observations occurred to him in the exe
philosophy would thence gain imm
It may be observed, with

iséful knowledge of every country, howso-
rous, was gleaned by a judicious observer,
ges would be inestimable. Are there not,
rope, many useful inventions known or prac-
one place? The instrument, as an example,
down corn in Germany, is much more handy
tious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in
The cheap and expeditious manner of mak-
, without previous fermentation, is known
part of France. If such discoveries, there-
n still to be known at home, what funds of
might not be collected in countries yet un-
or only passed through by ignorant travellers
ravans?
tion with which foreigners are received in
e alleged as an objection to such a design.
adily have several European merchants found
nto regions the most suspecting, under the
f Sanjapins, or northern pilgrims? To such
hina itself denies access.
out a traveller properly qualified for these
might be an object of national concern: it
me measure repair the breaches made by am-
might show, that there were still some who
greater name than those of patriots, who pro-
iselves lovers of men. The only difficulty
ain in choosing a proper person for so arduous
ise. He should be a man of a philosophical
apt to deduce consequences of general utility
cular occurrences; neither swollen with pride,
d by prejudice; neither wedded to one par-
tem, nor instructed only in one particular sci-
ier wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian;
hould be tinctured with miscellaneous know-
his manners humanized by an intercourse
He should be, in some measure, an enthu-
he design, fond of travelling, from a rapid
n, and an innate love of change; furnished
ly capable of sustaining every fatigue, and as
easily terrified at danger. Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

From the same.

ONE of the principal tasks I had proposed to myself, on my arrival here, was to become acquainted with the names and characters of those now living, who, as scholars or wits, had acquired the greatest share of reputation. In order to succeed in this design, I fancied the surest method would be to begin my inquiry among the ignorant, judging that his fame would be greatest which was loud enough to be heard by the vulgar. Thus pre-disposed, I began the search, but only went in quest of disappointment and perplexity. I found every district had a peculiar famous man of its own. Here the story-telling shoemaker had engrossed the admiration on one side of the street, while the bellman, who excelleth at a catch, was in quiet possession of the other. At one end of a lane the sexton was regarded as the greatest man alive; but I had not travelled half its length till I found an enthusiastic teacher had divided his reputation. My landlady, perceiving my design, was kind enough to offer me her advice in this affair. It was true, she observed, that she was no judge, but she knew what pleased herself, and, if I would rest upon her judgment, I should set down Tom Collins as the most ingenious man in the world, for Tom was able to take off all mankind, and imitate, besides, a sow and pigs to perfection.

I now perceived, that taking my standard of reputation among the vulgar would swell my catalogue of great names above the size of a court kalendar: I therefore discontinued this method of pursuit, and resolved to prosecute my inquiry in that usual residence of fame, the bookseller's shop. In consequence of this, I entreated the bookseller to let me know who were they who made the greatest figure, either in morals, wit, or learning. Without giving me a direct answer, he pulled down a pamphlet from the shelf, *The Young Attorney's Guide*. "There, Sir (cries he), there's a touch for you; fifty hundred of these moved off in a day: I take the sale of this pamphlet, either for title, preface, plan, or index, to be the completest hand in England." I found it was vain to prosecute my inquiry

informer appeared so incompetent a judge of merit; so, paying for the *Young Attorney's Guide*, which good manners obliged me to buy, I walked off.

My pursuit after famous men now brought me into a print-shop. Here, thought I, the painter only reflects the public voice. As every man who deserved it had formerly his statue placed up in the Roman forum; so here, probably, the picture of none but such as merit a place in our affections are held up for public sale. But guess my surprise, when I came to examine this depository of noted faces; all distinctions were levelled here as in the grave, and I could not but regard it as the catacomb of real merit. The brickdust-man took up as much room as the truncheoned hero, and the judge was elbowed by the thief-taker; quacks, pimps, and buffoons, increased the group, and noted stallions only made room for more noted whores. I had heard the works of some of the moderns, previous to my coming to England, with delight and approbation, but I found their faces had no place here; the walls were covered with the names of authors I had never known, or had endeavoured to forget, with the little self-advertising things of a day, who had forced themselves into fashion, but not into fame. I could read at the bottom of some pictures the names of * *, and * * *, and * * * *, all equally candidates for the vulgar shout, and foremost to propagate their unblushing faces upon brass. My uneasiness, therefore, at not finding my new favourite names among the number was now changed into congratulation. I could not avoid reflecting on the fine observation of Tacitus on a similar occasion. In this cavalcade of flattery, cries the historian, neither the pictures of Brutus, Cassius, nor Cato, were to be seen; *eo clariores qui imagines eorum non deferebantur*; their absence being the strongest proof of their merit.

It is in vain, cried I, to seek for true greatness among these monuments of the unburied dead; let me go among the tombs of those who were confessedly famous, and see if any have been lately deposited there who deserve the attention of posterity, and whose names may be transmitted to my distant friend, as an honour to the present age. Determined in my pursuit, I paid a second visit to Westminster Abbey. There I found several new

monuments erected to the memory of sev
The names of the great men I absolutel
well remember that Roubillac was the
carved them. I could not help smiling
epitaphs in particular; one of which pra
ed for being *ortus ex antiqua stirpe*;
mended the dead, because *hanc ædem n*
ædificavit. The greatest merit of the o
his being descended from an illustrious h
distinction of the other, that he had pro
house that was falling. Alas, alas! eric
ments as these confer honour, not upon
but upon little Roubillac.

Hitherto disappointed in my inquiry a
the present age, I was resolved to mix i
try what I could learn among critics i
and here it was that I heard my favour
of even with inverted fame. A gentle
merit, as a writer, was branded in gener
man; another, of exquisite delicacy as
proached for wanting good-nature; a t
sed of free-thinking; and a fourth of ha
player. Strange, cried I, how unjust
the distribution of fame! The ignoran
I sought at first, were willing to grant,
distinguishing, the virtues of those who
mong those I now converse with, they
objects of admiration, but mix envy wi

Disappointed so often, I was now
amine those characters in person, of v
talked so freely. By conversing with m
I began to find out those characters whi
ed, though they strove to avoid applaus
vulgar admiration entirely misplaced,
without its sting. The truly great, po
rous small faults and shining virtues, pr
in morals, as in writing. They who h
excellence in either, commit numberles
observable to the meanest understanding
critic and dull remarker can readily
eloquence and morals, whose sentiment
rievated to observe a beauty.
er of books nor of life; they c

reputation by their censure, nor bestow a lasting character by their applause. In short, I found by my search, that such only can confer real fame upon others, who have merit themselves to deserve it. Adieu.

LETTER CX.

From the same.

THERE are numberless employments in the courts of the eastern monarchs, utterly unpractised and unknown in Europe. They have no such officers, for instance, as the emperor's ear-tickler or tooth-picker; they have never introduced at the courts the mandarine appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exercitations in the seraglio. Yet I am surprised that the English have imitated us in none of these particulars, as they are generally pleased with every thing that comes from China, and excessively fond of creating new and useless employments. They have filled their houses with our furniture, their public gardens with our fire-works, and their very ponds with our fish. Our courtiers, my friend, are the fish and furniture they should have imported: Our courtiers would fill up the necessary ceremonies of a court better than those of Europe; would be contented with receiving large salaries for doing little; whereas some of this country are at present discontented, though they receive large salaries for doing nothing.

I lately, therefore, had thoughts of publishing a proposal here for the admission of some new eastern offices and titles into their court-register. As I consider myself in the light of a cosmopolite, I find as much satisfaction in scheming for the countries in which I happen to reside, as for that in which I was born.

The finest apartments in the palace of Pegu are frequently infested with rats. These the religion of the country strictly forbids the people to kill. In such circumstances, therefore, they are obliged to have recourse *to some great man* of the court, who is willing to free *the royal apartments*, even at the hazard of his salvation. *After a weak monarch's reign*, the quantity of court ve

for it, as I am told, the palace be dirty, much
undoubtedly have taken refuge behind the
hangings. A minister should therefore be
the title and dignities of court-vermin kille
have full power either to banish, take, po
stroy them with enchantments, traps, ferrets,
He might be permitted to brandish his be
remorse, and brush down every part of t
without sparing a single cobweb, howeve
long prescription. I communicated this p
days ago, in a company of the first distinc
joying the most honourable offices of the st
the number were the inspector of Great
Henriques, the director of the ministry, Ber
treasurer, John Lockman, the secretary, a
ductor of the imperial magazine. They a
in the utility of my proposal, but were ap
might meet with some obstructions from cou
ers and chamber-maids, who woulds obje
the demolition of the furniture, and the d
of ferrets and ratsbane.

My next proposal is rather more general
mer, and might probably meet with less
Though no people in the world flatter eacl
than the English, I know none who unders
less, and flatter with such little refinement.
gyric, like a Tartar feast, is indeed served

These are appointed in the courts of their princes, to instruct the people where to exclaim with admiration, and where to lay an emphasis of praise. But an officer of this kind is always in waiting when the emperor converses in a familiar manner among the rajahs and other nobility. At every sentence, when the monarch pauses and smiles at what he has been saying, the karamatman, as this officer is called, is to take it for granted that his majesty has said a good thing; upon which he cries out, Karamat! karamat! a miracle, a miracle, and throws up his hands and his eyes in ecstasy. This is echoed by the courtiers around, while the emperor sits all this time in sullen satisfaction, enjoying the triumph of his joke, or studying a new repartee.

I would have such an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent practice he might soon become a perfect master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the nauseous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergy here, I am convinced, would relish this proposal. It would provide places for several of them: and indeed, by some of their late productions, many appear to have qualified themselves as candidates for this office already.

But my last proposal I take to be of the utmost importance. Our neighbour, the empress of Russia, has, you may remember, instituted an order of female knighthood; the empress of Germany has also instituted another; the Chinese have had such an order, time immemorial. I am amazed the English have never come into such an institution. When I consider what kind of men are made knights here, it appears strange that they never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheesmongers and pastrycooks knights; then why not their wives? They have called up tallow-chandlers to maintain the hardy profession of chivalry and arms; then why not their wives? Haberdashers are sworn, as I suppose all knights must be sworn, *never to fly in time of mellay or battle*, to maintain and uphold *the noble estate of chivalry* with horse, harnishe, and *other knightlye habiliments*. Haberdashers, I say, are

than the harness of a one-horse chaise. M
friend, instead of conferring any order up
hands, I would knight their wives. Howeve
should not be troubled with a new institutio
occasion. Some ancient exploded order mi
vived, which would furnish both a motto an
the ladies might be permitted to choose for
There are, for instance, the obsolete orders
don in Germany, of the rue in Scotland, an
cupine in France, all well-sounding names, a
plicable to my intended female institution.

LETTER CXI.

From the same.

RELIGIOUS sects in England are far more
than in China. Every man who has interes
hire a conventicle here may set up for himse
off a new religion. The sellers of the newes
present give extreme good bargains, and h
ciples have a great deal of *confidence* for ver
ney.

Their shops are much frequented, and t
mers every day increasing; for people are nat

But, though their principles are the same, their practice is somewhat different. Those of the established religion laugh when they are pleased, and their groans are seldom extorted, but by pain or danger. The new sect, on the contrary, weep for their amusement, and use little music except a chorus of sighs and groans, or tunes that are made to imitate groaning. Laughter is their aversion. Lovers court each other from the Lamentations. The bridegroom approaches the nuptial couch in sorrowful solemnity, and the bride looks more dismal than an undertaker's shop. Dancing round the room is, with them, running in a direct line to the devil; and as for gaming, though but in jest, they will sooner play with a rattlesnake's tail than finger a dice-box.

By this time you perceive that I am describing a sect of enthusiasts: and you have already compared them with the Faquirs, Brahmins, and Talapoins of the east. Among these, you know, are generations that have never been known to smile; and voluntary affliction makes up all the merit they can boast of. Enthusiasms, in every country, produce the same effects. Stick the Faquir with pins, or confine the Brahmin to a vermin-hospital, spread the Tolapoin on the ground, or load the sectary's brow with contrition; those worshippers, who discard the light of reason, are ever gloomy; their fears increase in proportion to their ignorance; as men are continually under apprehensions who walk in darkness.

Yet there is still a stronger reason for the enthusiast's being an enemy to laughter; namely, his being himself so proper an object of ridicule. It is remarkable that the propagators of false doctrines have ever been averse to mirth, and always begin by recommending gravity, when they intend to disseminate imposture. Fohi, the idol of China, is represented as having never laughed; Zoroaster, the leader of the Brahmins, is said to have laughed but twice—upon his coming into the world, and upon his leaving it. And Mahomet himself, though a lover of pleasure, was a professed opposer of gaiety. Upon a certain occasion, telling his followers that they would appear naked at the resurrection, his favourite wife *represented such* an assembly as immodest and unbecoming. "*Foolish* woman (cried the grave prophet), though *the whole* assembly be naked, on that day they shall have

forgotten to laugh." Men like him opposed ridicule, because they knew it to be a most formidable antagonist, and preached up gravity, to conceal their own want of importance.

Ridicule has ever been the most powerful enemy of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success. Persecution only serves to propagate new religions; they acquire fresh vigour beneath the executioner and the axe; and, like some vivacious insects, multiply by dissection. It is also impossible to combat enthusiasm with reason; for, though it makes a show of resistance, it soon eludes the pressure, refers you to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavour to fix an enthusiast by argument might as well attempt to spread quicksilver with his fingers. The only way to conquer a visionary is to despise him. The stake, the faggot, and the disputing doctor, in some measure ennoble the opinions they are brought to oppose. They are harmless against innovated pride. Contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the most vulnerable part of the beasts they pursue, by the care which every animal takes to defend the side which is weakest. On what side the enthusiast is most vulnerable may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his disciples into gravity, and guard them against the power of ridicule.

When Philip the Second was king of Spain, there was a contest in Salamanca between two orders of friars for superiority. The legend of one side contained more extraordinary miracles; but the legend of the other was reckoned the most authentic. They reviled each other, as is usual in disputes of divinity; the people were divided into factions; and a civil war appeared unavoidable. In order to prevent such an imminent calamity, the combatants were prevailed upon to submit their legends to the fiery trial; and that which came forth untouched by the fire was to have the victory, and to be *honoured* with a double share of reverence. Whenever *the people* flock to see a miracle, it is an hundred to one *but* that they see a miracle: incredible, therefore, were *the numbers* that were gathered round upon this occa*sion.* The friars on each side approached, and con

ly threw their respective legends into the flames; n lo! to the utter disappointment of all the assem- instead of a miracle, both legends were consumed. hing but thus turning both parties into contempt d have prevented the effusion of blood. The peo- now laughed at their former folly, and wondered they fell out. Adieu.

LETTER CXII.

From the same.

English are, at present, employed in celebrating a , which becomes general every seventh year; the iament of the nation being then dissolved, and an- r appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls in- ely short of our feast of the lantern, in magnificence splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east, nanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the ld can compare with it for eating. Their eating, in- l, amazes me. Had I five hundred heads, and were furnished with brains, yet would they be all insuf- nt to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and ies, which upon this occasion, die for the good of r country!

o say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingre- t in all the English parties of zeal, business, or a- ement. When a church is to be built, or an hospi- ndowed, the directors assemble, and, instead of con- ng upon it, they eat upon it; by which means the ness goes forward with success. When the poor are e relieved, the officers appointed to deal out public ity, assemble and eat upon it. Nor has it ever been wn that they filled the bellies of the poor, till they previously satisfied their own. But in the election agistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds, merits of a candidate are often measured by the ber of his treats. His constituents assemble, eat up- *im, and lend* their applause, not to his integrity or , *but to the* quantities of his beef and brandy.

d yet I could forgive this people their plentiful *on this* occasion, as it is extremely natural for *man to eat a great deal* when he gets it for nothing.

But what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper, as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election-dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor, gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, Whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate, fight themselves sober, and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation-poet, which were designed as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face: the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre, they took peaceable possession of their head-quarters, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but, above all, at seeing their bacon.

I must own, I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people, on this occasion, levelled into an equality; and the poor, in some measure, enjoying

primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobler with a levee at his door, and an haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded, Whether I was for the distillery or the brewery? As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent: However I knew not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow, and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob. He made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive importance of foreign drains, and the downfal of the distillery: I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs Deputy and Mrs Mayoress. Mrs Deputy was not in the least in liquor; and as for Mrs Mayoress, one of the spectators assured me, in my ear, that—she was a very fine woman before she had the small-pox.

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen: But what tongue can describe this scene of confusion? The whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch. I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion: I at first began to pity his infirmities, as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand. Another made his appearance to give his vote; but, though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent. A third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but Tobacco and Brandy. In short, an *election-hall seems to* be a theatre, where every passion *is seen without disguise*; a school where fools may readily *become worse*, and where philosophers may gather *wisdom*. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

From the same.

THE disputes among the learned here are now carried on in a much more compendious manner than formerly. There was a time when folio was brought to oppose folio; and a champion was often listed for life under the banners of a single sorites. At present, the controversy is decided in a summary way; an epigram, or an acrostic, finishes the debate; and the combatant, like the incursive Tartar, advances and retires with a single blow.

An important literary debate at present engrosses the attention of the town; it is carried on with sharpness, and a proper share of this epigrammatical fury. An author, it seems, has taken aversion to the faces of several players, and has written verses to prove his dislike; the players fall upon the author, and assure the town he must be dull, and their faces must be good, because he wants a dinner. A critic comes to the poet's assistance, asserting that the verses were perfectly original, and so smart, that he could never have written them without the assistance of friends. The friends upon this arraign the critic, and plainly prove the verses to be all the author's own. So at it they are, all four together, by the ears, the friends at the critic, the critic at the players, the players at the author, and the author at the players again. It is impossible to determine how this many-sided contest will end, or which party to adhere to. The town, without siding with any, views the combat in suspense; like the fabled hero of antiquity, who beheld the earth-born brothers give and receive mutual wounds, and fall by indiscriminate destruction.

This is, in some measure, a state of the present dispute; but the combatants here differ in one respect from the champions of the fable. Every new wound only gives vigour for another blow: though they appear to strike, they are, in fact, mutually swelling themselves *into* consideration, and thus advertising each other away *into* fame. To-day, says one, my name shall be in the *gazette*; the next day, my rival's: people will naturally enquire about us: thus, we shall, at least, make a noise in the streets, though we have got nothing to

I have read of a dispute of a similar nature, which was managed here about twenty years ago. Hildebrand Jacob, as I think he was called, and Charles Johnson, were poets, both at that time possessed of great reputation; for Johnson had written eleven plays, acted with great success; and Jacob, though he had written but five, had five times thanked the town for their unmerited applause. They soon became mutually enamoured of each other's talents; they wrote, they felt, they challenged the town for each other. Johnson assured the public, that no poet alive had the easy simplicity of Jacob; and Jacob exhibited Johnson as a masterpiece in the pathetic. Their mutual praise was not without effect; the town saw their plays, were in raptures, read, and without censuring them, forgot them. So formidable an union, however, was soon opposed by Tibbald. Tibbald asserted, that the tragedies of the one had faults, and the comedies of the other substituted wit for vivacity: The combined champions flew at him like tigers; arraigned the censurer's judgment, and impeached his sincerity. It was a long time a dispute among the learned, which was in fact the greatest man, Jacob, Johnson, or Tibbald. They had all written for the stage with great success; their names were seen in almost every paper, and their works in every coffee-house. However, in the hottest of the dispute, a fourth combatant made his appearance, and swept away the three combatants, tragedy, comedy, and all, into undistinguished ruin.

From this time, they seemed consigned into the hands of criticism; scarce a day passed in which they were not arraigned as detested writers. The critics, those enemies of Dryden and Pope, were their enemies. So Jacob and Johnson, instead of mending by criticism, called it envy; and because Dryden and Pope were censured, they compared themselves to Dryden and Pope.

But to return—The weapon chiefly used in the present controversy is epigram; and certainly never was a keener made use of. They have discovered surprising sharpness on both sides. The first that came out, upon this occasion, was a kind of new composition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigrammatic thesis, than an epigram. It consists, first, of an argument

in prose; next follows a motto from Roscommon; then comes the epigram; and lastly, notes serving to explain the epigram. But you shall have it, with all its decorations.

AN EPIGRAM,

Addressed to the Gentleman reflected on, in the ROSCIAD, *a poem, by the Author.*

Worry'd with debts, and past all hopes of bail,
His pen he prostitutes t'avoid a gaol. Roscom.

"Let not the *hungry* Ravius' angry stroke
Awake resentment, or your rage provoke;
But, pitying his distress, let virtue * shine,
And, giving each your bounty, † *let him dine*:
For, thus retain'd, as learn'd counsel can,
Each case, however bad, he'll new japan;
And, by a quick transition plainly show
'Twas no effect of yours but *pocket low*,
That caus'd his *putrid kennel* to o'erflow."

The last lines are certainly executed in a very masterly manner. It is of that species of argumentation called the perplexing. It effectually flings the antagonist into a mist; there's no answering it: the laugh is raised against him, while he is endeavouring to find out the jest. At once he shows that the author has a kennel, and that his kennel is putrid, and that his putrid kennel overflows. But why does it overflow? It overflows because the author happens to have low pockets!

There was also another new attempt in this way; a prosaic epigram, which came out upon this occasion. This is so full of matter, that a critic might split it into fifteen epigrams, each properly fitted with its sting. You shall see it.

To G. C. AND R. L.

'Twas you, or I, or he, or all together,
'Twas one, both, three of them, they know not whether.
This I believe, between us, great or small,
You, I, he, wrote it not——'twas Churchill's all.

There, there's a perplex! I could have wished, to make it quite perfect, the author, as in the case before, had added notes. Almost every word admits a scholium, and a long one too. I, YOU, HE! Suppose a stranger should ask, And who are you? Here are three

* Charity. † Settled at one shilling, the price of the poem.

obscure persons spoken of, that may, in a short time, be utterly forgotten. Their names should have consequently been mentioned in notes at the bottom. But, when the reader comes to the words *great* and *small*, the maze is inextricable. Here the stranger may dive for a mystery without ever reaching the bottom. Let him know, then, that *small* is a word purely introduced to make a good rhyme; and *great* was a very proper word to keep *small* company.

Yet, by being thus a spectator of others' dangers, I must own I begin to tremble, in this literary contest, for my own. I begin to fear that my challenge to Doctor Rock was unadvised, and has procured me more antagonists than I had at first expected. I have received private letters from several of the literati here that fill my soul with apprehension. I may safely aver, that *I never gave any creature in this good city offence*, except only my rival, Doctor Rock; yet, by the letters I every day receive, and by some I have seen printed, I am arraigned, at one time, as being a dull fellow; at another, as being pert. I am here petulant; there I am heavy. By the head of my ancestors, they treat me with more inhumanity than a flying fish. If I dive, and run my nose to the bottom, there a devouring shark is ready to swallow me up; if I skim the surface, a pack of dolphins are at my tail to snap me; but, when I take wing, and attempt to escape them by flight, I become a prey to every ravenous bird that winnows the bosom of the deep. Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

From the same.

The formalities, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce but the commerce between the sexes. The encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meet with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdu

of the fields, the transparency of the dreams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel upon gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattles can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love —according to act of parliament.

Thus, they who have fortune are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act, in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitude of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimple and smiles begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude to bewail her virginity; and she dies even without the benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. *The genius* is surely now no more. In every region I *find enemies* in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, *jealousy* in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among *the Tartars*, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to *oppose his* power. The genius is certainly banish

from the earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce are but a few trifling relics, as instances of his former residence and favour.

"The genius of love (says the eastern apologue) had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded; but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprised the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour: Their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth, and plucked eye-brows, were, however, alleged by the genius against them; and he set them entirely aside, when he came to examine their little feet.

"The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering: their neck, the left breast, and all their limbs, were exposed to view, which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irrisistible poignance to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered, to their admirers; they seemed to give rather than receive courtship; and the genius of love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

"The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charms-

ing deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly re-quartered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it, on one side, from the scorching sun; and sea-borne breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express, and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

"In this procession, the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind. Their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to show that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected, as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner, the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected; the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida, with well-scared faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

"The beauties of Europe at last appeared: Grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but, unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words *house in town, settlement, and pin-money.* These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect; the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle, and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from whence he descended.

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement. They now justly apprehended, that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They c

tinued some time thus in a state of torpid despair; when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to love are in reality paid to the idol; but, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent, where the heart is least sincere." Adieu.

LETTER CXV.

From the same.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity. They have declaimed with that ostentation which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet, from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature; and, by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: Their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels, as well as men, to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them, at best, but as useful servants, brought to their

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coast by their guardian serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner, examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors, you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge. Human nature is to him an unknown country: He thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries. Whatever can be conceived to be done, he allows to be possible; and whatever is possible, he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows, by bringing it to the standard of his own incapacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus, by degrees, he loses the idea of his own insignificance, in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times, or countries, of ignorance and barbarity: They addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend: They addressed a people who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach to heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation. The same pride that erects a colossus or a pyramid, installs a god or an hero. But though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity. Incapa-

ble, therefore, of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.

When man thus has acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate. Men are but angels, angels are but men, nay, but servants that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly*: "I salute thee, glorious creator, of whom the sun is but the shadow. Masterpiece of the Lord of human creatures, great star of justice and religion. The sea is not rich and liberal, but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel-treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature. The primum mobile would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to serve the morning, out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundsel of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels. But if, indeed, there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! thus to see creatures, wiser, indeed, than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves the mastery of heaven! minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal nature! Sure heaven is kind, that launches no thunder at those guilty heads: but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that it loved into being.

But, whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I don't know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness, to think it invested with celestial *power*. *They* sometimes, indeed, admit the gods of *strangers*, or of their ancestors, which had their exis*ence in times of* obscurity; their weakness being f

* Chardin's Travels, p. 402.

gotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country: the idols, which the vulgar worship at this day, were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poinard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedemonians shrewdly complied with his commands, by the following sarcastic edict:

Ει Αλεξανδρος βουλεται ανθ' Θεος, Θεος εστω.

Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

From the same.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman: even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition I lately found myself, in company with my friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject. The lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed, that it was of infinite service in refining society: while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours; therefore no way more natural, than taking snuff, or chewing opium.

"How is it possible (cried I) that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions, even of beauty which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the

art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined each other over the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would, at present, be out of humour, if their lovers praised them for such graces; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead-comb, before it could be seen in public company."

"But the difference between the ancients and moderns is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips: A chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia, a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty: Cross but a mountain, which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion. In Persia, and some other countries, a man, when he marries, chooses to have his bride a maid: In the Philippine Islands, if a bridegroom happens to perceive, on the first night, that he is put off with a virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purposes, and the bride sent back with disgrace. In some parts of the east, a woman of beauty, properly fed up for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns: In the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig: queens, however, sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn even to England, don't I see the beautiful part of the sex neglected, and none now marrying, or making love, but old men and old women that have saved money? Don't I see beauty, from fifteen to twenty-one, rendered null and void to all intents and purposes, and those six precious years of womanhood put under a state of virginity? What! shall I call that rancid passion love, which passes between an old bachelor of fifty-six and a widow lady of forty-nine? Never! never! What advantage is society to reap from an intercourse, where the big belly is oftenest on the man's side? Would any persuade me *that such a passion was* natural, unless the human race *were more fit for love as they approached the decline, and, like silk worms, became breeders just before they expired?*"

"Whether love be natural or no (replied my friend ravely), it contributes to the happiness of every so- iety into which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals: Love is a me- thod of protracting our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage will, at the end of life, rise victorious. This was the opinion of Vanini, who affirmed that every hour was lost which was not spent in love. His hearers were unable to comprehend his meaning; and the poor advocate for love was burned in flames, alas, no way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction: All laws cal- culated to discourage it, tend to embrute the species, and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant moral in the human breast, it cultivates them when there: pity generosity, and honour, receive a brighter polish fro its assistance, and a single amour is sufficient entirely brush off the clown.

But as it is an exotic of the most delicate constitu it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a s and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to re it again. Let us only consider with what ease formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what d ty it was lately revived in Europe; it seemed for ages, and at last fought its way among us tilts, tournaments, dragons, and all the dreams valry. The rest of the world, China only excep and have even been, utter strangers to its del advantages. In other countries, as men find t stronger than women, they lay a claim to superiority: this is natural; and love, whic this natural advantage, must certainly be t art; an art calculated to lengthen out our h ments, and add new graces to society."

"I entirely acquiesce in your sentimen lady) with regard to the advantages of thi cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin th been pleased to assign. I must think that where it is rejected are obliged to bar stifle so natural a production; and th s cultivated only make nearer

The same efforts that are used in some places to suppress pity, and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence, that is not famous for passion; it has flourished in the coldest as well as in the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wilds of Southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person, without having her mind.

"In all my Emma's beauties blest,
Amidst profusion still I pine;
For though she gives me up her breast,
Its panting tenant is not mine*."

But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artificial passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion to force the constitution into those changes which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the two Italian lovers, Da Corsin and Julia Bellamouo, who after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each others arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of the passion; and serve to show, that suppressing it is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart. Adieu.

LETTER CXVII.

From the same.

THE clock just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems *hushed with her* own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! the dying lamp *feebly emits* a yellow gleam; no sound is heard, but of

* Translation of a South American ode.

the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog: all the bustle of human pride is forgotten: an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and, at last, swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded? And those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at

doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.

Fum Hoam, to Lien Chi Altangi, the discontented Wanderer, by the way of Moscow.

I HAVE been just sent upon an embassy to Japan: My commission is to be dispatched in four days; and you can hardly conceive the pleasure I shall find upon revisiting my native country. I shall leave with joy this proud, barbarous, inhospitable region, where every object conspires to diminish my satisfaction, and increase my patriotism.

But though I find the inhabitants savage, yet the Dutch merchants, who are permitted to trade hither, seem still more detestable. They have raised my dislike to Europe in general: by them I learn how low avarice can degrade human nature: how many indignities an European will suffer for gain.

I was present at an audience given by the emperor to the Dutch envoy, who had sent several presents to all the courtiers, some days previous to his admission; but *he was obliged* to attend those designed for the emperor *himself. From* the accounts I had heard of this ceremony, my curiosity prompted me to be a spectator of the whole.

First went the presents, set out on beautiful enamelled tables, adorned with flowers, borne on men's shoulders, and followed by Japanese music and dancers. From so great respect paid to the gifts themselves, I had fancied the donors must have received almost divine honours. But, about a quarter of an hour after the presents had been carried in triumph, the envoy and his train were brought forward. They were covered from head to foot with long black veils, which prevented their seeing, each led by a conductor, chosen from the meanest of the people. In this dishonourable manner, having traversed the city of Jedo, they at length arrived at the palace-gate, and, after waiting half an hour, were admitted into the guard-room. Here their eyes were uncovered; and, in about an hour, the gentleman-usher introduced them into the hall of audience. The emperor was at length shown, sitting in a kind of alcove at the upper end of the room, and the Dutch envoy was conducted towards the throne.

As soon as he had approached within a certain distance, the gentleman-usher cried out with a loud voice, *Holanda Capitan*: upon these words, the envoy fell flat upon the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet towards the throne. Still approaching, he reared himself upon his knees, and then bowed his forehead to the ground. These ceremonies being over, he was directed to withdraw, still grovelling on his belly, and going backward like a lobster.

Men must be excessively fond of riches, when they are earned with such circumstances of abject submission. Do the Europeans worship Heaven itself with marks of more profound respect? do they confer those honours on the Supreme of Beings, which they pay to a barbarous king, who gives them a permission to purchase trinkets and porcelain? What a glorious exchange, to forfeit their national honour, and even their title to humanity, for a screen or a snuff-box?

If these ceremonies, essayed in the first audience, appeared mortifying, those which were practised in the second are infinitely more so. In the second audience, the emperor and the ladies of court were placed behind lattices, in such a manner as to see without being seen. Here all the Europeans were directed to pass in review

and grovel and act the serpent as before. With this spectacle the whole court seemed highly delighted: the strangers were asked a thousand ridiculous questions, as their names and their ages: They were ordered to write, to stand upright, to sit, to stoop, to compliment each other, to be drunk, to speak the Japanese language, to talk Dutch, to sing, to eat; in short, they were ordered to do all that could satisfy the curiosity of women.

Imagine, my dear Altangi, a set of grave men thus transformed into buffoons, and acting a part every whit as honourable as that of those instructed animals which are shown in the streets of Pekin to the mob on a holiday. Yet the ceremony did not end here; for every great lord of the court was to be visited in the same manner; and their ladies, who took the whim from their husbands, were all equally fond of seeing the strangers perform, even the children seeming highly diverted with the dancing Dutchmen.

Alas! cried I to myself, upon returning from such a spectacle, is this the nation which assumes such dignity at the court of Pekin? Is this that people that appear so proud at home, and in every country where they have the least authority? How does a love of gain transform the gravest of mankind into the most contemptible and ridiculous! I had rather continue poor all my life, than become rich at such a rate. Perish those riches which are acquired at the expence of my honour or my humanity! Let me quit, said I, a country, where there are none but such as treat all others like slaves, and more detestable still, in suffering such treatment. I have seen enough of this nation to desire to see more of others. Let me leave a people suspicious to excess, whose morals are corrupted and equally debased by superstition and vice: where the sciences are left uncultivated; where the great are slaves to the prince, and tyrants to the people; where the women are chaste only when debarred of the power of transgression; where the true disciples of Confucius are not less persecuted than those *of Christianity*: in a word, a country where men are *forbidden to think*, and consequently labour under the *most miserable slavery, that of mental servitude. Adieu.*

LETTER CXIX.

From the same.

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet, where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? Men, in such circumstances, can act bravely, even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded, though some undergo more real hardships in one day than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their severest distresses are pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain with murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep; have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them; find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections, from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress.—The disabled soldier, for such he was, with

interepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows:

"As for misfortunes, Sir, I can't pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me.

"My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third: till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business, as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

"Here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day; and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away: But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I eat and drank well, and liked my business well enough; till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't! I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in *triumph, when* the justice himself met me: he called me *a villain*; and, collaring me, desired I would give an *account of* myself. I began immediately to give a full *account of* all that I knew of my breed, seed, and

generation: but, though I gave a very long account, the justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the plantations.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work: but, alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever. I was taken out of prison after five months; put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast for want of sweet air and provisions: but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way. Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years; and, as I was no scholar, for I had forgotten my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home: and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence! I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more: so I did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till, one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice; and as I could give no account of myself (that was the thing that always hobbled me), I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier; I chose to be a soldier; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns; was at the battles in Flanders, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landman in the East India Co

pany's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune: I soon fell sick; and, when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war; so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money: but the government wanted men; and I was pressed again, before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore that I understood my business perfectly well; but that I pretended sickness merely to be idle. God knows I knew nothing of sea business. He beat me, without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating. The money was my comfort; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all!

"Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in jail: but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on a bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awaked by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. "Jack (says he to me), will you knock out the French sentry's brains?" "I don't care (says I, striving to keep myself awake), if I lend a hand." "Then, follow me (says he), and I hope we shall do business." So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. We had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five Frenchmen at any time; so we went down to the door where both the sentries were posted; and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay; and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However

we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man of war of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but, unfortunately, we lost almost all our men just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old gaol in Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in this last engagement, I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life: but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health; and have no enemy in this world, that I know of, but the French, and the justice of peace."

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content: nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy. Adieu.

LETTER CXX.

From the same.

THE titles of European princes are rather more numerous than ours of Asia, but by no means so sublime. The king of Visapour or Pegu, not satisfied with claiming the globe, and all its appurtenances, to him and his heirs, asserts a property even in the firmament, and extends his orders to the milky way. The monarchs of Europe, with more modesty, confine their titles to earth, but make up by number what is wanting in their sublimity. Such is their passion for a long list of these splendid trifles, that I have known a German prince

with more titles than subjects, and a Spanish nobleman with more names than shirts.

Contrary to this, "The English monarchs (says a writer of the last century) disdain to accept of such titles, which tend only to increase their pride without improving their glory: They are above depending on the feeble helps of heraldry for respect, perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of acknowledged power." At present, however, these maxims are laid aside: The English monarchs have of late assumed new titles, and have impressed their coins with the names and arms of obscure dukedoms, petty states, and subordinate employments. Their design in this, I make no doubt, was laudably to add new lustre to the British throne; but, in reality, paltry claims only serve to diminish that respect they are designed to secure.

There is, in the honours assumed by kings, as in the decorations of architecture, a majestic simplicity, which best conduces to inspire our reverence and respect: numerous and trifling ornaments in either are strong indications of meanness in the designer, or of concealed deformity. Should, for instance, the emperor of China, among other titles, assume that of Deputy Mandarine of Macao; or the Monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, desire to be acknowledged as Duke of Brentford, Lunenburgh, or Lincoln; the observer revolts at this mixture of important and paltry claims, and forgets the emperor in his familiarity with the duke or the deputy.

I remember a similar instance of this inverted ambition in the illustrious king of Manacabo, upon his first treaty with the Portuguese. Among the presents that were made him by the ambassador of that nation was a sword with a brass hilt, which he seemed to set a peculiar value upon. This he thought too great an acquisition to his glory to be forgotten among the number of his titles. He therefore gave orders that his subjects should style him, for the future, Tallpot, the immortal potentate of Manacabo, Messenger of the Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Possessor of the whole Earth, *and mighty* Monarch of the Brass-handled Sword.

This method of mixing majestic and paltry titles, of *quartering* the arms of a great empire and an obscure

province, upon the same medal here, had its
virtuous partiality of their late monarchs.
testify an affection to their native country,
its name and ensigns a place upon their coins;
in some measure, ennobled its obscurity. It w
but just that a people which had given Englan
king should receive some honorary equivalent
but at present these motives are no more: E
now a monarch wholly British, and it has so
to hope for British titles upon British coins.

However, were the money of England d
circulate in Germany, there would be no fl
propriety in impressing it with German names
but, though this might have been so upon for
sions, I am told there is no danger of it for t
As England, therefore, designs to keep back
candidly think Lunenburg, Oldenburg, and
them, may very well keep back their titles.

It is a mistaken prejudice in princes to thi
number of loud-sounding names can give new
respect: The truly great have ever disdai
When Timur the Lame had conquered Asia,
by profession came to compliment him upon th
He began his harangue by styling him the mo
tent and the most glorious object of the creat
emperor seemed displeased with his paltry adu
still he went on, complimenting him as the mo
the most valiant, and the most perfect of beings
there, my friend, (cries the lame emperor),
till I have got another leg." In fact, the
the despotic alone find pleasure in multipl
pageants of vanity; but strength and freedo
bler aims, and often find the finest adulatio
tic simplicity.

The young monarch of this country has alr
fied a proper contempt for several unmeani
dages on royalty; cooks and scullions have
ged to quit their fires; gentlemen's gentlemen,
whole tribe of necessary people, who did no
bren dismissed from farther services. A
an thus bring back simplicity and frugali
ill soon probably have a true respect for
nd, while he has dismissed all useless em
ntain to accept of empty or degradin

LETTER CXXI.

From the same.

WHENEVER I attempt to characterize the English in general, some unforeseen difficulties constantly occur to disconcert my design; I hesitate between censure and praise. When I consider them as a reasoning, philosophical people, they have my applause; but, when I reverse the medal, and observe their inconstancy and irresolution, I can scarcely persuade myself that I am observing the same people.

Yet, upon examination, this very inconstancy, so remarkable here, flows from no other source than their love of reasoning. The man who examines a complicated subject on every side, and calls in reason to his assistance, will frequently change; will find himself distracted by opposing probabilities and contending proofs: every alteration of place will diversify the prospect, will give some latent argument new force, and contribute to maintain an anarchy in the mind.

On the contrary, they who never examine with their own reason act with more simplicity. Ignorance is positive, instinct perseveres, and the human being moves in safety, within the narrow circle of brutal uniformity. What is true with regard to individuals is not less so when applied to states. A reasoning government like this is in continual fluctuation; while those kingdoms where men are taught, not to controvert, but obey, continue always the same. In Asia, for instance, where the monarch's authority is supported by force, and acknowledged through fear, a change of government is entirely unknown. All the inhabitants seem to wear the same mental complexion, and remain contented with hereditary oppression. The sovereign's pleasure is the ultimate rule of duty; every branch of the administration is a perfect epitome of the whole; and if one tyrant is deposed, another starts up in his room to govern as his predecessor. The English, on the contrary, instead of being led by power, endeavour to guide themselves *by reason*; instead of appealing to the pleasure of the *prince, appeal* to the original rights of mankind. What *one rank of men* assert is denied by others, as the *reasons on opposite* sides happen to come home with

er or less conviction. The people of Asia are directed by precedent, which never alters; the English by reason, which is ever changing its appearance.

The disadvantages of an Asiatic government, acting in this manner by precedent, are evident; original errors are thus continued without hopes of redress; and all marks of genius are levelled down to one standard, since no superiority of thinking can be allowed its exertion in mending obvious defects. But, to recompense those defects, their governments undergo no new alterations; they have no new evils to fear, nor no fermentations in the constitutions that continue: The struggle for power is soon over, and all becomes tranquil as before. They are habituated to subordination; and men are taught to form no other desires than those which they are allowed to satisfy.

The disadvantages of a government acting from the immediate influence of reason, like that of England, are not less than those of the former. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit; every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation: Various reasons will lead different ways, and equity and advantage will often be out-balanced by a combination of clamour and prejudice. But though such a people may be thus in the wrong, they have been influenced by an happy delusion: their errors are seldom seen till they are felt; each man is himself the tyrant he has obeyed, and such a master he can easily forgive. The disadvantages he feels may, in reality, be equal to what is felt in the most despotic government; but man will bear every calamity with patience, when he knows himself to be the author of his own misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CXXII.

From the same.

My long residence here begins to fatigue me. As every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing. Some minds are so fond of variety, that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be insupportable; we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness, or

courting distress. I only, therefore, wait the arrival of my son, to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus spent in wandering from place to place, is, at best, but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles is the lot of humanity; and, whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at the bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustles and laugh as they walk in the pageant; but fools bustle, and are important and this, probably, is all the difference between them

This may be an apology for the levity of my forme correspondence: I talked of trifles, and I knew th they were trifles. To make the things of this life r diculous, it is only sufficient to call them by their nam

In other respects, I have omitted several striki circumstances in the description of this country, as su posing them either already known to you, or as being thoroughly known to myself: but there is omission for which I expect no forgiveness, nam my being totally silent upon their buildings, roads, riv and mountains. This is a branch of science on w all other travellers are so very prolix, that my defici will appear the more glaring. With what plea for instance, do some read of a traveller in Eg pt suring a fallen column with his cane, and finding actly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping th the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a dif hole from that he entered; of stealing the finger antique statue, in spite of the janissary that w him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundr fourteen conjectures already published upon the of *Osiris* and *Isis*.

Methinks I hear some of my friends in China d ing a similar account of London, and the adjac lages; and, if I remain here much longer, it is p I may gratify their curiosity. I intend, w dry on other topics, to take a serious survey of wall; to describe that beautiful building the house; I will enumerate the magnificent which the nobility chiefly reside, and the appointed for the reception of the Eng

nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe-lane, in w
myself have resided since my arrival. You sha
me no way inferior to many of my brother travel
the art of description. At present, however,
specimen of this way of writing, I send you a few
remarks, collected in a late journey I made to K
town, *and this is the manner of modern voyagers.*

" Having heard much of Kentish-town, I con
a strong desire to see that celebrated place. I
have wished, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity with
ing thither, but that was impracticable, and ther
resolved to go. Travellers have two methods o
to Kentish-town; they take coach, which cost
pence, or they may go a-foot, which costs nothi
my opinion, a coach is by far the most eligible
nience; but I was resolved to go on foot, havin
sidered with myself, that going in that manner w
the cheapest way.

" As you set out from Dog-house bar you ente
a fine level road, railed in on both sides, comm
on the right a fine prospect of groves and fields
led with flowers, which would wonderfully cha
sense of smelling, were it not for a dunghill on t
which mixes its effluvia with their odours. Thi
hill is of much greater antiquity than the road
must not omit a piece of injustice I was going
mit upon this occasion. My indignation was
against the makers of the dunghill, for having br
so near the road, whereas it should have fallen u
makers of the road, for having brought that so n
dunghill.

" After proceeding in this manner for some
building, resembling somewhat a triumphal arch,
the traveller's view. This structure, however,
liar to this country, and vulgarly called a turnpil
I could perceive a long inscription in large ch
on the front, probably upon the occasion of so
umph: but, being in haste, I left it to be made
some subsequent adventurer, who may happen t
this way: So, continuing my course to the west
arrived at an unwalled town, called Islington.

" Islington is a pretty neat town, mostl
brick, with a church and bells. It has a sm
rather pond, in the midst, though at prese

d. I am told it is dry in summer; if this be the
can be no very proper receptacle for fish, of
he inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bring-
hat is eaten there from London.
er having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and
l town, I proceeded forward, leaving a fair
ilding, called the White Conduit House, on my
Here the inhabitants of London often assemble
rate a feast of hot rolls and butter. Seeing such
, each with their little tables before them, em-
on this occasion, must, no doubt, be a very amu-
t to the looker on, but still more so to those who
in the solemnity.
m hence I departed with reluctance to Pancrass,
written, or Pancridge, as it is pronounced; but
should both be pronounced and written Pan-
This emendation I will venture *meo arbitrio*;
the Greek language, signifies all; which, added
English word grace, maketh all grace, or Pan-
And, indeed, this is a very proper appellation to
of so much sanctity, as Pangrace is universally
d. However this be, if you except the parish-
and its fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth
ntion of the curious observer.
om Pangrace to Kentish-town is an easy journey
mile and a quarter: The road lies through a fine
ign country, well watered with beautiful drains,
melled with flowers of all kinds, which might con-
to charm every sense, were it not that the odori-
ales are often more impregnated with dust than
e.
you enter Kentish-town, the eye is at once pre-
wn the shops of artificers, such as venders of
, small-coal, and hair-brooms;—there are also
august buildings of red brick, with numberless
sts, or rather pillars, in a peculiar order of archi-
I send you a drawing of several, vide A, B, C.
retty town probably borrows its name from its
to the county of Kent; and, indeed, it is not un-
that it should, as there are only London, and the
villages, that lie between them.—Be this as it
ceiving night approach, I made a hasty repast
d mutton and a certain dried fruit called pota-
lving to protract my remarks upon my return

LETTER CXXIII.

From the same.

AFTER a variety of disappointments, my w
length fully satisfied. My son, so long expe
ven; at once by his presence banishing my a
opening a new scene of unexpected pleasu
provements in mind and person have far su
the sanguine expectation of a father. I lef
but he is returned a man; pleasing in his
dened by travel, and polished by adversity.
pointment in love, however, had infused a
lancholy into his conversation, which seemed
to interrupt our mutual satisfaction. I ex
this could find a cure only from time; but f
willing to load us with her favours, has in a
paid every uneasiness with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in
his beautiful niece, came to congratulate
pleasing occasion; but guess our surpris
friend's lovely kinswoman was found to be t
tive my son had rescued from Persia, and w
wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by
peasants to the port of Archangel. Were I
pen of a novelist, I might be prolix in des

their mutual wishes by marriage: His soul seems formed of similar materials with mine; he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintances which I had made since my arrival were present at this gay solemnity. The little beau was constituted master of the ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black, and the pawn-broker's widow, were very sprightly and tender upon this occasion. The widow was dressed up under the direction of Mrs Tibbs; and as for her lover, his face was set off by the assistance of a pig-tail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formality. The whole company easily perceived, that it would be a double wedding before all was over; and, indeed, my friend and the widow seemed to make no secret of their passion: he even called me aside, in order to know my candid opinion, whether I did not think him a little too old to be married? "As for my own part (continued he), I know I am going to play the fool, but all friends will praise my wisdom, and produce me as the very pattern of discretion to others."

At dinner, every thing seemed to run on with good-humour, harmony, and satisfaction. Every creature in company thought themselves pretty, and every jest was laughed at. The man in black sat next his mistress, helped her plate, chimed her glass, and jogging her knees and her elbow, he whispered something arch in her ear, on which she patted his cheek; never was antiquated passion so playful, so harmless, and amusing, as between this reverend couple.

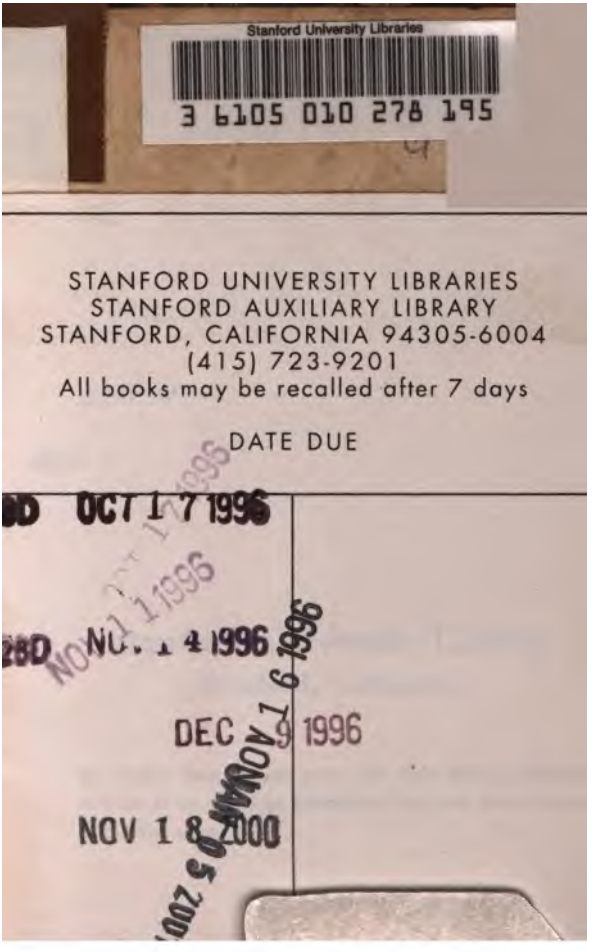
The second course was now called for, and, among a variety of other dishes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat; my friend, therefore, begged his mistress to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving, an art upon which, it seems, she piqued herself, began to cut it up, by first taking off the leg. "Madam, (cries my friend), if I might be permitted to advise, I would be by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come more easily." "Sir, (replies the widow), give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with

the leg." "Yes, Madam (replies the lover), but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing." "Sir, (interrupts the lady), when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing, if you please; but give me leave to take off the leg: I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day." "Madam, (interrupts he), we are never too old to be instructed." "Old, Sir! (interrupts the other), who is old, Sir? when I die *of* age, I know of some that will quake for fear: If the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself." "Madam (replied the man in black), I don't care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you are for the leg first, why, you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say." "As for the matter of that (cries the widow), I don't care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on: and friend, for the future, keep your distance." "O (replied the other), that is easy done; it is only removing to the other end of the table: and so, madam, your most obedient humble servant."

Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple, that had been but just concluded. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties. However, though it, in some measure, interrupted the general satisfaction, it noways lessened the happiness of the youthful couple; and by the young lady's looks, I could perceive she was not entirely displeased with this interruption.

In a few hours the whole transaction seemed entirely forgotten; and we have all since enjoyed those satisfactions, which result from a consciousness of making each other happy. My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life: The man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious demands of happiness. As for myself, the world being but one city to me, I don't much care *in which* of the streets I happen to reside: I shall, *therefore*, spend the remainder of life in examining the *manners* of different countries, and have prevailed upon *the man* in black to be my companion. "They must often change (says Confucius), who would be constant to happiness or wisdom." Adieu.

FINIS.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